


RELICS OF ANCIENT  
ENGLISH POETRY V2  
CONSISTING OF OLD HEROIC  
BALLADS, SONGS, AND OTHER PIECES  
OF OUR EARLIER POETS (1794)



THOMAS PERCY

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WITHDRAWN

R E L I Q U E S  
O F  
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:  
CONSISTING OF  
Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other  
PIECES of our earlier POETS,  
Together with some few of later Date.  
THE FOURTH EDITION.  
VOLUME THE SECOND.



L O N D O N:  
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CONTENTS OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK THE FIRST.

	Page
1. <i>RICHARD of Almaine</i> — —	1
2. <i>On the Death of K. Edward I.</i> — —	6
3. <i>An original ballad by Chaucer</i> — —	11
4. <i>The Turnament of Tottenham</i> — —	13
5. <i>For the Victory at Agincourt</i> — —	25
6. <i>The Not-browne Mayd</i> — —	27
7. <i>A balet by the Earl Rivers</i> — —	44
8. <i>Cupid's Assault. By Lord Vaux</i> — —	46
9. <i>Sir Aldingar</i> — —	50
10. <i>The Guberlunzie man, Scottish. By K. James V.</i>	60
11. <i>On Thomas Lord Cromwell</i> — —	64
12. <i>Harpalus. An ancient English Pastoral</i> — —	68
13. <i>Robin and Makyne. An ancient Scottish Pastoral</i>	73
14. <i>Gentle Herdsman tell to me</i> — —	79
15. <i>K. Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth,</i>	83
16. <i>As ye came from the Holy Land</i> — —	93
17. <i>Hardyknote. A Scot. Fragment. By Sir J. Bruce</i>	96

BOOK THE SECOND.

1. <i>A ballad of Luther, the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Husbandman</i> — —	113
2. <i>John Anderson my Jo. A Scottish Song</i> — —	121
3. <i>Little John Nobody</i> — —	123
4. <i>Elizabeth's Verses while Prisoner at Woolstock</i>	127
5. <i>The Heir of Linne</i> — —	128
6. <i>Gafoigne's</i>	

	Page
6. <i>Gaſcoigne's Praise of the fair Bridges, afterwards</i>	
<i>Lady Sandes</i> — — —	138
7. <i>Fair Refomond.</i> By Thomas Delone. — —	143
8. <i>Queen Eleanor's Confession</i> — — —	155
9. <i>The sturdy Rock</i> — — —	160
10. <i>The Beggar's Daughter of Bednal Green</i> — —	161
<i>An Eſſay on the Word FIT, and the ancient Ballad-ſinging</i> — — —	174
11. <i>Fancy and Deſire.</i> By the Earl of Oxford — —	178
12. <i>Sir Andrew Barton</i> — — —	180
13. <i>Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.</i> A Scottiſh Song	197
14. <i>The Murder of the King of Scots</i> — — —	200
15. <i>A Sonnet by R. Elizabeth</i> — — —	204
16. <i>The K. of Scots and And. Drowne.</i> By W. Elderton	207
17. <i>The Bonny Earl of Murray.</i> A Scottiſh Song	213
18. <i>Young Waters.</i> A Scottiſh Song — — —	215
19. <i>Mary Ambice</i> — — —	219
20. <i>Brave Lord Willoughby</i> — — —	224
21. <i>Victorious men of Earth.</i> By James Shirley	229
22. <i>The winning of Cales</i> — — —	230
23. <i>The Spaniſh Lady's Love</i> — — —	234
24. <i>Argentile and Curan.</i> By W. Warner — —	238
25. <i>Corin's Fate</i> — — —	254
26. <i>Jane Shore</i> — — —	256
27. <i>Corydon's deſeful Knell</i> — — —	267

## BOOK THE THIRD.

<i>Eſſay on the Merve of Pierce Plowman's Viſions</i>	272
1. <i>The Complaint of Conſcience</i> — — —	271, 289
2. <i>Plain</i>	

# CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
2. Plain Truth and Blind Ignorance —	294
3. The wandering Jew — —	301
4. The Lye. By Sir Walter Raleigh —	307
5. Verses (viz. two Sonnets) by K. James I. —	311
6. K. John and the Abbot of Canterbury —	314
7. You meaner Beauties. By Sir H. Wotton —	320
8. The old and young Courtier —	321
9. Sir John Suckling's Campaign —	326
10. To Althea from Prison. By Col. Lovelace —	329
11. The Downfall of Charing Cross —	331
12. Loyalty confined. By Sir Roger L'Estrange —	334
13. Verses by King Charles I. — —	333
14. The Sale of Rebellious Hell-hell Stuff —	342
15. The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy —	347
16. Why so pale? By Sir John Suckling —	355
17. Old Tom of Bedlam. Mad Song the first —	356
18. The Distracted Puritan. Mad Song the second —	359
19. The Lunatic Lover. Mad Song the third —	364
20. The Lady distracted with Love. Mad Song the fourth — —	367
21. The Distracted Lover. Mad Song the fifth —	369
22. The Frantic Lady. Mad Song the sixth —	371
23. Lilli-bulero. By Lord Wharton —	373
24. The Braes of Yarrow. In imitation of the ancient Scottish manner. By W. Hamilton —	376
25. Admiral Hester's Ghost. By Mr. Glover —	382
26. Jemmy Dawson. By Mr. Shenstone —	386
27. The Glossary — —	391



Though some make slight of LIBELS, yet you may see  
by them how the wind sits: As, take a straw and  
throw it up into the air, you may see by that which  
way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up  
a stone. More solid things do not shew the com-  
plexion of the times so well as BALLADS and Libels.

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

ACQUAINTANCE.



RELIGUES  
OF ANCIENT POETRY,  
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK I.

I.

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE,

"A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de  
Montfort, earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes,  
which was fought May 14. 1264."

—affords a curious specimen of ancient Satire, and shews  
that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of  
abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of  
very long standing.

VOL. II.

B

T

## 2 ANCIENT POEMS.

To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III. the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans 30,000*l.* to procure a peace upon such terms, as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive.—The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends, fell into the hands of their enemies: while two great barons of the king's party, John earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary, had been glad to escape into France.

In the 1st stanza the aforesaid sum of THIRTY THOUSAND pounds is alluded to, but with the usual misrepresentations of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the 2d st. the Reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of WALSINGFORD and EYRE confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243.—WINDSOR castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners; a circumstance which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.

The 3d st. alludes to a remarkable circumstance which happened on the day of the battle of Lewes. After the battle was lost, Richard king of the Romans took refuge in a Windmill which he barricaded, and maintained for some time against the Barons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender. See a very full account of this in the *Chronicle of Mailros*. *Quæst.* 1634. p. 229.

The 4th st. is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected king of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the Barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to over-run the kingdom: upon which he was forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.

In



# ANCIENT POEMS. 3

In the 5th st. the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren, and in the 6th and 7th sts. insinuates, that, if he and Sir Hugh Bigot once fell into the hands of their adversaries, they should never more return home; a circumstance which fixes the date of this ballad; for, in the year 1265, both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holingshead, Rapin, &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. 2253. f. 23.] This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II.; th being every where expressed by the character þ; the y is pointed after the Saxon manner, and the i hath an oblique stroke over it.

Prefixed to this ancient libel on government is a small design, which the engraver intended should correspond with the subject. On the one side a Satyr (emblem of Perulance and Ridicule) is trampling on the ensigns of Royalty; on the other, Faction under the masque of Liberty is exciting Ignorance and Popular rage to deface the Royal Image; which stands on a pedestal inscribed *MACHA CHARTA*, to denote that the rights of the king, as well as those of the people, are founded on the laws: and that to attack one, is in effect to demolish both.

SITTETH alle stille, ant herkneth to me;  
 The kyng of Alemaigne, by my leaute,  
 Thritti thousand pound askede he  
 For te make the pees in the countre,  
 Ant so he dude more. 5  
 Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,  
 Tricthen shalt thou never more.

Ver. 2. kyn. MS.

B 2

Richard

## 4

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying,  
He spende al is trefour opon swyvyng,  
Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlyng,  
Let him habbe, afe he brew, bale to dryng,  
Maugre Wyndefore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng Of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,  
He faisede the mulne for a castel,  
With hate sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,  
He wende that the fayles were mangonel.  
To helpe Wyndesore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host,  
 Madeke him a castel of a mulne poſt,  
 Wende with is prude, ant is muchele boſt.  
 Brohte from Alemayne mony fori goſt  
 To ſtore Wyndeſore.  
 Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche synne,  
That lette passen over see the erl of Warynne :  
He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, ant th fenne,  
The gold, ant the selver, and y-bören henne,  
For love of Wyndesore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simon de Mountfort hath suore bi þs chyn,  
Hevede he nou here the erl of Waryn,  
L-44318 Shuld.

# ANCIENT POEMS.

5

Shuld he never more come to is yn,  
Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gin, 35  
To help of Wyndesfore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath suore by ys cop,  
Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot: 40  
Al he shulde grante here twelfmoneth scot  
Shulde he never more with his for pot  
To helpe Wyndesfore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Be the luef, be the loht, sire Edward,  
Thou shalt ride sporeles o thy lyard 45  
Al the ryhte way to Dovereward,  
Shalt thou never more breke foreward;  
Ant that reweth fore  
Edward, thou dudedst as a shreward,  
Forfoke thyn emes lore 50  
Richard, &c.

Ver. 40. g'te here MS. i. e. grant their. Vid. Gloss.  
Ver. 44. This stanza was omitted in the former editions.

\* \* This Ballad will rise in its importance with the Reader, when he finds, that it is even believed to have occasioned a Law in our statute Book, viz. "Against slanderous reports or tales, so cause discord betwixt king and people." (WESTM. PRIMER, c. 34. anno 3. Edw. I.) That is bad this effect is the opinion of an eminent Writer: See "Observations upon the Statutes, &c." 4to. 2d. Edit. 1766, p. 71.  
However, in the Harl. Collection may be found other satirical and defamatory rhymes of the same age, that might have their share in contributing to this first Law against Libels.



## 6 ANCIENT POEMS.

### II.

#### ON THE DEATH OF K. EDWARD THE FIRST.

*We have here an early attempt at Elegy. EDWARD I. died July 7, 1307, in the 35th year of his reign, and 69th of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his skill in government, and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weakness of superstition, which he had in common with all his contemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the holy land, but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 31,000*l.* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140 say historians, 80 says our poet), who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the king of France, whose daughter Isabel, the young monarch who succeeded, immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gaveston spent the money on their pleasures.—To do the greater honour to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his eulogy in the mouth of the Pope, with the same poetic licence, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe pouring forth his praises.*

*This antique Elegy is extracted from the same MS. volume as the preceding article; it is found with the same peculiarities*

## ANCIENT POEMS. 7

*culiarities of writing and orthography; and tho' written at near the distance of half a century contains little or no variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than 50 or 60 years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries, that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of speech from other languages.*

A LLE, that beoth of huerte trewe,  
 A stounde herkneth to my song  
 Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,  
 That maketh me fyke, ant forewé among ;  
 Of a knyht, that wes so strong, 5  
 Of wham God hath don ys wille ;  
 Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,  
 That he so sone shall ligge stille.

Al Englonð ahte for te knowe  
 Of wham that song is, that y syngé ; 10  
 Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,  
 Zent al this world is nome con springe :  
 Trewest mon of alle thinge,  
 Ant in werre war ant wys,  
 For him weahte oure honden wrynge, 15  
 Of Christendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng was ded,  
 He spek afe mon that wes in care,  
 " Clerkes, knyhtes, barons, he sayde,  
 " Y charge eu by oure sware, 20  
 B 4 " That

## 8      ANCIENT POEMS.

" That ye to Engelande be trewe.  
 " Ydeze, y ne may lyven na more ;  
 " Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,  
 " For he is nest to buen y-core.  
  
 " Ich biqueth myn herte arhyt, 25  
 " That hit be write at my devys,  
 " Ov the fee that Hue \* be diht,  
 " With fourscore knyghtes al of prys,  
 " In weire that buen war ant wys,  
 " Azein the hethene for te fyhte, 30  
 " To wynne the croix that lowe lys,  
 " Myself ycholde zef that y myhte."

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest \* sinne,<sup>†</sup>  
 That thou the counsail woldest fonde,  
 To latte the wille of \* Edward kyng' 35  
 To wende to the holy londe :  
 That our kyng hede take on honde  
 All Engeland to zeme ant wyffe,  
 To wenden in to the holy londe  
 To wynnen us heveriche blisse. 40

The messager to the pope com,  
 And seyde that our kynge was ded :  
 Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,  
 Ywis his herte was full gret :

\* The name of the person who was to preside over this business.  
 Ver. 33 sinne. MS. Ver. 35, king Edward. MS. Ver. 43. ys is  
 probably a contraction of in bys or yn his.

The



# ANCIENT POEMS. 9

The Pope him self the lettre redde, 45  
 Ant spec a word of gret honour.  
 " Alas ! he seid, is Edward ded ?  
 " Of Christendome he ber the flour."

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,  
 For dol ne mihte he speke na more ; 50  
 Ant after cardinals he sende,  
 That muche couthen of Cristes lore,  
 Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,  
 Bed hem bothe rede ant syngre :  
 Gret deol me myhte se thore, 55  
 Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse  
 With ful gret solemnetè,  
 Ther me con the soule bleße :  
 " Kyng Edward honoured thou be : 60  
 " God love thi sone come after the,  
 " Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,  
 " The holy crois y-mad of tre,  
 " So fain thou woldest hit hav y-wonne.

" Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore 65  
 " The flour of al chivalrie  
 " Now kyng Edward liveth na more :  
 " Alas ! that he zet shulde deye !

55. 59. Me, i. e. Men. *sein Robert of Gloucester passim.*

" He

10 ANCIENT POEMS.

" He wolde ha rered up ful heyze  
 " Oure banners, that bueth broht to grounde;  
 " Wel! longe we mowe clepe and crie 70  
 " Er we a such kyng han y-founde."

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan  
 King of Engeland al aplyht,  
 God lete him ner be worse man  
 Then his fader, ne lasse of myht, 75  
 To holden is pore men to ryht,  
 And understonde good counsail,  
 Al Engelong for to wyffe ant dyht;  
 Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah my tonge were mad of stel, 80  
 Ant min herte yzote of bras,  
 The godnes myht y never telle,  
 That with kyng Edward was:  
 Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,  
 In uch bataille thou hadest prys; 85  
 God bringe thi soule to the honour,  
 That ever wes, ant ever ys.

\* \* Here follow in the original three lines more, which,  
 as seemingly redundant, we chuse to throw to the bottom of  
 the page, viz.

That lasteth ay withouten ende,  
 Bidde we God, ant our Ledy to thilke bliid  
 Jesus us sende. Amen.

# ANCIENT POEMS. II

## III.

### AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER.

*This little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS. in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call RONDEAU, very natural, and liked by our honest countrymen ROUND O. Tho' so easily adapted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dark ages of literature. The Greek poets have had their WINGS and AXES; the great father of English poetry may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary RONDEAU.—Geoffrey Chaucer died Oct. 25, 1400, aged 72.*

#### I. 1.

Y O U R E two eyn will sle me sodenly,  
I may the beaute of them not suſſene,  
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

#### 2.

And but your words will helen haſtely  
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,  
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

#### 3.

Upon my trowth I ſey yow feithfully,  
That ye ben of my liſſe and deth the queene;  
For with my deth the trowth ſhal be ſene.

Youre two eyn, &c.

II. 1. So

12      A N C I E N T   P O E M S

II. 1.

So hath youre beauty fro your herte chafed  
Pitee, that me n' availleth not to pleyn ;  
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2.

Giltles my deth thus have ye purchafed ;  
I fey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn :  
So hath your beaute fro your herte chafed.

3.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed  
So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn  
To mercy, though he serve for the peyn.  
So hath youre beauty, &c.

III. 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,  
I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene ;  
Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.

2.

He may answere, and fey this and that,  
I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene ;  
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

3.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,  
And he is strike out of my bokes clene :  
For ever mo 'ther \*' is none other mene.  
Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

\* This MS.



VI.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM:

"OR, THE WOOING, WINNING, AND WEDDING  
"OF TIBBE, THE REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE."

*It does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see thro' the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyme of sir Thopas in ridicule of the latter; and in the following poem we have a humorous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide, whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many good writers\*, it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that there is little hope of its being abolished. This together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority; and the proclamations against Tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against Duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, besides proclamations and censures: he accordingly made use of the keen one of RIDICULE. With this view he has here introduced, with admirable humour, a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tourney. Here we have the regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scutcheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the*

\* See [Mr. Hurd's] Letters on Chivalry, 8vo. 1762. *Memoirs de M. Chevaucée*, par M. de la Courne des Palais, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo. &c.  
prizis

prize,—and the magnificent feasting,—with all the other solemn sopperies that usually attended the pompous Tournament. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn, from what we can perceive of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

THE TOURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM was first printed from an ancient MS. in 1631, 4to. by the rev. Willem Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, who was one of the translators of the Bible, and afterwards Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, where he lived and died, with the highest reputation of sanctity, in 1641. He tells us, it was written by Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another piece, intitled, *Passio Domini Jesu Christi*. Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the oriental and other languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own, and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing, that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III. because Tournaments were prohibited in that reign. “I do verily believe,” says he, “that this Tournament was acted before this proclamation of K. Edward. “For how durst any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was so straightly forbidden, both by the civil and ecclesiasticall power? For although they fought not with lancci, yet, as our authour sayth, “It was no childrens game.” And what would have become of him, thinke you, which should have slayne another in this manner of jeasting? Would he not, trow you, have been HANG’D. “FOR IT IN EARNEST? YEA, AND HAVE BENE “BURIED LIKE A DOGGE?” It is however well known that Tournaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

In the first editions of this work, Bedwell's copy was reprinted here, with some few conjectural emendations; but as Bedwell seemed to have reduced the orthography at least, if not the phraseology, to the standard of his own time, it was with great pleasure that the Editor was informed of an

# ANCIENT POEMS. 15

*ancient MS. copy preserved in the Museum [Harl. MSS. 5396.] which appeared to have been transcribed in the reign of K. Hen. VI. about 1456. This obliging information the Editor owed to the friendship of THO. TYRWHITT, Esq. and he has chiefly followed that more authentic Transcript, improved however by some readings from Bedwell's Book.*

OF all thes kene conquerours to carpe it were kinde ;  
Of fele feyztyng folk ferly we fynde ;  
The Turnament of Totenham have we in mynde ;  
It were harme sych hardynes were holden byhynde,

In story as we rede 5  
Of Hawkyn, of Herry,  
Of Tomkyn, of Terry,  
Of them that were dughty  
And stalworth in dede.

It befel in Totenham on a dere day, 10  
Ther was mad a shurtyng be the hy-way :  
Theder com al the men of the contray  
Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,  
And all the swete swynkers.

Ther hopped Hawkyn, 15  
Ther daunfed Dawkyn,  
Ther trumped Tomkyn,  
And all were trewe drynkers.

Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past,  
That they schuld reckyn ther foot and ther counts cast ; 20

*Ver. 20. It is not very clear in the MS. whether it should be counts, or  
conters.*

Perkyn

Perkyn the potter into the press past,  
And sayd Randol the reſe, a dozter thou haſt.

Tyb the dere:

Therfor faine wyt wold I,  
Whych of all thys bachelery 25  
Were best worthye  
To wed hur to hys fere.

Upfyrst thos gadelyngys wyth ther lang staves,  
And sayd, Randol the rese, lo! thys lad raves;  
Boldely amang us thy dozter he craves;  
We er rycher men then he, and mor gode have  
Of cattell and corn.

Then sayd Perkyng, To Tybbs I have hyzt  
That I schal be alway redy in my ryzt,  
If that it schuld be thys day sevenyzt, 35  
Or elles zet to morn.

Then sayd Randolfe the reſe, Ever be he waryd,  
That about thys carpyng lenger wold be taryd :  
I wold not my dozter, that ſcho were miſcaryd,  
But at hur moſt worſchip I wold ſcho were maryd : 40

Therfor a Turnament schal begynne

Thys day sevenyzt,—  
Wyth a flayl for to fyzt :  
And ' he', that is most of myht  
Schal brouke hur wyth wyne.

Whoso berys hym best in the turnament,  
Hym schal be granted the grete the comon assent,  
For

# ANCIENT POEMS. 17

For to wyne my dozter wyth 'dughtynesse' of dent,  
And 'coppell' my brode-henne 'that' was brozt out of  
Kent:

And my dunnyd kowe 50  
For no spens wyl I spare,  
For no cattell wyl I care,  
He schal have my gray mare,  
And my spottyd sowe.

Ther was many 'a' bold lad ther bodyes to bede: 55  
Than thay toke thayr leve, and homward they zede;  
And all the weke afterward graythed ther wede,  
Tyll it come to the day, that thay suld do ther dede.

They armed ham in matts;  
Thay set on ther nollys, 60  
For to kepe ther pollys,  
Gode blake bollys,  
For batryng of bats.

Thay fowed tham in schepefkyngnes, for thay schuld not  
brest:

Ilk-on toke a blak hat, infled of a crest: 65

'A bakket or a panyer before on ther brest,'

And a flayle in ther hande; for to fyght prest,

Furth gon thay fare:  
Ther was kyd mekyl fors,  
Who schuld best fend hys cors: 70  
He that had no gode hors,  
He gat hym a mare.

*Ver. 48. Dozty. MS. V. 47. coppeld. He still use the phrase "a  
coppell-e owned ben." V. 57. gayed. PC. V. 66. is wanting in  
MS. and supplied from PC. V. 72. He borrowed him. PC.*



18      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

Sych another gadryng have I not sene oft,  
 When all the gret company com rydand to the croft:  
 Tyb on a gray mare was set up on loft      75  
 On a sek ful of fedys, for scho schuld fyt soft,  
     And led 'till the gap'.  
         For cryeng of the men  
         Forther wold not Tyb then,  
     Tyl scho had hur brode hen      80  
         Set in hur Lap.

A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borrowed for the nonys,  
 And a garland on hur hed ful of rounde bonys,  
 And a broche on hur brest ful of 'sapphyre' stonys,  
 Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng, was wrotyn for the  
     nonys;      85  
     For no 'spendings' thay had spared.  
         When joly Gyb saw hur thare,  
         He gyrd so hys gray mare,  
         'That scho lete a fowkin' fare  
             At the rereward.      90

I wot to God, quoth Herry, I schal not lefe behynde,  
 May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard the blynde,  
 Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,  
 For whatsoever that he be, before me I fynde,

*Ver. 75. The MS. had once fedys, i. e. feeds, which appears to have been altered to fedys, or feathers. Bedwell's copy has Senvy, i. e. Maslard-feed. V. 77. And led hur to cap. MS. V. 83. Bedwell's PG. has 'Ruel-Bones'. V. 84. fairer stones. MS. V. 85. wrotyn, i. e. wrought. PG. reads, written. V. 86. No catel [perhaps chatel] they had spared. MS. V. 89. Then . . . laucion. MS.*

ANCIENT POEMS. 19

I wot I schall hym greve. 95  
 Wele sayd, quoth Hawkyn.  
 And I wow, quoth Dawkyn,  
 May I mete wyth Tomkyn,  
 Hys flayle I schal hym reve.

I make a vow, quoth Hud, Tyb, son schal thou se, 100  
 Whych of all thys bachelery 'granted' is the gre:  
 I schal sconsfet thaym all, for the love of the;  
 In what place so I come thay schal have dout of me,  
 Myn armes ar so clere:  
 I bere a reddyl, and a rake, 105  
 Poudred wyth a brenand drake,  
 And three cantells of a cake  
 In ycha cornere.

I vow to God, quoth Hawkyn, yf 'I' have the gowt,  
 Al that I fynde in the felde 'thrustand' here aboute, 110  
 Have I twyes or thryes redyn thurgh the route,  
 Inycha fiede ther thay me se, of me thay schal have doute,  
 When I begyn to play.  
 I make avowe that I ne schall,  
 But yf Tybbe wyl me call, 115  
 Or I be thryes don iall,  
 Ryzt onys com away.

Then sayd Terry, and swore be hys crede;  
 Saw thou never yong boy forther hys body bede,

*Ver.* 101. grant. *MS.* *V.* 109. yf he have. *MS.*  
*V.* 110. the *MS.* literally has *th'r. fand, here.*

20      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

For when thay fyzt fastest and most ar in drede,      120-  
I schall take Tyb by the hand, and hur away lede:  
I am armed at the full;

In myn armys I bere wele  
A doz trogh, and a pele,  
A sailylli wythout a panel',      . 125  
Wyth a fles of well.

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and swor be the stra,  
Whyls me ys left any 'mare,' thou gets hurr not swa;  
For scho ys wele schapen, and lizt as the rae,  
Ther is no capul in thys myle befor hur schal ga;      130  
Sche wul ne nozt begyle:

Sehe wyl me bere, I dar say,  
On a lang somerys day,  
Fro Hyssylton to Hakenay,  
Nozt other half myle.      135

I make a vow, quoth Perkyn, thow speks of cold rost,  
I schal wyrch 'wysfelyer' withouten any bost:  
Five of the best capulys, that ar in thys ost,  
I wot I schal thaym wynne, and bryng thaym to my cost,  
And here I grant thaym Tybbe.      140

Wele boyes here ys he,  
That wyl fyzt, and not fle,  
For I am in my jolyte,  
Wyth so forth, Gybbe.

*Ver. 137. swyfelier. MS.*

*Ver. 128. merth. MS.*

When

ANCIENT POEMS. 21

When thay had ther vowes made, furth can thay hie, 145  
Wyth flayles, and hornes, and trumpes mad of tre:  
Ther were all the bachelerys of that contre;  
Thay were dyzt in aray, as thaymselfes wold be:

Thayr baners were ful biyzt  
Of an old rotten fell; 150  
The cheveron of a plow-mell;  
And the schadow of a bel,  
Poudred wyth the mone lyzt.

I wot yt 'was' no chy' der game, whan thay togedyr met,  
When ichta freke in the feld on hys feloy bet, 155  
And layd on flyfy, for nothyng wold thay let,  
And fought ferly fast, tyll ther hories swet,  
And few wordys spoken.

Ther were flayles al to flatted,  
Ther were scheldys al to flatred, 160  
Boliys and dyiches al to schatred,  
And many hedys brokyn.

There was clynkyng of cart-sa'lelys, & clatter yng of  
cannes;  
Of sele frekys in the feld brokyn were their fannes;  
Of sum were the hedys brokyn, of sum the brayn-pannes,  
And yil were thay befene, or thay went thauns, 166

For 146. flayles, and harnisse. PC. For 151. The Chiefe. PC.  
P. 154. 1518. MS.

Wyth swyppying of swepyls;  
 Thay were so wery for-foght,  
 Thay myzt not fyzt mare clost,  
 But creped about in the 'croft,'      170  
 As thay were croked crepyls.

Perkyn was so wery, that he began to loure;  
 Hap, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte:  
 An hors for forty pens, a gode and a floute!  
 That I may lyztly come of my noye oute,      175  
 For no coit wyl I spare.  
 He flyt up as a snayle,  
 And hent a capul be the tayle,  
 And 'reit' Dawkin hys flayle,  
 And wan there a mare.      180

Perkyn wan fve, and Hud wan twa;  
 Glad and so he thay ware, that they had don fa;  
 They wo. I have thaim to Tyb, and present hur with tha;  
 The Capulls were so wery, that thay myzt not ga,  
 But fyll gon thay flond.      185  
 Alas! quoth Hudde, my joye I lese;  
 Mee had lever then a ston of chefe,  
 That dere Tyb had al thefe,  
 And wyit it were my fond.

Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thring,      190  
 Among thos wery hoyes he wrett and he wrang;

*In 170. The hoyes were MS. F. 170. creped then about in the  
 170. MS. F. 179. 182. MS. F. 185. Rand MS.  
 F. 189. 182. MS.*



# ANCIENT POEMS. 23

He threw tham down to the erth, and thraſt tham amang,  
 When he ſaw Tyrry away wyth Tyb fang,  
 And after hym ran;  
 Off his horſe he hym drogh, 195  
 And gaf hym of hys flayl inogh:  
 We te he! quoth Tyb, and lugh,  
 Ye er a dughy man.

‘ Thus’ thay tugged, and rugged, tyl yt was nere nyzt:  
 All the wyves of Tottenham came to ſe that fyzt 200  
 Wyth wyſpes, and kexis, and tyſchyſ there lyzt,  
 To fetch hom ther husbandes, that were tham trouth plyzt;  
 And ſum brozt gret harwos,  
 Ther husbandes hom to fetch,  
 Sum on dores, and ſum on hech, 205  
 Sum on hyrdyllys, and ſom on crech,  
 And ſum on whele-barows.

Thay gaderyd Perkyu about, ‘ on’ everych fyde,  
 And grant hym ther ‘ the gre,’ the more was hys pryde:  
 Tyb and he, wyth gret ‘ mirth,’ homward com thay ryde,  
 And were al nyzt togedyr, tyl the morn tyde; 211  
 And thay ‘ to church went:  
 So welc hys nedys he has ſped,  
 That dere Tyb he ‘ hath’ wed;  
 The prayſe-folk, that hur led, 215  
 Were of the Turnament.

*Ver. 199.* Thys. *MS.* *V.* 204. hom for to fetch. *MS.* *V.* 208.  
 about everych ſide. *MS.* *V.* 209. the gre, is wanting in *MS.* *V.* 210.  
 mothe. *MS.* *V.* 212. And thay ifere aſſent. *MS.* *V.* 214. had  
 wed. *MS.* *V.* 215. The cheefeman. *PC.*

24      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

To that ylk fest com many for the nones ;  
 Some come hyphalte, and some trippand ' thither ' on the  
 stonys ;  
 Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at onys ;  
 Of sum where the hedes broken, of some the schulder  
 bonys ;

220

With forrow come thay thedyr,  
 Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,  
 Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,  
 And so was all the bachelary,  
 When thay met togedyr.

225

\* At that fest thay wer servyd with a ryche aray,  
 Every fyve & fyve had a tokenay ;  
 And so thay sat in jolyte al the lung day ;  
 And at the last thay went to bed with ful gret deray ;  
 Mekyl myrth was them among ;  
 In every corner of the hous  
 Was melody delycyous  
 For to here precyus  
 Of six menys song †,

230

*Ver. 218. trippand on. MS.*

• In the former impressions this concluding stanza was only given from Bede's printed Edition, but it is here copied from the old MS. wherein it has been since found separated from the rest of the poem, by several pages of a money account, and other heterogeneous matter.

† Six-men's song, i. e. a song for six voices. So Shakespeare uses Three-men song-men, in his *Winter's Tale*. A. III. sc. 2 to denote men that could sing Catches composed for three Voices. Of this sort are Weelke's Madrigals mentioned below, Book II. Song 9. So again Shakspeare has Three-men Beetle; i. e. a Beetle or Rammer worked by three men. 2 Hen. IV. A. I. Sc. 3.

V. F O R

V.

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

*That our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens, will appear from the following homely Rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet laureat of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given merely as a curiosity, and is printed from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio. It is there accompanied with the musical notes, which are copied in a small plate at the end of this volume.*

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!*

O WRE kynge went forth to Normandy,  
With grace and myzt of chivalry;  
The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,  
Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry 5

*Deo gratias:*

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.*

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,  
To Harflue toune with ryal aray;  
That toune he wan, and made a fray, 10  
That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

Then

26      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oste,  
 Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe bofte ;  
 He spared ' for' drede of letie, ne most,      15  
 Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.

*Des gratias, &c.*

Than for sothe that knyzt comely  
 In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,  
 Thorow grace of God most myzty      20  
 He had bothe the felde, and the victory.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,  
 Were take, and slayne, and that wel fone,  
 And some were ledde in to Lundone      25  
 With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

Now gracious God he save owre kynge,  
 His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,  
 Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge,      30  
 That we with merth mowe savely synge

*Deo gratias :*

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.*

VI.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

*The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommen'd it to Readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's *THE RY AND HUMM*, this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate Editor of the PROLOGUES, Esq. 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's Chronicle, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the copy in the Prologues the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book\* preserved in the public Library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this Copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the Prologues will shew where they occur. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one passage. See v. 310.*

*It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. The Ballad of the NOT-BROWNE MAYD was first revived in "The Muses Mercury for June, 1707," 4to. being prefaced with a little "Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry," in which this poem is concluded to be "near 300 years old," upon reasons which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior, who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned WANLEY, an excellent judge of ancient books. For that, whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to*

\* This (which my friend Mr. Farmer supposes to be the first Edition) is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf: the Song begins at folio 75. The Poem has since been collated with a very fine copy that was in the collection of the late James Wolfe, Esq; the readings extracted thence are denoted thus 'Mr. W.'

Wanley,



*Wanley*, appears from two letters of *Prior's* preserved in the *British Museum* [*Harl. MSS. No 3777.*] The Editor of the *Prolusions* thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because, in *Sir Thomas More's Tale of THE SERJEANT*, &c. which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythm and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if *Sir Thomas More* made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even tho' this had been written long before: and, as for the orthography, it is well known that the old Printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed it is hardly probable that an antiquary like *Arncliffe* would have inserted it among his historical Collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least he would have been apt to have named its author. But to shew how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhythm or style, the editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the victory of *Floddinfield*, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style nearly resembling the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines:

"Grant gracious God, grant me this time,  
 "That I may say, or I cease, thy setven to please;  
 "And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;  
 "And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaven;  
 "I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,  
 "That dwelled in this land, that was ayes noble;  
 "Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord, &c."

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as *Wanley* and *Prior*, nor quite so low as the editor of the *Prolusions*: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room than could be allowed it in this volume.

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among  
 On women do complayne \*;  
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is  
 A labour spent in vayne,  
 To love them wele; for never a dele §  
 They love a man agayne:  
 For late a man do what he can,  
 Theyr favour to attayne,  
 Yet, yf a newe do them persue,  
 Theyr first true lover than 10  
 Laboureth for nought; for from her thought  
 He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day  
 It is bothe writ and fayd  
 That womans faith is, as who sayt, 15  
 All utterly decayd;  
 But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse  
 In this case might be layd,  
 That they love true, and continue:  
 Recorde the Not-browne Mayde: 20  
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,  
 To her to make his mone,  
 Wolde nat depart; for in her hart  
 She loved but hym alone.

\* My friend Mr. Farmer proposes to read the first lines thus as a *La-  
 tinesm*:

Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,  
 On women to complayne.

Ver. 2. Woman. *Prologues*, and Mr. Wiff's copy.  
 i. e. their.

Ver. 11. her.

30      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

Than betwaine us late us dyscuss      25  
     Wh t was all the manere  
 Betwayne them two: we wyll also  
     Tell all the payne, and fere,  
 That she was in. Nowe I begyn,  
     So that ye me answere;      30  
 Wherefore, all ye, that present be  
     I pray you, gyve anere.  
 "I am the knyght; I come by nyght,  
     As secret as I can;  
 Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case,      35  
     I am a banyshed man."

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll  
     In this wyll nat refuse;  
 Trustying to shewe, in wordes fewe,  
     That men have an yll use      40  
 (To theyr own shame) women to blame,  
     And causelesse them accuse:  
 Therfore to you I answere nowe,  
     All women to excuse,—  
 Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?      45  
     I pray you, tell anone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
     I love but you alone.

HE.

# ANCIENT POEMS. 31

HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do  
 Wherof grete harme shall growe: 50  
 My destiny is for to dy  
 A shamefull deth, I trowe;  
 Or elles to fle: the one must be.  
 None other way I knowe,  
 But to withdrawe as an outlawe, 55  
 And take me to my bowe,  
 Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!  
 None other rede I can:  
 For I must to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man. 60

SHE.

O lord, what is thys worldys blyffe,  
 That changeth as the mone!  
 My somers day in lusty may  
 Is derked before the none.  
 I here you say, farewell: Nay, nay, 65  
 We dèpart nat so sone.  
 Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?  
 Alas! what have ye done?  
 All my welthare to forrowe and care  
 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone; 70  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 63. The somers. Prel.*

HE.

32      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

HE.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,  
 And somewhat you dysfrayne;  
 But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde      75  
     Within a day or twayne  
 Shall fone allake; and ye shall take  
     Comfort to you agayne.  
 Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,  
     Your labour were in wayne.      80  
 And thus I do; and pray you to,  
 As hartely, as I can;  
 For I must to the grene wode go,  
     Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me      85  
     The secret of your mynde,  
 I shall be playne to you agayne,  
     Lyke as ye shall me fynde.  
 Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,  
     I wolle not leve behynde;      90  
 Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd  
     Was to her love unkynde:  
 Make you redy, for so am I,  
     Although it were anone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankyade      95  
     I love but you alone.

*Ver. 91. Shall it never. Pres. and Mr. W.      Ver. 94. Although.*  
*Mr. W.*

HE.

ANCIENT POEMS. 33

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede  
 What men wyll thynke, and say :  
 Of yonge, and olde it shal be tolde,  
 That ye be gone away, 100  
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,  
 In grene wode you to play;  
 And that ye myght from your delyght  
 No lenger make delay.  
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me 105  
 Be called an yll womàn,  
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,  
 That I sholde be to blame, 110  
 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large  
 In hurtynge of my name:  
 For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love  
 It is devoyd of shame;  
 In your dystresse, and hevynesse, 115  
 To part with you, the same;  
 And sure all tho, that do not so,  
 True lovers are they none;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone. 120

*Ver. 117. To shewe all. Prol. and Mr. W.*

VOL. II.

D

HE.



34      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

HÆ.

I counceyle you, remember howe,  
 It is no maydens lawe,  
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out  
 To wode with an outlawe:  
 For ye must there in your hand bere      125  
 A bowe, redy to drawe;  
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,  
 Ever in drede and awe;  
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:  
 Yet had I lever than,      130  
 That I had to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,  
 It is no maydens lore:  
 But love may make me for your sake,      135  
 As I have sayd before  
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote  
 To geite us mete in store;  
 For so that I your company  
 May have, I aske no more:      140  
 From which to part, it maketh my hart  
 As colde as ony stone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 133. I say nat. Prol. and Mr. W.  
 Camb. copy.*

*Ver. 138. and store.*

HÆ.

ANCIENT POEMS. 35

HE:

For an outlawe this is the lawe, 145  
 That men bym take and bynde;  
 Without pytè, hanged to be,  
 And waver with the wynde.  
 If I had nede, (as God forbede!)  
 What rescous coude ye fynde? 150  
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe  
 For fere wolde drawe behynde:  
 And no mervayle; for lytell avayle  
 Were in your counceyle than:  
 Wherefore I wyll to the grenc wode go, 155  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE:

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be  
 But feble for to fyght;  
 No womanhede it is indede 160  
 To be bolde as a knyght:  
 Yet, in such fere yf that ye were  
 With enemyes day or nyght,  
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,  
 To greve them as I myght,  
 And you to save; as women have 165  
 From deth 'men' many one:  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver.* 150. *rescours*, *Prosl.* and *Mr. W.*  
*Camb. Copy.*  
*and Mr. W.*

*Ver.* 162. and night.  
*Ver.* 164. to helpe ye with my nyght. *Prosl.*

## He.

170

175

180

## SHE.

185

199

Ver. 172. frost and rayne. Mr. W.

*Ver. 174. Ye must, Prof.*

*Ver.* 190. Shortley gone. Prol. and Mrs. W.

He,

# ANCIENT POEMS. 37

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must confyder,  
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,  
 There shall no mete be for you gete, 195  
 Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.  
 No shetës clene, to lye betwene,  
 Made of threde and twyne;  
 None other housse, but leves and bowes,  
 To cover your hed and myne, 200  
 O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète  
 Sholde make you pale and wan;  
 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère, 205  
 As men say that ye be,  
 Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,  
 Where is so grete plentè;  
 And water clere of the ryvére  
 Shall be full swete to me; 210  
 With which in hele I shall ryght wele  
 Endure, as ye shall see;  
 And, or wè go, a bedde or two  
 I can provyde anone;  
 For, in my wynde, of all mankynde 215  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 196. Neyther here. Prof. and Mr. W. Ver. 201. Lo myn.  
 Mr. W. Ver. 207. May ye nat fayle. Prof. Ib. May nat fayle. Mr. W.*

D 3

HE.

ANCIENT POEMS.

He.

210

SHE.

230

*Ver. 2 to. above your ere. Prof.*

*Ver.* 220. above the knee.

Prof. and Mr. W.

Ver. 123. the same. Prol. and Mr. W.

He.

ANCIENT POEMS. 39

HE.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go,  
 And I shall tell ye why,—  
 Your appetyght is to be lyght  
 Of love, I wele espy:  
 For, lyke as ye have sayed to me, 245  
 In lyke wyse hardely  
 Ye wolde answere whosoever it were,  
 In way of company.  
 It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde;  
 And so is a woman. 250  
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede  
 Such wordes to say by me;  
 For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed, 255  
 Or I you loved, pardè:  
 And though that I of auncestry  
 A barons daughter be,  
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved  
 A squyer of lowe degré; 260  
 And ever shall, whatso befall;  
 To dy therfore \* anone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 251. For I must to the grene wode go, Prol. and Mr. W.  
 Ver. 253. yet is. Camb. Copy. Perhaps for yt is. Ver. 261. dy  
 with him. Editor's MS.*

\* i. e. for this cause; else I were to die for having loved you.

H<sub>E</sub>.

A barons chylde to be begylde!      265  
 It were a curfed dede;  
 To be felawe with an outlawe!  
 Almighty God forbede!  
 Yet beter were, the pore squyere  
 Alone to foryst yede,      270  
 Than ye sholde fay another day,  
 That, by my curfed dede,  
 Ye were betray'd: Wherfore, good mayd,  
 The best rede that I can,  
 Is, that I to the grene wode go,      275  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

S<sub>HE</sub>.

Whatever befall, I never shall  
 Of this thyng you upbrayd:  
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,  
 Than have ye me betrayd.      280  
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;  
 For, yf ye, as ye sayd,  
 Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,  
 Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,  
 Trust me truly, that I shall dy      285  
 Sone after ye be gone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all manyknde  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 278. outbrayd. Prol. and Mr. W.      Ver. 281. ye be as. Prol.  
 and Mr. W.      Ver. 283. Ye were unkynde to leve me behynde.  
 Prol. and Mr. W.*

H<sub>E</sub>.



# ANCIENT POEMS. 41

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;  
 For in the forest nowe 290  
 I have purvayed me of a mayd,  
 Whom I love more than you;  
 Another fayrère, than ever ye were,  
 I dare it wele avowe;  
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe 295  
 With othier, as I trowe:  
 It were myne ese, to lyve in pefe;  
 So wyll I, yf I can;  
 Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,  
 Alone, a banysht man. 300

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrstode  
 Ye had a paramour,  
 All this may nought remove my thought,  
 But that I wyll be your:  
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, 305  
 And courteys every hour;  
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll  
 Commaunde me to my power:  
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,  
 'Of them I wolde be one;' 310  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 310. So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read,  
 Yet wold I be that one.*

HE.

42      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I fe the prove  
 That ye be kynde, and true;  
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,      315  
 The best that ever I knewe.  
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,  
 The case is chaunged newe;  
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,  
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe.      320  
 Be nat dismayed; whatfoever I sayd  
 To you, when I began;  
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go,  
 I am no banyshed man.

SHE.

These tydings be more gladd to me,      325  
 Than to be made a quene,  
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure:  
 But it is often fene,  
 When men wyll breke promyse, they speke  
 The wordés on the splene.      330  
 Ye shap some wyle me to begyle,  
 And stele from me, I wene:  
 Than, were the case worse than it was,  
 And I more wo-begone:  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde      335  
 I love but you alone.

*Ver. 315. of all. Prol. and Mr. W.  
 and Mr. W.*

*Ver. 325. gladder. Prol.*

HE.

ANCIENT POEMS. 43

He.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede;  
 I wyll nat dysparage  
 You, (God defend!) fyth ye descend  
 Of so grete a lynage. 340  
 Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande,  
 Which is myne herytage,  
 I wyll you brynge; and with a ryng,  
 By way of maryage  
 I wyll you take, and lady make, 345  
 As shortely as I can:  
 Thus have you won an erlys son,  
 And not a banyshed man."

AUTHOR.

" Here may ye se, that women be  
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable: 350  
 Late never man reprove them than,  
 Or call them variable;  
 But, rather, pray God, that we may  
 To them be comfortable;  
 Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth, 355  
 Yf they be charytable.  
 Forfyth men wolde that women sholde  
 Be meke to them each one;  
 Moche more ought they to God obey,  
 And serve but hym alone. 360

*Ver. 340. grete lynage. Prol. and Mr. W. Ver. 347. Then have.*  
*Prol. Ver. 348. And no banyshed. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 352.*  
*This line wanting in Prol. and Mr. W. Ver. 355. proved—loved.*  
*Prol. and Mr. W. lb. as loveth. Camb. V. 357. Forfoth. Prol. and*  
*Mr. W.*

## VII.

## A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

The amiable light in which the character of Anthony Widville the gallant Earl Rivers has been placed by the elegant Author of the *Catal. of Noble Writers*, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little Sonnet will be pardoned, tho' it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original Poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.

This Ballad we owe to Rouse a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied it from the Earl's own hand writing. In tempore, says this writer, incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum BALET in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis: *Sum wbst mufeng, &c.* "Rolls Hist. 8vo. 2 Edit. p. 213." In Rouse the 2d Stanza, &c. is imperfect, but the Defects are here supplied from a more perfect Copy printed in "*Ancient Songs, from the Time of K. Hen. III. to the Revolution.*" page 87.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1727, p. 555, beginning thus:

- "Alone walkyng, In thought plainyng,  
 "And fore sighyng, All defolate."  
 "My remembryng Of my livyng  
 "My death wishyng Bothe erly and late.  
 "Infortunate Is so my fate  
 "That wote ye what, Out of mesure  
 "My life I hate; Thus desperate  
 "In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c."

SUMWHAT musyng, And more mornyng,  
 In remembreng The unстыdfastnes;  
 This world being Of such whelyng,  
 Me contrarieng, What may I gesse?

I fere dowlles, Remedilles, 5  
 Is now to lese My wofull chaunce.  
 [For unkyndnes, Withouten les,  
 And no redress, Me doth avaunce,

With displeaunce, To my grevaunce,  
 And no suraunce Of remedy.] 10  
 Lo in this traunce, Now in substaunce,  
 Such is my dawnce, Wylyng to dye.

Me thynkys truly, Bowndyn am I,  
 And that gretly, To be content:  
 Seyng playnly, Fortune doth wry 15  
 All contrary From myn entent.

My lyff was lent Me to on intent,  
 Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune!  
 But I ne went Thus to be spent,  
 But sho hit ment; Such is hur won. 20

*Ver. 15.* That fortune. *Roff Hist.*  
*Ver. 19.* went, i. e. *wended.*

## VIII.

CUPID'S ASSAULT: BY LORD VAUX.

*The Reader will think that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of RIVERS and VAUX, tho' nearly contemporaries; if the following Song is the composition of that Sir NICHOLAS (afterwards Lord) VAUX, who was the shining ornament of the court of Henry VII. and died in the year 1523.*

And yet to this Lord it is attributed by Puttenham in his *Art of Eng. Poetrie*, 1583, 4to, "a writer commonly well informed: like the passage at large." "In this figure [*Counterfeit Action*] the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein a marvellous facility, made a dittie representing the *Battayle and Assault of Cupide*, so excellently well, as for the gallant and proper application of his fiction in every part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended. WHEN CUPID  
 "SCALED, &c." p. 200.—For a farther account of Nicholas Lord Vaux, see Mr. Walpole's *Noble Authors*, Vol. I.

The following Copy is printed from the first Edit. of *Survey's Poems*, 1557, 4to.—See another Song of Lord Vaux's in the preceding Vol. Book II. No. II.

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort,  
Wherein my hart lay wounded fore;  
The batry was of such a fort,  
That I must yelde or die therfore.

There sawe I Love upon the wall,  
How he his banner did display :  
Alarme, alarme, he gan to call :  
And bad his fouldiours kepe aray.

The

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 47

The armes, the which that Cupide bare,  
 Were pearced hartes with teares besprent, 10  
 In silver and sable to declare  
 The stedfast love, he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest  
 In colours like to white and blacke,  
 With powder and with pelletes prest 15  
 To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,  
 Stode in the rampire brave and proude,  
 For spence of powder he spared not  
 Assault! assault! to crye aloude. 20

There might you heare the cannons rore ;  
 Eche pece discharged a lovers loke ;  
 Which had the power to rent, and tore  
 In any place whereas they toke.

And even with the trumpettes sowne 25  
 The scaling ladders were up fet,  
 And Beautie walked up and downe,  
 With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,  
 And shrouded him under 'his' targe ; 30  
 As one the worthiest of them all,  
 And aptest for to geve the charge.

*Ver. 30. her. Ed. 1557. to Ed. 1535.*

Then



## 48

35

40

45

50

5

YCA

\* \* SINCE

\* \* *SINCE* the foregoing Song was first printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord VAUX the poet was not the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, who died in 1523, but rather a successor of his in the title.—For in the first place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord VAUX, the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir THOMAS WYAT, and the E. of SURREY, neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicholas VAUX. Thus Puttenham in his “*Art of English Poesie*, 1589,” in p. 48, having named SKELTON, adds, “*In the latter end of the same kings raigne [Henry VIII.] sprong up a new company of courtly Makers, [Poets] of whom Sir THOMAS WYAT the elder, and Henry Earl of SURREY were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweet and finely measures and stile of the Italian poesie . . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie . . . In the same time, or not long after was the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings*.”—Webbe in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, ranges them in the following order, “*The E. of Surrey, the Lord VAUX, Norton, Bristow.*” And Gascoigne, in the place quoted in the 1st vol. of this work, [B. II. No. II.] mentions Lord VAUX after Surrey.—Again, the stile and measure of Lord VAUX’s pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII. and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyatt, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes:—But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the British Museum is a copy of his poem, I lothe that I did love, [vid. vol. I. ubi supra] with this title, “*A dyttee or sonet made by the Lord VAUX, in the time of the noble Quene Marye, representing the image of Death.*” Harl. MSS. No. 1703, §. 25.

It is evident then that Lord VAUX the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry viij. but either his son, or grandson: and yet according to Dugdale’s *Baronage*, the former was named THOMAS, and the latter WILLIAM: but this

<sup>13</sup> i. e. *Compositions in English*.

Vol. II.

E

difficulty

difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux \*, except Puttenham, and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that Lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

THOMAS Lord VAUX, of Harrowden in Northamptonshire, was summoned to parliament in 1531. When he died does not appear; but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son.

WILLIAM was not summoned to parl. till the last year of that reign, in 1558. This Lord died in 1595. See Dugdale, *P.* II. p. 304. — Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that Lord THOMAS was the POET.

\* In the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596, he is called simply "Lord Vaux the elder."

## IX.

## SIR ALDINGAR.

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's *folio MS.* with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and complete the story.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that the Author of this Poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometime called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called King) Henry.

OUR king he kept a false stewarde,  
Sir Aldingar they him call;  
A falser steward than he was one,  
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,      5  
Her deere worshippe to betraye:

Our

# ANCIENT POEMS. 51

Our-queene she was a good woman,  
And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,  
With her hee was never content, 10  
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,  
In a fyre to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,  
A lazar both blinde and lame:  
He tooke the lazar upon his backe, 15  
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

"Lye still, lazar, wheras thou lyest,  
"Looke thou goe not hence away;  
"He make thee a whole man and a sound 20  
"In two howers of the day \*."

Then went him forth sir Aldingar,  
And hyed him to our king:  
"If I might have grace, as I have space,  
"Sad tydings I could bring."

Say on, say on, sir Aldingar, 25  
Saye on the sooth to mee.  
"Our queene hath chosen a new new love,  
"And thee will have none of thee.

\* He probably insinuates that the king should heal him by his power of reaching for the King's Evil.

52      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

“ If shee had chofen a right good knight,  
 “ The leffe had beene her flame;      33  
 “ But she hath chofe her a lazar man,  
 “ A lazar both blinde and lame.”

If this be true, thou Aldingar,  
 The tyding thou tellest to me,  
 Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,      35  
 Rich both of golde and fee.

But if it be falfe, fir Aldingar,  
 As God nowe grant it bee!  
 Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,  
 Shall hang on the gallows tree.      40

He brought our king to the queenes chambêr,  
 And opend to him the dore.  
 A lodlye love, king Harry fays,  
 For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou were a man, as thou art none,      45  
 Here on my sword thouft dye;  
 But a payre of new gallowes fhall be built,  
 And there fhalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wyffe,  
 And an angry man was hee;      50  
 And foone he found queene Elinore,  
 That bride fo bright of ble.  
 Now

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 53

Now God you save, our queene, madame,  
And Christ you save and see ;  
Heere you have chofen a newe newe love, 55  
And you will have none of mee.

If you had chofen a right good knight,  
The lesse had been your shame :  
But you have chose you a lazar man,  
A lazar both blinde and lame. 60

Therefore a fyer there shall be built,  
And brent all shalt thou bee.—  
“ Now out alacke ! faid our comly queene,  
Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

Now out alacke ! sayd our comlye queene, 65  
My heart with grieve will braft.  
I had thought swevens had never been true ;  
I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt in my sweven on thurday eve,  
In my bed wheras I laye, 70  
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast  
Had carryed my crowne awaye ;

My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,  
And all my faire head-geere :  
And he wold worrye me with his tuth 75  
And to his nest y-beare ;

54      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

Saving there came a litle 'gray' hawke,  
 A merlin him they call,  
 Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,  
 That dead he downe did fall. ' 80

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,  
 A battell wold I prove,  
 To fight with that traitor Aldingar;  
 Att him I cast my glove.

But fecing Ime able noe battell to make, 85  
 My liege, grant me a knight  
 To fight with that traitor sir Aldingar,  
 To maintaine me in my right."

"Now forty dayes I will give thee  
 To seeke thee a knight therin: 90  
 If thou find not a knight in forty dayes  
 Thy bodye it must brenn."

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,  
 By north and south bedeene:  
 But never a champion colde she find, 95  
 Wolde fight with that knight foe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,  
 Noe helpe there might be had;  
 Many a teare shed our comelye queene  
 And aye her hart was sad. 100

*Ver. 77. see below, ver. 137.*

Then

# ANCIENT POEMS. , 55

Then came one of the queenes damsëlles,  
 And knelt upon her knee,  
 "Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,  
 I trust yet helpe may be:

And here I will make mine avowe, 105  
 And with the same me binde;  
 That never will I return to thee,  
 Till I some helpe may finde."

Then forth she rode on a faire palfraye  
 Oer hill and dale about: 110  
 But never a champion colde she finde,  
 Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,  
 When our good queene must dye;  
 All woe-begone was that faire damsëlle, 115  
 When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsëlle,  
 And the salt reares fell from her eye:  
 When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,  
 She met with a tinye boye. 120

A tinye boye she mette, God wot,  
 All clad in mantle of golde;  
 He seemed noe more in mans likenesse,  
 Then a childe of four yeere olde.



56      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

Why grieve you, damfelle faire, he fayd,      125  
     And what doth cause you moane?  
 The damfell scant wolde deigne a looke,  
     But fast she pricked on.

Yet turn againe, thou faire damsèlle,  
     And greete thy queene from mee:      130  
 When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,  
     Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what she dreamt  
     In her bedd, wheras shee laye;  
 How when the grype and the grimly beast      135  
     Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

Even then there came the litle gray hawke,  
     And saved her from his clawes:  
 Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,  
     For heaven will fende her cause.      140

Back then rode that faire damsèlle,  
     And her hart it lept for glee:  
 And when she told her gracious dame  
     A gladd woman then was shee.

But when the appointed day was come,      145  
     No helpe appeared nye:  
 Then woeful, woeful was her hart,  
     And the teares stood in her eye.

And

ANCIENT POEMS. 57

And nowe a fyer was built of wood;  
 And a stake was made of tree; 150  
 And now queene Elinor forth was led,  
 A forrowful fight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,  
 And three times spake on hye:  
 Giff any good knight will fende this dame, 155  
 Come forth, or thee must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,  
 No helpe appeared nye:  
 And now the fyer was lighted up,  
 Queen Elinor she must dye. 160

And now the fyer was lighted up,  
 As hot as hot might bee;  
 When riding upon a little white steed,  
 The tinye boy they see.

"Away with that stake, away with those brands, 165  
 And loofe our conelye queene:  
 I am come to fight with sir Aldingar,  
 And prove him a traitor keene."

Forthen then stood sir Aldingar,  
 But when he saw the chylde, 170  
 He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,  
 And weened he had been beguylde.

"Now

“ Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,  
 And cyther fighte or flee;  
 I trust that I shall avenge the wronge, 175  
 Though he I am so small to see.”

The bye pulled forth a well good sworde  
 So that it dookt the ee;  
 The first stroke stricken at Aldingar  
 Smote off his leggs by the knee. 180

“ Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,  
 And fall upon thy knee.  
 For and thou thinkest, as thou begin'st,  
 Or heigst we shall be mete.”

A priest, a priest, fayer Aldingar, 185  
 While I am a man alive.  
 A priest, a priest, fayer Aldingar,  
 M. for to murther and shrive.

I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,  
 But shere wolde never content; 190  
 Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge  
 In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,  
 A lazar both blind and lame;  
 I tooke the lazar upon my backe, 195  
 And on her bedd had him layne,  
 Then

ANCIENT POEMS. 59

Then ranne I to our comlye king,  
 These tidngs fore to tell.  
 But ever alacke! sayes Aldingar,  
 Falsing never doth well. 200

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,  
 The short time I must live.  
 "Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,  
 As freely I forgive."

Here take thy queene, our king Harryð, 205  
 And love her as thy life,  
 For never had a king in Christentye,  
 A truer and fairer wife.

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,  
 And loofed her full sone: 210  
 Then turnd to look for the tinye boye;  
 — The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,  
 And stroakt him with his hand:  
 The lazar under the gallowes tree 215  
 All whole and founde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree  
 Was comelye, straight and tall;  
 King Henrye made him his head stewarde  
 To wayte withinn his hall. \* \* 220

X. THE

## X.

## THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

*Tradition informs us that the author of this song was K. JAMES V. of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise\*, and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz. in this ballad of THE GABERLUNZIE MAN; and in another intitled THE JOLLY BEGGAR, beginning thus:*

Thair was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun,  
And he tuk up his quarters into a land'art toun.  
Fa, la, la, &c.

*It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors†, where the ingenious writer remarks, That there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar.*

*Bp. Tanner has attributed to James V. the celebrated Ballad of CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN, which is ascribed to K. James I. in Bannatyne's MS. written in 1568: And notwithstanding that authority, the Editor of this Book is of opinion that Bp. Tanner was right.*

*K. JAMES V. died Dec. 13th, 1542, aged 33.*

\* *sc.* of a tinker, beggar, &c. That he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh.

† Vol. II. p. 203.

# ANCIENT POEMS. 61

THE pauky auld Catle came ovir the lee  
 Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,  
 Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,  
 Will ze lodge a filly poor man?  
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat, 5  
 And down azout the ingle he sat;  
 My dochters shoulders he gan to clap,  
 And cadgily ranted and fang.

O wow! quo he, were I as free,  
 As first when I saw this countrie, 10  
 How blyth and merry wad I bee!  
 And I wad nevir think lang.  
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
 But little did her auld minny ken  
 What thir flee twa togither were say'n, 15  
 When wooing they were fa thrang.

And O! quo he, ann ze were as black,  
 As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,  
 Tis I wad lay thee by my back,  
 And awa wi' me thou fould gang. 20  
 And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,  
 As evir the snaw lay on the dike,  
 Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,  
 And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot; 25  
 They raise a wee before the cock,  
 And wyliey they shot the lock,

62      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

And fast to the bent are they gane.  
Up the morn the auld wife raise,  
And at her leisure put on her claiths,      30  
Sync to the servants bed she gae  
To speir for the filly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,  
The strae was cauld, he was away,  
She clapt her hands, cryd, Dulefu' day!      35  
For some of our geir will be gane,  
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,  
But nought was stown that could be mist.  
She dancid her lane, cryd, Praise be blest,  
I have lodgd a leal poor man.      40

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,  
The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,  
Gae butt the house, lafs, and waken my bairn,  
And bid her come quickly ben.  
The servant gæd where the dochter lay,      45  
The sheets was cauld, she was away,  
And fast to her goodwife can say,  
— Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
And haist ze, find these traitors agen;      50  
For sheets be burnt, and hees be slein,

*Ver. 29. The Carline. Other copies.*

The

# ANCIENT POEMS. 6;

The wearyfou gaberlunzie-man.  
 Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit,  
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;  
 She could na gang, nor yet could she sit, 55  
 But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,  
 For snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
 The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,  
 Cut frae a new cheefe a whang. 60  
 The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,  
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.  
 Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,  
 My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' zou, 65  
 Ilkfardly wad she crook her mou,  
 Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,  
 Afuir the gaberlunzie-mon.  
 My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre zonge;  
 And hae na learnt the' beggars tonge, 70  
 To follow me frae toun to toun,  
 And Carrie the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win your bread,  
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
 Whilk is a gentil trade indeed 75

The



64      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

The gäberlunzie to carrie—o.  
 Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,  
 And draw a black clout owre my ee,  
 A cripple or blind they will cau me:  
 While we fall sing and be merrie—o.      80

XI.

ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

*It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the tower, June 11, 1540, and that of his being beheaded July 28, following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catharine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities; his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary WILL of his master; but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high born nobility had shewn him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance.—The original copy printed at London in 1540, is intitled, "A newe ballade made of Thomas Cromwel. called TROLLE ON AWAY." To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen,*

'Trolle on away, trolle on away.  
 Syuge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

B O T H

ANCIENT POEMS. 65

**B**OTH man and chylde is glad to here tell  
 Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwell,  
 Now that he is set to learne to spell.  
 Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the in thy face,  
 Thou haddyſt fayre tyme, but thou lackydyſt grace; 5  
 Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydyſt a pace.  
 Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyſt,  
 Thou lockydyſt them vp where no man wyſt,  
 Tyll in the kynges treafoure ſuche thinges were myſt.  
 Synge, &c.

Both cruſt and crumme came thorowe thy handes, 10  
 Thy marchaundyſe fayled over the ſandes,  
 Therefore nowe thou art layde faſt in bandes.  
 Synge, &c.

Fyrſte when kyng Henry, God ſaue his grace!  
 Perceyud myſcheſe kyndlyd in thy face,  
 Then it was tyme to purchaſe the a place. 15  
 Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,  
 Mouyd with petye, and made the hys ſeruyture;  
 But thou, as a wretche, ſuche thinges dyd procure.  
 Synge, &c.

66      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,  
One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke,      20  
For thou hast bene so long a scyfmattyke.

Synge, &c.

Thou woldyft not learne to knowe these thre;  
But ever was full of inquite:  
Wherefore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.  
Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke,      25  
Agaynll the churche thou baddest them flycke;  
Wherefore nowe thou haste touchyd the quycke.  
Synge, &c.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles  
Thou woldyft not suffre within thy walles;  
Nor let vs praye for all chrysten foules.      30  
Synge, &c.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,  
Whyther of Chayne, or Syfchemell,  
Or else sent vs frome the denyll of hell.  
Synge, &c.

Thou woldest neuer to vertue applye,  
But couetyd ever to clymme to hye,      35  
And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye.  
Synge, &c.

*For. 22. i. e. Gain, or Iffmash. See below; the Note, Book II.  
No. III. For. 2d.*

Who-

ANCIENT POEMS. 67

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose;  
Wherefore all Englande doth hate the, as I suppose,  
Bycause thou wait false to the redolent rose.

Synge, &c.

Thou myghtest have learned thy cloth to focke 40  
Upon thy grefy fullers focke;  
Wherefore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.

Synge, &c.

Yet saue that foule, that God hath bought,  
And for thy carcas care thou nought,  
Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought. 45

Synge, &c.

God saue kyng Henry with all his power,  
And prynce Edward that goodly flowre,  
With al hys lordes of great honoure.

Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on away.

Hevee and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

*Ver. 41. Cromwell's father is generally said to have been a Elmsmith as Putney; but the author of this Ballad would insinuate that either he himself, or some of his ancestors were Fullers by trade.*

††† The foregoing Piece gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on thro' a succession of seven or eight Ballads written for and against Lord CROMWELL. These are all preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio Collection of Proclamations, &c. made in the Reigns of K. Hen. VIII. K. Edw. VI. Q. Mary, Q. Eliz. K. James I, &c.

## XII.

## H A R P A L U S .

## AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

*This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the SONGS AND SONNETTES of the earl of Surrey, &c. 4to. in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by UNCERTAIN AUCTOURS. These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's Poems, 4to. fol. 19, 49.*

*Tho' written perhaps near half a century before the SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR \*, this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues, in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.*

**P**HYLIDA was a faire mayde,  
As fresh as any flowre;  
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde.  
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,  
Were herdmen both yfere :  
And Phylida could twilt and spinne,  
And thereto sing full clere.

\* First published in 1579.

5

But

# ANCIENT POEMS. 69

But Phylida was all to coye,  
 For Harpalus to winne: 10  
 For Corin was her onely joye,  
 Who forſt her not a pinne.

How often would ſhe flowers twine?  
 How often garlandes make  
 Of couſlips and of colombine? 15  
 And al for Corin's ſake.

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,  
 And forced more the field:  
 Of lovers lawe he toke no cure;  
 For once he was begilde. 20

Harpalus prevailed nought,  
 His labour all was loſt;  
 For he was fardeſt from her thought,  
 And yet he loved her moſt.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane, 25  
 And drye as clot of clay:  
 His fleſhe it was conſumed cleane;  
 His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be ſhave;  
 His heare hong all unkempt: 30  
 A man moſt fit even for the grave,  
 Whom ſpitefull love had ſpent.

F 3 His

70 ANCIENT POEMS.

His eyes were red, and all 'forewacht';  
 His face besprent with tears :  
 It to de wotup had him long 'hacht', 35  
 In yonds of his unpaues.

Forst eyes were bloke, and also bare;  
 And all his face was bare;  
 Upse he wotup and yos he wate 40  
 And in his eye he wate.

He le the be kept upon the byld,  
 And he in the danc;  
 And he in the danc and narrows dill,  
 He gan to hille his dill.

O! Heppel, he would be the,  
 And he would be the,  
 Trekes to the danc on happy day,  
 He le wate, that beguine.

For upon wotup he le to lecke  
 And he to the danc, 50  
 That he le to the danc, his love a lecke;  
 But he le to the danc, his love a lecke.

As he le to the danc, his love a lecke  
 The lecke into a lecke;  
 As he le to the danc, his love a lecke, 55  
 When he le to the danc, his love a lecke.

*For the first two stanzas are from Ed. 1574.*

Com

# ANCIENT POEMS. 71

Corin he liveth carelesse:  
 He leapes among the leaves:  
 He eates the frutes of thy redresse:  
 Thou 'reapst', he takes the sheaves. 60

My beastes, a whyle your foode refraine,  
 And harke your herdmans founde:  
 Whom spitefull love, alas! hath slaine,  
 Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastes wilde, 65  
 That here your pasture takes:  
 I fe that ye be not begilde  
 Of these your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:  
 The bucke harde by the do: 70  
 The turtle dove is not unkinde  
 To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ranime:  
 The yong cow hath the bull:  
 The calfe with many a lusty lambe 75  
 Do fede their hunger full.

But, wel-away! that nature wrought  
 The, Phylida, so faire:  
 For I may say that I have bought  
 Thy beauty all to deare. 80  
 F 4 What



What reason is that cruelty  
With beauty should have part?  
Or else that such great tyranny  
Should dwell in woman's heart?

I see therefore to shape my death  
She cruelly is press;  
To th'ende that I may want my breath :  
My dayes been at the lest.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,  
And do not stoppe thine eares;  
That she may feele within her brest  
The paines of my dispaire:

Of Corin<sup>t</sup> who<sup>s</sup> is careless,  
That she may crave her fee:  
As I have done in great distresse,  
That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shal die her slave ;  
Her slave, and eke her thrall :  
Write you, my frendes, upon my grave  
This chaunce that is befall.

" Here lieth unhappy Harpaine  
 " By cruell love now staine:  
 " Whom Phylida unjustly thus  
 " Hath mured with disdaine."

XIII.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

*The palm of pastoral poetry is here contested by a cotemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The critics will judge of their respective merits; but must make some allowance for the preceding ballad, which is given simply, as it stands in the old editions: whereas this, which follows, has been revised and amended throughout by ALLAN RAMSEY, from whose EVER-GREEN, Vol. I. it is here chiefly printed. The curious Reader may however compare it with the more original copy, printed among "Ancient Scottish Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne, 1568, Edinb. 1710, 12mo" Mr. ROBERT HENRYSON (to whom we are indebted for this Poem) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give little other account of him besides what is contained in the following elege, written by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the 16th century:*

*"In Dunferling, he [Death] hath tane Broun,*

*"With gude Mr. Robert Henrysen."*

*Indeed some little further insight into the history of this Scottish bard is gained from the title prefixed to some of his poems preserved in the British Museum; viz. "The morall Fabillis of Esop compylit be Maister ROBERT HENRYSON, SCOLMAISTER of Dunfermling, 1571." Harleian MSS. 3865, § 1.*

*In Ramsay's EVERGREEN, Vol. I. whence the above distich is extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces by Henryson; the one intitled THE LYON AND THE MOUSE; the other, THE GARMENT OF GUDR LADYIS. Some other of his Poems may be seen in the "Ancient Scottish Poems" printed from Bannatyne's MS. above referred to.*

ROBIN

74 ANCIENT POEMS.

ROBIN sat on the gude grene hill,  
Keipand a flock of fie,  
Qabhen miers Makyne said him till,

"O Robin rew on me:  
"I haif thee hiwt baith loud and still, 5  
"Thir towmonds twa or thre;  
"My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,  
"Doubtleis but dreid ill die."

Robin replied, Now by the rude,  
Naithing of luv I knaw, 10  
But keep my sheip undir yon wod:  
Lo qubair they saik on raw.  
Qahat sen hove man thee in thy mude,  
Thou Makyne to me schaw;  
Or quhat is luv, or to be lude? 15  
I am wald I leir that law.

"The law of luv gin thou wald leir,  
"I ak thair an A, B, C;  
"Be heynd, courtas, and fair of feir,  
"Wyfe, hardy, kind and frie, 20  
"Sae that nae danger do the deir,  
"Qahat dule in dern thou drie;  
"Plea ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,  
"Be patient and privie."

Fr. 19. *Bannatyne's MS.* reads as above, heynd, not keynd, as in  
124 B. 2. b. ed. 1770. *Ver.* 21. So that no danger. *Bannatyne's MS.*

Robin,

A N C I E N T P O E M S.	75
Robin, he answert her againe,	25
I wat not quhat is luv; ;	
But I haif marvel in certaine	
Quhat makes thee thus wanruse.	
The wedder is fair, and I am fain ;	
My sleep gais hail abuve;	30
And fould we pley us on the plain,	
They wald us baith repruve.	
“ Robin, tak tent unto my tale,	
“ And wirk all as I reid ;	
“ And thou fall haif my heart all hale,	35
“ Eik and my maiden-heid :	
“ See God, he sendis bute for bale,	
“ And for murning remeid,	
“ I’dern with thee bot gif I dale,	
“ Doubtles I am but deid.”	40
Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,	
Gif ye will meit me heir,	
Maybe my sleip may gang besyde,	
Quhyle we have liggd full neir ;	
But maugre haif I, gif I byde,	45
Frae thay begin to sleir,	
Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,	
Then Makyne mak gude cheir.	
“ Robin, thou reivs me of my rest ;	
“ I luv bot thee alane.”	50
Makyne, adieu ! the sun goes west,	
The day is neir-hand gane.	
“ Robin,	

76      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

"Robin, in dule I am so drest,  
 "That luve will be my bane."  
 Makyn, gae luve quhair-eir ye list,                      55  
 For leman I huid nane.

"Robin, I stand in sic a style,  
 "I sic and that full fail."  
 Makyn, I have bene here this quyle;  
 At hame I wish I were.                      60  
 "Robin, my hinny, talk and snyle,  
 "Gif thou wilt do nae mair."  
 Makyn, frae other man beguyle,  
 For hameward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his ways he went,                      65  
 As light as leif on tree;  
 But Makyn murt and made lament,  
 So he wold him neir to see.  
 For he be yd attowre the bent:  
 Then Makyn cried on hie,                      70  
 "Now may thou sing, for I am silent!  
 "Quhat aillis luve at me?"

Makyn went hame withouten fail,  
 And weirylic could weip;  
 Then Robin in a full fair dale                      75  
 Assemblit all his sheip.  
 Be that some part of Makyn's ail,  
 Out-throw his heart could creip;  
 Hir fast he followt to assail,  
 And till her tuke gude keip.                      80

Abyd,

ANCIENT POEMS. 77

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,  
 A word for ony thing;  
 For all my luv, it fall be thyne,  
 Withouten departing.  
 All hale thy heart for till have myne, 85  
 Is all my coveting;  
 My sheip to morn quhyle houris nyne,  
 Will need of nae keiping.

"Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,  
 "In geits and storys auld, 90  
 "The man that will not when he may,  
 "Sall have nocht when he wald.  
 "I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,  
 "Be eiked their cares fae cauld,  
 "That presses first with thee to play 95  
 "Be forrest, firth, or fauld."

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,  
 The wether warm and fair,  
 And the grene wod richt neir-hand by,  
 To walk attowre all where: 100  
 There may nae janglers us espy,  
 That is in luv contrair;  
 Therin, Makyne, baith you and I  
 Unleen may mak repair.

F. 99. *Lunnatyn's MS. has woid, not woul, as in Ed. 1770.*

"Robin,

78 ANCIENT POEMS.

" Robin, that world is now away, 105  
 " And quyt brocht t'il an end;  
 " And never again thereto perfy,  
 " Sad it be as thou wend;  
 " For of my pain thou made but play;  
 " I wold, as yair did sperd, 110  
 " As thou sa' down, I wold I say,  
 " Mure on, I think to mend."

Makyn, the best of all my heil,  
 My heart on thee is set;  
 I'te eschew to thee be heil, 115  
 Quyte I may live but lett,  
 Never to fall as others fell,  
 Quhat grace for air I get.  
 " Robin, with thee I will not deil;  
 " Adieu, for this we met." 120

Makyn went homeward blyth enough,  
 Outwre the holtis hair;  
 Pure Robin murnd, and Makyn leugh;  
 Scho fang, and he licht fair;  
 And so left him bayth wo and wreich, 125  
 In dolor and in care,  
 Keipand his herd under a heuch,  
 Among the rufy gair.

*V. 117. Bannatyne's MS. read. as: above fell, not fall), as in E.J. 1770.*

XIV.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

*The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the VIRGO PARATHALASSIA, in his colloquy, intitled, PEREGRINATIO RELIGIONIS ERGO. He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present to OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM \*. At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.*

*This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by Italicks.*

GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,  
Of courtesy I thee pray,  
Unto the towne of Walsingham  
Which is the right and ready way.

\* See at the end of this Ballad an account of the annual offerings of the Fair of St. Ivelbergh.

“ Unto



80 ANCIENT POEMS.

" Unto the towne of Walsingham 5  
 " The way is hard for to be gon;  
 " And verry crooked are those pathes  
 " For you to find out all alone."

Weere the miles doubled thrife,  
 And the way never soe ill, 10  
 Itt were not enough for mine offence;  
 Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

" Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,  
 " Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;  
 " Time hath not given thee leave, as yett, 15  
 " For to committ so great a sinne."

Yes, heardsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,  
 If thou knewest soe much as I;  
 My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,  
 Have well deserved for to dye. 20

I am not what I seeme to bee,  
 My clothes and sexe doe differ farr:  
 I am a woman, woe is me!  
 Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved, 25  
 My wayward cruelty could kill:  
 And though my teares will nought avail,  
 Most dearely I bewail him still.

He

ANCIENT POEMS. 81

*He was the flower of noble wights,  
None ever more sincere colde bee; 30  
Of comely mien and shape hee was,  
And tenderly hee loved mee.*

*When thus I saw he loved me well,  
I growe so proud his paine to see,  
That I, who did not know my selfe, 35  
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.*

\* And grew so coy and nice to please,  
As women's lookes are often soe,  
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,  
Unless I willed him soe to doe. 40

Thus being wearyed with delayes  
To see I pittied not his greeffe,  
He gott him to a secrett place,  
And there he dyed without relieffe.

And

\* Three of the following stanzas have been finely paraphrased by Dr. GOLDSMITH, in his charming ballad of EDWIN AND EMMA; the reader of taste will have a pleasure in comparing them with the original.

*'And' still I try'd each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain;  
And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
I triumph'd in his pain.*

*'Till quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride;  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he dy'd.*

And for his sake these weeds I weare,      45  
 And sacrifice my tender age;  
 And every day Ile begg my bread,  
 To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,  
 And ever will doe till I dye;      50  
 And gett me to some secrett place,  
 For foe did hee, and foe will I.

Now, gentle heardeſman, aſke no more;  
 But keepe my ſecretts I thee pray;  
 Unto the towne of Walsingham      55  
 Show me the right and readye way.

" Now goe thy wayes, and God before!  
 " For he muſt ever guide thee ſtill:  
 " Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,  
 " And foe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!"      60

*Not mine the blame, mine the fault,  
 And now my life ſhall pay;  
 Pilgrim the ſervice he ſought,  
 And ſtretcht me where he lay.*

*And there forlorn deſpairing hid,  
 Till lay me downe and die:  
 " Peace, ſay ſome that Edward did  
 And ſo for him will I.*

\* \* To ſhow what conſtant tribute was paid to OUR  
 LADY OF WALSHINGHAM, I ſhall give a few extracts  
 from the "HOUSEHOLD-BOOK OF HENRY ALGERNON  
 PERCY, 5th Earl of Northumberland," Printed 1770, 8vo.  
 S. P.

See XLIII. pag. 337, &c.

- ITEM, My Lorde usith yerly to sende asfor Michaelmas for his  
 Lordschip's Offerynge to our Lady of Walsyngham.—iiiij d.  
 ITEM, My Lorde usith and accuſtomyth to sende yerely for the  
 upholdynge of the Light of Wax which his Lordschip fynd-  
 ith birnyng yerly befor our Lady of Walsyngham, conten-  
 ynge xj lb. of Wax in it after vij d. ob. for the fyndynge  
 of every lb. redy wrought by a covenant maid with the  
 Channon by great, for the hole yere, for the fyndinge of the  
 said Lyght byrning,—vi s. viiiij d.  
 ITEM, My Lord useth and accuſtomith to spende yerely to the  
 Channon that kepith the Light before our Lady of Walsyn-  
 gham, for it toward for the hole yere, for keepynge of  
 the said Light, lightynge of it at all service tymes daily  
 thorowt the yere,—xij d.  
 ITEM, My Lord usith and accuſtomyth yerely to sende to the  
 Prest that kepith the Light, byghyng of it at all service  
 tymes daily thorowt the yere,—iij s. iiij d.

XV.

K. EDWARD IV. AND TANNER OF TAMWORTH

Was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The au-  
 thor of the ART OF ENGLISH POESIE, 1589, 4to, seems  
 to speak of it as a real fact.—Describing that vicious mode  
 of speech, which the Greeks called *ACYRON*, i. e. “When  
 we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to  
 that we should express;” he adds, “Such manner of un-  
 couth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Ed-  
 ward the fourth; which Tanner, having a great while  
 mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at  
 length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was  
 affraide he should be punished for it, [and] said thus, with  
 a certain rude repentance,

“I hope I shall be banged to-morrow,

G 2

“for

"for [I feare me] I shall be hanged; whereat the king  
 "laughed a good \*, not only to see the Tanner's vaine  
 "feare, but also to heare his illshapen terme: and gave  
 "him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of  
 "Plumpton-parke. I AM AFRAID," concludes this sagaci-  
 "ous writer, "THE POETS OF OUR TIMES THAT SPEAKE  
 "MORE FINELY AND CORRECTEDLY, WILL COME  
 "TOO SHORT OF SUCH A REWARD," p. 214.—The  
 phrase, here referred to, is not found in this ballad at pre-  
 sent †, but occurs with some variation in another old poem, in-  
 titled JOHN THE REEVE, described in the following volume,  
 (see the Preface to THE KING AND THE MILLER), viz.

"Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,  
 "And Edward wer in this place,  
 "Hee shold not touch this ronne:  
 "He wold be wroth with John I HOPE,  
 "Therefore I beshrew the soue,  
 "That in his mouth shold come," Pt. 2. ff. 24.

The following text is selected (with such other corrections  
 as occurred) from two copies in black letter. The one in the  
 Bodleyan library, intitled, "A merrie, pleasant, and delect-  
 "able historie betwene K. Edward the Fourth, and a  
 "Tanner of Tamworth, &c. printed at London, by John  
 "Danter, 1596." This copy, ancient as it now is, ap-  
 pears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was  
 published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings  
 were recovered from another copy, (though more recently  
 printed,) in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys col-  
 lection.

But these are both very inferior in point of antiquity to the  
 old Ballad of THE KING AND THE BARKER, reprinted  
 with other "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry from Authen-  
 "tic Manuscripts and old Printed Copies, &c." Lond.  
 1791, 8vo. As that very antique Poem had never occurred  
 to the Editor of the Reliques, till he saw it in the above  
 collection, he now refers the curious Reader to it, as an im-  
 perfect and incorrect copy of the old original Ballad.

\* Vid. Gloss. † Nor in that of the BARKER mentioned below.

# ANCIENT POEMS. 85

IN summer time, when leaves grow greene,  
And blossoms bedecke the tree,  
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,  
Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne, 5  
With horne, and eke with bowe;  
To Drayton Bassett he tooke his waye,  
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe  
By eight of clocke in the day, 10  
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,  
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre ruffet coat the tanner had on  
Fast buttoned under his chin,  
And under him a good cow-hide, 15  
And a mare of four shilling\*.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,  
Under the grene wood spraye;  
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,  
To weet what he will saye. 20

\* In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecill, lady of Torboke, in her will dated March 7, A. D. 1466; among many other bequests hat this, "Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13s. 4d. to buy him "an horse." Vid. Harleian Catalog. 2176. 27.—Now if 13s. 4d. would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.  
 Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee,  
 " The readiest waye to Drayton Bassett  
 I praye thee to shewe to mee."

" To Drayton Bassett woldst thou goe,                      25  
 Fro the place where thou dost stand?  
 The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,  
 Turne in upon thy right hand."

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,  
 Thou doest but jest I see:                      30  
 Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,  
 And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner:  
 I hold thee out of thy witt:  
 All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,                      35  
 And I am fasting yett.

" Go with me downe to Drayton Bassett,  
 No daynties we will spare;  
 All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,  
 And I will paye thy fare."                      40

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,  
 Thou payest no fare of mine:  
 I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,  
 Than thou hast pence in thine.

God

ANCIENT POEMS. 87

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king, 45  
And send them well to priefe.  
The tanner wolde faine have beene away,  
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellowe,  
Of thee I am in great feare, 50  
For the cloathes, thou wearest upon thy backe,  
Might befeeme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,  
I tell you, fir, by the roode.  
"Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth, 55  
And standest in midds of thy goode\*."

What tydings heare you, sayd the kynge,  
As you ryde farre and neare?  
"I heare no tydings, fir, by the masse,  
But that cowe-hides are deare." 60

"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are those?  
I marvell what they bee?"  
What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;  
I carry one under mee.

What craftman art thou, said the king, 65  
I praye thee tell me trowe;  
"I am a barker †, fir, by my trade;  
Nowe tell me what art thou?"

\* *i.e. hast no other wealth, but what thou carriest about thee.*

† *i.e. a dealer in Bark.*



88      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,  
 That am forth of service worne ;                      79  
 And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,  
 Thy cuninge for to learne.

Marrye heaven forsend, the tanner replyde,  
 That thou my prentise were:  
 Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne 75  
 By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wolde I, sayd our king,  
 If thou wilt not seeme strange:  
 Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,  
 Yet with thee I faine wold change.                      80

“ Why if with me thou faine wilt change,  
 As change full well maye wee,  
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,  
 I will have some boot of thee.”

That were against reason, sayd the king,                      85  
 I sweare, so mote I thee:  
 My horse is better than thy mare,  
 And that thou well mayst see.

“ Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,  
 And softly she will fare ;                      90  
 Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss ;  
 Aye skipping here and there.”

What

ANCIENT POEMS. 89

What boote wilt thou have? our king reply'd;  
Now tell me in this flound.

"Nee pence, nor half pence, by my faye, 95  
But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twentye groates of white moneyè,  
Sith thou wilt have it of mee."

I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,  
Thou hadst not had one penniè. 100

But since we two have made a change,  
A change we must abide,  
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,  
Thou gettest not my cove-hide.

I will not have it, sayd the kynge, 105  
I sweare, so mought I thee;  
Thy foule cove-hide I wolde not beare,  
If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cove-hide,  
That of the cow was hilt; 110  
And threwe it upon the king's sadelle,  
That was for fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,  
'Tis time that I were gone: 115  
When I come home to Gyllian my wife,  
Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

The

50      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

The king he tooke him up by the legge ;  
 The tanner a f \* \* lett fall.  
 Nowe maſſrye, good fellowe, ſayd the kyng,  
 Thy courteſye is but ſmall.      120

When the tanner he was in the kinges ſadèlle,  
 And his foote in the ſtirrup was ;  
 He marvelled greatlye in his minde,  
 Whether it were golde or braſe.

But when his ſteede ſaw the cows taile wagge,      125  
 And eke the blacke cowe-horne ;  
 He ſtamped, and ſtared, and awaye he ranne,  
 As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he ſweat,  
 And held by the pummil faſt :      130  
 At length the tanner came tumbling downe ;  
 His necke he had well-nye braſt.

Take thy horſe again with a vengeance, he ſayd,  
 With mee he ſhall not byde.  
 "My horſe wolde have borne thee well enough,      135  
 But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

Yet if againe thou ſaine woldſt change,  
 As change full well may wee,  
 By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,  
 I will have ſome boote of thee."      140  
 What

ANCIENT POEMS. 91

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,  
Nowe tell me in this stounde ?

"Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye,  
But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twentye groates out of my purse; 145  
And twentye I have of thine :  
And I have one more, which we will spend  
Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,  
And blewe both loude and shrille : 150  
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,  
Fast ryding over the hille,

Nowe, out alas ! the tanner he cryde,  
That ever I sawe this daye !  
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes 155  
Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,  
I sweare, for mote I thee :  
But they are the lords of the north countrê,  
Here come to hunt with mee. 160

And soone before our king they came,  
And knelt downe on the ground :  
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,  
He had lever than twentye pounde.  
A collar,

92      A N C I E N T   P O E M   S.

A collar, a collar, here: sayd the king,      165  
A collar he loud gan crye:  
Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,  
He had not beene so nighe.

A collar, a collar, the tanner he sayd,  
I trowe it will breed forrowe:      170  
After a collar commeth a halter,  
I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrowe.

Be not afraid Tanner, said our king;  
I tell thee, so mought I thee,  
Lo here I make thee the best esquire      175  
That is in the North countrie\*.

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,  
With tenements faire beside:  
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,  
To maintaine thy good cowe-hide.      180

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,  
For the favour thou hast me showane;  
If ever thou comest to merry Tamwörth,  
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.      \*\*

\* This stanza is restored from a quotation of this Ballad in Selden's "Titles of Honour," who produces it as a good authority to prove, that one mode of creating ESQUIRES at that time, was by the imposition of a COLLAR. His words are, "Nor is that old pamphlet of the Tanner of Tamworth and King Edward the Fourth so contemptible, but that we may thence note also an observable passage, wherein the use of making Esquires, by giving Collars, is expressed." (Sub Tit. Esquire; & vide in Spehmanni Glossar. Arniger.) This form of creating Esquires actually exists at this day among the Sojeants at Arms, who are invested with a Collar (which they wear on Collar Days) by the King himself.

This information I owe to Samuel Pegge, Esq. to whom the Publick is indebted for that curious work the CURIALIA, 4to.

XVI.

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER.

*The scene of this song is the same as in Num. XIV. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, Vol. I. p. 226, is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting.*

As I went to Walsingham,  
To the shrine with speede,  
Met I with a jolly palmer  
In a pilgrimes weede.  
Now God you save, you jolly palmer!  
"Welcome, lady gay,  
"Oft have I sued to thee for love."  
—Oft have I said you nay.

*The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus\*.*

*The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's, "Knt. of the burning pestle," Act II. sc. ult. and in another old play, called, "Hans Beer-pot, his invincible Comedy, &c." 4to. 1618; Act I.—The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenstone as corrected by him from an ancient copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza.*

\* Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his *Vision of Pierce Plowman*, fo. 1.

Hermets on a heape, with hoked scabes.  
Wenten to Walsingham, and her y twenches after.

† i. e. their.

94      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

*We have placed this, and GENTLE HERDSMAN, &c. thus early in the volume, upon a presumption that they must have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.*

AS ye came from the holy land  
Of blessed Walsingham,  
O met you not with my true love  
As by the way ye came ?

"How should I know your true love,                      5  
"That have met many a one,  
"As I came from the holy land,  
"That have both come, and gone?"

My love is neither white \*, nor browne,  
But as the heavens faire ;                      10  
There is none liath her form divine,  
Either in earth, or ayre.

"Such an one did I meet, good sir,  
"With an angelicke face ;  
"Who like a nymphe, a queene appeard                      15  
"Both in her gait, her grace."

Yes: she hath cleane forfaken me,  
And left me all alone;  
Who some time loved me as her life,  
And called me her owne.                      20

\* *sc. pale.*

"What

ANCIENT POEMS. 95

"What is the cause she leaves thee thus,  
 "And a new way doth take,  
 "That some times loved thee as her life,  
 "And thee her joy did make?"

I that loved her all my youth, 25  
 Growe old now as you see;  
 Love liketh not the falling fruite,  
 Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a carelesse childe,  
 Forgetting promise past: 30  
 He is blind, or deaf, whencere he list;  
 His faith is never fast.

His fond desire is fickle found,  
 And yielde a trustlesse joye;  
 Wonne with a world of toil and care, 35  
 And lost ev'n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankind,  
 Or Loves faire name abuse,  
 Beneathe which many vaine desires,  
 And follyes are excusde. 40

'But true love is a lasting fire,  
 'Which viewles vestals \*tend,  
 'That burnes for ever in the soule,  
 'And knowes nor change, nor end.'

\* \* \*

\* *sc. Angels.*

XVII. HAR.



XVII.

HARDYKNUTE.

A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

*As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally pass'd for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that it owes most of its beauties (if not its whole existence) to the pen of a lady, within the present century. The following particulars may be depended on. Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket, of Pitferran, in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with general Braddock, in 1755), pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of shoes. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the 2 last beginning with "There's nae light," &c. which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first Edition, in folio, 1719.—This account was transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he had been informed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS, 1733, 2 vols. 8vo. declared he had heard Fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.*

The

# ANCIENT POEMS. 97

*The Poem is here printed from the original Edition, as it was prepared for the press with the additional improvements. (See below, page III.)*

I.

Stately slept he east the wa',  
 And stately slept he west,  
 Full seventy years he now had seen,  
 Wi' scarce seven years of rest.  
 He liv'd when Britons breach of faith 5  
 Wrought Scotland nickle wae:  
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost,  
 He was their deadlie fae.

II.

High on a hill his castle stood,  
 With ha's and tow'rs a height, 10  
 And goodly chambers fair to se,  
 Where he lodged mony a knight.  
 His dame fae peerless anes and fair,  
 For chaft and beauty deem'd,  
 Nae marrow had in all the land, 15  
 Save ELENOR the queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,  
 All men of valour stout;  
 In bloody fight with sword in hand  
 Nine lost their lives bot doubt: 20  
 Four yet remain, lang may they live  
 To stand by liege and land;  
 High was their fame, high was their might,  
 And high was their command.

VOL. II.

H

Great

## IV.

Great love they bare to FAIRLY fair,      25  
 Their sister saft and dear,  
 Her girdle shaw'd her middle gimp,  
 And gowden glist her hair.  
 What waefu' wae her beauty bred?  
 Waefu' to young and auld,      30  
 Waefu' I trow to kyth and kin,  
 As story ever tauld.

## V.

The king of Norse in summer tyde,  
 Puff'd up with pow'r and might,  
 Landed in fair Scotland the isle      35  
 With mony a hardy knight.  
 The tydings to our good Scots king  
 Came, as he sat at dine,  
 With noble chiefs in brave aray,  
 Drinking the blood-red wine.      40

## VI.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,  
 Your faes stand on the strand,  
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears  
 The king of Norse commands."  
 Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,      45  
 Our good king rose and cry'd,  
 A trustier beast in a' the land  
 A Scots king nevir try'd.

# ANCIENT POEMS. 99

## VII.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,  
 That lives on hill sae hie, 50  
 To draw his sword, the dread of faes,  
 And haste and follow me.  
 The little page flew swift as dart  
 Flung by his master's arm,  
 "Come down, come down, lord Hardyknute, 55  
 And rid your king frae harm."

## VIII.

Then red red grew his dark-brown cheeks,  
 Sae did his dark-brown brow;  
 His looks grew keen, as they were wont  
 In dangers great to do; 60  
 He's ta'en a horn as green as glafs,  
 And gi'en five sounds sae shill,  
 That trees in green-wood shook thereat,  
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

## IX.

His sons in manly sport and glee, 65  
 Had past that summer's morn,  
 When low down in a grassy dale,  
 They heard their father's horn.  
 That horn, quo' they, ne'er sounds in peace,  
 We've other sport to bide. 70  
 And soon they hy'd them up the hill,  
 And soon were at his side.

## x.

"Late late the yestreen I ween'd in peace  
 To end my lengthened life,  
 My age might well excuse my arm                      75  
 Frae manly feats of strife;  
 But now that Norse do's proudly boast  
 Fair Scotland to inthrall,  
 It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,  
 He fear'd to fight or fall.                                      80

## x1.

"Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,  
 Thy arrows shoot fae leel,  
 That mony a comely countenance  
 They've turn'd to deadly pale.  
 Brade Thomas take you but your lance,                      85  
 You need nae weapons mair,  
 If you fight wi't as you did anes  
 'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

## x11.

"And Malcolm, light of foot as stag  
 That runs in forest wild,                                      90  
 Get me my thousands three of men  
 Well bred to sword and shield:  
 Bring me my horse and harnifine,  
 My blade of mettall clear.  
 If faes but ken'd the hand it bare,                              95  
 They soon had fled for fear.

x111. "Farewell

ANCIENT POEMS. 101

XIII.

" Farewell my dame sae peerless good,  
 (And took her by the hand),  
 Fairer to me in age you seem,  
 Than maids for beauty fam'd. 100  
 My youngest son shall here remain  
 To guard these stately towers,  
 And shut the silver bolt that keeps  
 Sae fast your painted bowers."

XIV.

And first she wet her comely cheeks, 105  
 And then her boddice green,  
 Her silken cords of twirtle twist,  
 Well plett with silver sheen;  
 And apron set with mony a dice  
 Of needle-wark sae rare, 110  
 Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,  
 Save that of FAIRLY fair.

XV.

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,  
 O'er hills and mony a glen,  
 When he came to a wounded knight 115  
 Making a heavy mane;  
 " Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,  
 By treacherie's false guiles;  
 Witless I was that e'er ga faith  
 To wicked woman's smiles." 120

H 3

- XVI. " Sir

## XVI.

"Sirknight, gin you were in my bower,  
 To lean on silken feat,  
 My lady's kindly care you'd prove,  
 Who ne'er knew deadly hate:  
 Herself wou'd watch you a' the day, 125  
 Her maids a dead of night;  
 And FAIRLY fair your heart wou'd chear,  
 As she stands in your sight.

## XVII.

"Arise young knight, and mount your steed,  
 Full louns the flynnand day; 130  
 Choofe frae my menzie whom ye please  
 To lend you on the way."  
 With smileless look, and visage wan  
 The wounded knight reply'd,  
 "Kind chieftain, your intent pursue, 135  
 For here I maun abyde.

## XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night  
 Can e're be sweet or fair,  
 But soon beneath some draping tree,  
 Cauld death shall end my care." 140  
 With him nae pleading might prevail;  
 Brave Hardyknute to gain  
 With fairest words, and reason strong,  
 Strave courteously in vain.

ANCIENT POEMS. 103

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd out o'er 145  
 Lord Chattan's land fae wide ;  
 That lord a worthy wight was ay,  
 When faes his courage fey'd :  
 Of Pictish race by mother's side,  
 When Picts rul'd Caledon, 150  
 Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,  
 When he sav'd Pictish crown.

XX.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,  
 He reach'd a rising hight,  
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale, 155  
 Norfs menzie lay in sight.  
 "Yonder my valiant sons and feirs  
 Our raging revers wait  
 On the unconquert Scottish sword  
 To try with us their fate. 160

XXI.

Make orisons to him that sav'd  
 Our fauls upon the rude ;  
 Syne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd  
 With Caledonian blude."  
 Then furth he drew his trusty glave, 165  
 While thoufands all around  
 Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun ;  
 And loud the bougles found.



XXII.

To joyn his king adoun the hill  
     In haft his merch he made,                      179  
 While, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit  
     Afore him stately strade.  
 "Thrice welcome valiant sloup of weir,  
     Thy nations shield and pride;  
 Thy king nae reafon has to fear                      175  
     When thou art by his side."

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrown;  
     For thrang scarce cou'd they flee;  
 The darts clove arrows as they met,  
     The arrows dart the tree.                      180  
 Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,  
     With little skaith to mon,  
 But bloody bloody was the field, ✓  
     Ere that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The king of Scots, that findle brook'd                      185  
     The war that look'd like play,  
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,  
     Sin bows seem'd but delay.  
 Quoth noble Rothfay, "Mine I'll keep,  
     I wat it's bled a score."                      190  
 Haste up my merry men, cry'd the king,  
     As he rode on before.

xxv. The

ANCIENT POEMS. 105

XXV.

The king of Norſe he ſought to find,  
 With him to menſe the faught,  
 But on his forehead there did light 195  
 A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft;  
 As he his hand put up to feel  
 The wound, an arrow keen,  
 O waefu' chance! there pinn'd his hand  
 In midſt between his een. 200

XXVI.

"Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothſay's heir,  
 Your mail-coat ſha' na bide  
 The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart:"  
 Then ſent it through his ſide.  
 Another arrow well he mark'd, 205  
 It pierc'd his neck in twa,  
 His hands then quat the ſilver reins,  
 He low as earth did fa'.

XXVII.

"Sair bleids my liege, ſair, ſair he bleeds!"  
 Again wi' might he drew 210  
 And geſture dread his ſturdy bow,  
 Faſt the braid arrow flew;  
 Wae to the knight he ettled at;  
 Lament now queen Elgreed;  
 High dames too wail your darling's fall, 215  
 His youth and comely meed.

XXVIII. "Take

## XXVIII.

"Take aff, take aff his coo'ty jupe  
 (O! goid well was it twin'd,  
 Kint to the fowler's net, through quhilk,  
     Heer he harnetis that'd)      220  
 Take, Norfe that gift frae me, and bid  
     His verg the blood n' bears;  
 Say, if he face my bended bow,  
     He fare nae wey on fears."

## XXIX.

Proud Norfe with giant body tall,      225  
     Braid shoulders and arms strong,  
 Cry'd, "Where is Hardyknute fae fam'd,  
     And fear'd at Britain's throne:  
 Tho' Britons tremble at his name,  
     I soon shall make him wail,      230  
 That e'er my sword was made fae sharp,  
     Nae fast his coat of mail."

## XXX.

That brag his stout heart cou'd na bide,  
     It lent him youthfu' micht:  
 "I'm Hardyknute; this day, he cry'd,      235  
     To Scotland's king I heght  
 To lay thee low, as hors'es hoof;  
     My word I mean to keep."  
 Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake,  
     He garr'd his body bleed,      240

xxx1. Norfs'

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 107

xxxI.

Norfs' een like gray gosehawk's stair'd wyld,  
 He sigh'd wi' shame and spite;  
 "Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm  
 That left thee power to strike:"  
 Then ga' his head a blow sae fell, 245  
 It made him down to sloup,  
 As laigh as he to ladies us'd  
 In courtly guise to lout.

xxxII.

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,  
 His bow he marvell'd fair, 250  
 Sin blows till then on him but darr'd  
 As touch of FAIRLY fair;  
 Norfe marvell'd too as fair as he  
 To see his stately look;  
 Sae soon as e'er he strake a fac, 255  
 Sae soon his life he took.

xxxIII.

Where like a fire to heather set,  
 Eauld Thomas did advance,  
 Ane sturdy fac with look enrag'd  
 Up toward him did prance; 260  
 He spurr'd his steid through thickest ranks  
 The hardy youth to quell,  
 Wha stood unmov'd at his approach  
 His fury to repell.

xxxIV. "That

108      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

XXXIV.

“That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm’d, 265  
 Looks like poor Scotland’s gear,  
 But dreadfull seems the rusty point!”  
 And loud he leugh in jear.  
 “Oft Britons bood has dimm’d its shine;  
 This point cut short their vaunt:” 270  
 Syne pierc’d the boasters bearded cheek;  
 Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle swang,  
 His stirrup was nae stay,  
 Sae feeble hang his unbent knee 275  
 Sure taiken he was fey:  
 Swith on the harden’t clay he fell,  
 Right far was heard the thud;  
 But Thomas look’t nae as he lay  
 All waltering in his blud; 280

XXXVI.

With careless gesture, mind unmov’t,  
 On rode he north the plain;  
 His seem in throng of fiercest strife,  
 When winner ay the same:  
 Not yet his heart dames dimplet cheek 285  
 Could mease soft love to bruik,  
 Till vengfu’ Anna return’d his scorn,  
 Then languid grew his luik.

# ANCIENT POEMS. 109

XXXVII.

In thraws of death, with walowit cheik  
 All panting on the plain, 293  
 The fainting corps of warriors lay,  
 Ne're to arise again;  
 Ne're to return to native land,  
 Nae mair with blithsome sounds  
 To boast the glories of the day, 295  
 And shaw their shining wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norways coast the widowit dame  
 May wash the rocks with tears,  
 May lang luik ow'r the shiple's seas  
 Befor her mate appears, 303  
 Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain;  
 Thy lord lyes in the clay;  
 The valiant Scots nae revers thole  
 To carry life away.

XXXIX.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross 305  
 Set up for monument,  
 Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day  
 Fill'd keen war's black intent.  
 Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,  
 Let Norfe the name ay dread, 310  
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd,  
 Shall latest ages read.

XL. Now

XL.

Now loud and chill blew th' weftlin wind,  
 Sair beat the heavy shower,  
 Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute      315  
     Wan near his stately tower.  
 His tow'r that us'd wi' torches blaze  
     To shine fae far at night,  
 Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,  
     Nae marvel fair he sigh'd,      320

XLI.

"There's nae light in my lady's bower,  
     There's nae light in my ha';  
 Nae blink shines round my FAIRLY fair,  
     Nor ward stands on my wa'  
 "What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, fay;"— 325  
     Nae answer fitts their dread.  
 "Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide;"  
     But by they past with speed.

XLII.

"As fast I've sped owre Scotlands faes,"—  
     There ceas'd his brag of weir,      330  
 Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame,  
     And maiden FAIRLY fair.  
 Black fear he felt, but what to fear  
     He wist nae yet; wi' dread  
 Sair shook his body, fair his limbs,      335  
     And a' the warrior fled.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* In

\* \* In an elegant publication, intitled, "*Scottish Tragic Ballads*, printed by and for J. Nichols, 1781, 8vo." may be seen a continuation of the Ballad of HARDYKNUTE, by the addition of a SECOND PART, which hath since been acknowledged to be his own composition, by the ingenious Editor.—To whom the late Sir D. Dalrymple communicated (subsequent to the account drawn up above in p. 46.) extracts of a letter from Sir JOHN BRUCE, of Kinross, to Lord Binning, which plainly proves the pretended discoverer of the fragment of Hardyknute to have been Sir John Bruce himself. His words are, "To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the Manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dunsferline. It is written on vellum in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you'll find that the tenth part is not legible." He then gives the whole fragment as it was first published in 1719, save one or two stanzas, marking several passages as having perished by being illegible in the old MS. Hence it appears, that Sir John was the author of HARDYKNUTE, but afterwards used *Mrs. Wardlaw* to be the midwife of his Poetry, and suppressed the story of the vault; as is well observed by the Editor of the *Tragic Ballads*, &c. of *Maitland's Scot. Poets*, vol. I. p. cxxviii.

To this gentleman we are indebted for the use of the copy, whence the second edition was afterwards printed, as the same was prepared for the press by John Clerk, M. D. of Edinburgh, an intimate companion of Lord President Forbes.

The title of the first edition was, "*HARDYKNUTE, A FRAGMENT*. Edinburgh, printed for James Watson, 1719," folio, 12 pages.

Stanzas not in the first edition are, Nos. 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 42.

In the present impression the orthography of Dr. Clerk's copy has been preserved, and his readings carefully followed, except in a few instances, wherein the common edition appeared preferable: viz. He had in ver. 20. but.—v. 56. of harm.—v. 64. every.—v. 67. lo down.—v. 83. That omitted.—v. 89. And omitted.—v. 143. With argument



but vainly flame Lang.—*v.* 148. say'd.—*v.* 155. in-  
campit on the plain.—*v.* 156. Norie squadrons.—*v.* 158.  
regind revers.—*v.* 170. his strides he bent.—*v.* 171.  
minerals play and Picrochs fine.—*v.* 172. stately went.  
—*v.* 182. men.—*v.* 196. sharp and fatal.—*v.* 219. which.  
—*v.* 241. floo w yld.—*S stanza* 39 preceded *stanza* 38.—  
*v.* 305. There.—*v.* 313. blew weilling.—*v.* 330. *had*  
*originally been*, He fear'd a' cou'd be fear'd.

*The Editor was also informed, on the authority of Dr.*  
*David Clerk, M.D. of Lünburg's (son of the aforesaid*  
*Dr. John Clerk), that between the present stanzas 36 and*  
*37, the two following had been intended, but were on ma-*  
*turer consideration omitted, and do not now appear among*  
*the MS. stanzas :*

Now darts flew wavering through slow speed,  
Scarce could they reach their aim ;  
Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,  
'Twas all but shot in vain :  
Right strengthly arms forcebled grew,  
Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils :  
E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,  
And curs'd war's cruel broils.

Yet still wars horns sounded to charge, \*  
Swords clash'd and harnels rang ;  
But fasty tae ilk blaster blew  
The hills and dales fragmang.  
Nae echo heard in double dints,  
Nor the lang-winding horn,  
Nae mair she blew out brade as she  
Did eir that luminers morn.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

R C.



RELIQUES  
OF ANCIENT POETRY,  
 &c.

SERIES THE SECOND.  
BOOK II.

I.

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A  
CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

*In the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems, as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution, wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII, the sud-*

VOL. II,

↓

449

den changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as they were called) had their respective Ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled *LITTLE JOHN NOBODY*, may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master. This is copied in miniature in the small Engraving inserted above.

We are not to wonder that the Ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII, intitled, *Every Man*; the other called *Lusty Jubentus*, printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions: in the other, the poet (one R.

WEYER)

\* Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood,

"There is no emperor, king, duke, ne baron

"That of God hath commissioun,

"As hath the leyl prest in the world beyng.

\* \* \*

"God hath to them more power gyven,

"Than to any aungell, that is in heven;

"With

## ANCIENT POEMS. 115

WEVER) with great success attacks both. So that the Stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it,—a supplement to the pulpit:—This was so much the case, that in the play of *Lusty Juventus*, chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally as in a sermon; take an instance:

“The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in this wise  
playnly,  
“As in the xxxiiij chapter it doth appere:  
“Be converted, O ye children, &c.”

From this play we learn that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation; and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth: for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfal of superstition:

“The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,  
“But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,  
“They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,  
“In olde traditions, and made by men, &c.”

I 2

And

“With v. words he may consecrate  
“Goddes body in fleshe and blode to take,  
“And handleteth his maker byt wene his bandes,  
“The prest byndeth and unbindeth all bandes,  
“Bueth in erthe and in heven —  
“Thou ministrers all the sacramentes seven.  
“Though we kist thy fete thou were worthy;  
“Thou art the surgyon that cureth synne deadly,  
“No remedy may we fynde under God,  
“But alone on presthode.  
“— God gave prest that dignite,  
“And letteth them in his fiele amonge us be,  
“Thus be they above aungels in degre.”

See Hawkins's Orig. of Eng. Drama, Vol. I. p. 612

*And in another place Hypocrisy urges,*

"The worlde was never meri

"Since chyldren were so bouldre:

"Now every boy will be a teacher,

"The father a foole, the chylde a preacher."

*Of the plays abovementioned, to the first is subjoined the following Printer's Colophon, "Thus endeth this moral playe of Every Man. Imprinted at London in Pooles churche garde by me John Shot. In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richard Pynson.*

*The other is intituled, An enterlude called Luste Iubentus: and is thus distinguished at the end: finis. quod R. Thoret. Imprinted at London in Pooles churche garde, by Abraham Wele at the Agne of the Lambe. Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.*

*Of these two Plays the Reader may find some further particulars in the former Volume, Book II. see THE ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE; and the curious Reader will find the Plays themselves printed at large in HAWKINS's "Origin of the English Drama," 3 vols. Oxford, 1773, 12mo.*

#### THE HUSBANDMAN.

LET us lift up our hartes all,  
And prayse the lordes magnificence,  
Which hath given the wolues a fall,  
And is become our strong defence:  
For they thorowe a false pretens  
From Christs bloude dyd all us leade \*,

5

\* i. e. denied us the Cup, see below, ver. 94.

# ANCIENT POEMS. 117

Gettynge from every man his pence,  
As satisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our FLAYLES coulede get  
To kepe our houle, and servauntes; 10  
That did the Freers from us fet,  
And with our foules played the merchauntes;  
And thus they with theyr false warrantes  
Of our sweate have easelye lyved,  
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes, 15  
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,  
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe;  
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,  
If it above the ground did growe: 20  
But now we Husbandmen do knowe  
Al their subteltye, and their false caste;  
For the lorde hath them overthrowe  
With his swete word now at the laste.

## DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes, 25  
Hast usurped kynges powers,  
As having power over realmes and townes,  
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres  
Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours

Thou maist lykewyse Gods word oppresse; 30  
As

118      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

As do the deceitful foulers,  
When they theyr nettes craftely dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lord,  
Threning poore men with swearde and fyre;  
All those, that do followe Gods worde,      35  
To make them cleve to thy desire,  
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire;  
Curfing with boke, bell, and candell,  
Such as to reade them have desyre,  
Or with them are wyllinge to meddell.      40

Thy false power wyl I bryng down,  
Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,  
I shall dryve the from cite and towne,  
Even with this PEN that thou seyest here:  
Thou fyghtest with swerd, shyld, and speare,      45  
But I wyl fyght with Gods worde;  
Which is now so open and cleare,  
That it shall brynge the under the borde\*.

THE FORGE.

Though I brought never so many to hel,  
As to utter dampnacion,      50  
Throughe myne ensample, and confel,  
Or thorow any abhominacion,  
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion.  
And thou, Luther, arte accursed;

\* i. e. Make thee knock under the table.

# ANCIENT POEMS. 119

For blamyng me, and my condicion, 55  
The holy decrees have the condemned.

Thou stryvest against my purgatory,  
Because thou findest it not in scripture;  
As though I by myne auctorite  
Myght not make one for myne honoure. 60  
Knowest thou not, that I have power  
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,  
In erth, and every creature?  
Whatsoever I do it must be well.

As for scripture, I am above it; 65  
Am not I Gods hye vicare?  
Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,  
As the carpenter his ruler\*?  
Nay, nay, hereticks ye are,  
That will not obey my auctoritie. 70  
With this sworde I wyll declare,  
That ye shal al accursed be.

## THE CARDINAL.

I am a Cardinall of Rome,  
Sent from Christes hye vicary,  
To graunt pardon to more, and fume, 75  
That wil Luther resist strongly:  
He is a greate hereticke treuly,  
And regardeth to much the scripture;

\* *i. e. his rule.*



120      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

For he thinketh onely thereby  
To subdue the popes high honoure.                      80

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,  
And loke that ye agaynst him fight;  
Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,  
For the pope sayih ye do but ryght:  
And this be sure, that at one flyghte,                      85  
Allthough ye be overcome by chaunce,  
Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte;  
God can make you no resistaunce.

But these heretikes for their medlynge  
Shall go down to hel every one;  
For they have not the popes bleffynge,  
Nor regarde his holy pardõ:  
They thinke from all destruction  
By Christes bloud to be saved,  
Fearynge not our excommunicacion,                      95  
Therefore shall they al be dampned.

II.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

*While in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preserved in Maitland's MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library:)*

Tak a Wobster, that is leill,  
And a Miller, that will not steill,  
With ane Priest, that is not gredy,  
And lay ane deid corpse thame by,  
And, throw virtue of thame three,  
That deid corpse fall qwyknit be.

*Thus far all was fair: but the furious hatred of popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs, were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. Green sleeves and pudding pies (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns: Muggie Lauder was another: John Anderson my jo was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted*

one of the least offensive. The Reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

In the present Edition this song is much improved by some new readings communicated by a friend; who thinks by the "Seven Bairns," in st. 2d. are meant the Seven Sacraments; five of which were the spurious offspring of Mother Church: as the first stanza contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the popish clergy.

The imitation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact.—From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called, "The Book of the Universal Kirk," p. 90, 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassenlyne printer in Edinburgh, printed "a psalme" "buike, in the end whereof was found printit ane bauld" "sang, called, "Welcome Fortunes \*."

## WOMAN.

JOHN Anderfson my jo, cum in as ze ga'e, bye,  
And ze sall get a sleips heid weel baken in a pye;  
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat;  
John Anderfson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

## MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how hae ze threven?  
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae seven.

MAN. Are they to your awin gude man? WOM. Na,  
Cummer, na;

For five of tham were gotten, quhan he was awa'.

\* See also Biograph. Britan. 1st Edit. vol. I. p. 177.

III.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

*We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under king Edward VI. written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Strype's Mem. of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners: whereas he indirectly owns, that their REVEREND FATHER [archbishop Cranmer] had used the most proper means to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, and by publishing homilies, and other religious tracts. It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the Reformed had enlisted themselves, many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures: And as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.*



Yet to their fancy soon a cause will find;  
As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke;  
Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind;  
But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend father hath set forth an order,  
Our service to be said in our seignours tongue;  
As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture;  
Our suffrages, and services, with many a sweet song,  
With homilies, and godly books us among,  
That no stiff, stubborn stomachs we should freyke:  
But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong;  
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,  
And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ har-  
rowed hel,  
And poor men are so sore punished commonly through  
the world,  
That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel.  
For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be  
so quel,  
That if a man do amisse, with mischief they wil him  
wreake;  
The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell:  
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,  
And in lechery to leyke al their long life;

*Ver. 3. Cain's kind.] So in Pierce the Plowman's creed, the proud friars  
are said to be*

————— "At Caymes kind." *Vid. Sig. C ij. b.*

For

For all the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave  
 Wil move muchiefe in their mind both to maid and wife  
 To bring them in aduoutry, or else they wil strife,  
 And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments  
 breake :

But of these frantic il fellows, few of them do thrife;  
Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

If thou company with them, they wil curriffly carp,  
and not care

According to their foolish fantasy ; but fast wil they  
naught :

Prayer with them is but prating; therefore they it forbear:  
Both almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their  
thought;

Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his blood  
us bought,

That he wil mend that is amifs: for many a manful freyke  
Is forry for thefe fecte, though they fay little or nought;  
And that I little John Nobody dare not once fpeake.

Thus in no place, this Nobody, in no time I met,  
Where no man, 'ne \*' NOUGHT was, nor NOTHING did  
appear ;

Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,  
That 'Aeolus †' through the echo did cause me to hear.  
Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas the dumb deer  
Did sliver for a shower; but I shunted from a freyre:  
For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,  
But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

\* then, MISS. and PC.

† Hercules, MSS. and PC.

IV.

Q. ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER  
AT WOODSTOCK,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

*— are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his Travels, which has been reprinted in so elegant a manner as STRAWBERRY-HILL. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as amended by his ingenious Editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here restored.*

O H, Fortune! how thy restless wavering state  
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!  
Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate  
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.  
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed 5  
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:  
Causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,  
And freeing those that death had well deserved.  
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,  
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A. D. MDLV.

ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

*Ver. 4. Could beare, is an ancient idiom, equivalent to Did bear or Hath borne. See below the Beggar of Bedoul Grein, ver. 57. Could say.*

V. THE



## V.

## THE HEIR OF LINNE.

*The original of this Ballad is found in the Editor's folio MS. the breaches and defects in which, rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the Reader will pardon, as indeed the conclusion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject.*

*From the Scottish phrases here and there discernable in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.*

*The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a LAIRD, whose title went along with his estate.*

## PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,  
 To sing a song I will beginne;  
 It is of a lord of faire Scotland,  
 Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,      §  
 His mother a lady of high degree;  
 But they, alas! were dead, him free,  
 And he lor'd keeping companie,

To

ANCIENT POEMS. 129

To spend the daye with merry cheare,  
 To drinke and revell every night, 13  
 To card and dice from eve to morne,  
 It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,  
 To alwaye spend and never spare,  
 I wott, an' it were the king himselfe, 15  
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne  
 Till all his gold is gone and spent;  
 And he maun sell his landes so broad,  
 His house, and landes, and all his rent. 20

His father had a keen stewarde,  
 And John o' the Scales was called hee;  
 But John is become a gentel-man,  
 And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne, 25  
 Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;  
 If thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,  
 Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent;  
 My lande nowe take it unto thee: 30  
 Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,  
 And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

VOL. II.

K

Then

Then John he did him to record draw,  
 And John he cast him a gods-pennie \* ;  
 But for every pounce that John agreed,      35  
 The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,  
 He was right glad his land to winne :  
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,  
 And now Ile be the lord of Linne.      40

Thus he hath sold his land foe broad,  
 Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,  
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,  
 That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For foe he to his father hight.      45  
 My sonne, when I am gone, sayd hee,  
 Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,  
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,  
 That loresome lodge thou'lt never spend ;      50  
 For when all the world doth frown on thee,  
 Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde :  
 And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,  
 Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,      55  
 And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

\* i. e. earnest-money ; from the French '*Denier à Dieu*.' At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a **GODS-PENNY**.

They

# ANCIENT POEMS. 131

They ranted, drank, and merry made,  
 Till all his gold it waxed thinne;  
 And then his friendes they flunk away;  
 They left the unthrifty heire of Linne. 60

He had never a penny left in his purse,  
 Never a penny left but three,  
 And one was brasse, another was lead,  
 And another it was white monny.

Nowe well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne, 65  
 Nowe well-aday, and woe is mee,  
 For when I was the lord of Linne,  
 I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,  
 And why shold I feel dole or care? 70  
 Ile borrow of them all by turnes,  
 Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home;  
 Another had payd his gold away;  
 Another call'd him thrifteless loone, 75  
 And bade him sharply wend his way.

Now well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,  
 Now well-aday, and woe is me!  
 For when I had my landes so broad,  
 On me they liv'd right merrilee. 80

*Ver. 63, 4, 5, &c. Sic MS.*

K 2

T 2

To beg my bread from door to door  
 I wis, it were a brenning shame:  
 To rob and steal it were a sinne:  
 To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge,                      85  
 For there my father bade me wend;  
 When all the world should frown on mee,  
 I there shold find a trusty friend.

## PART THE SECOND.

A WAY then hyed the heire of Linne  
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,  
 Untill he came to lonesome lodge,  
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,                      5  
 In hope some comfort for to winne:  
 But bare and lothly were the walles.  
 Here's forty cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke  
 Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;                      10  
 No shimmering sunn here ever shone;  
 No halefome breeze here ever blew.                      No

ANCIENT POEMS. 133

No chair, ne table he mote spy,  
 No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,  
 Nought save a rope with renning noose, 15  
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,  
 These words were written so plain to see:  
 " Ah ! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,  
 " And brought thyselfe to penurie ? 20

" All this my boding mind misgave,  
 " I therefore left this trusty friend :  
 " Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,  
 " And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke, 25  
 Sorely shent was the heire of Linne;  
 His heart, I wis, was near to braft  
 With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,  
 Never a word he spake but three : 30  
 " This is a trusty friend indeed,  
 " And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drew,  
 And sprang aloft with his bodie :  
 When lo ! the ceiling burst in twaine, 35  
 And to the ground came tumbling hee.

134      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,  
 Ne knewe if he were live or dead :  
 At length he looked, and sawe a bille,  
 And in it a key of gold so redd.      40

He took the bill, and lookt it on,  
 Strait good comfort found he there :  
 Ittold him of a hole in the wall,  
 In which there stood three cheffs in-fere \*.

Two were full of the beaten golde,      45  
 The thirde was full of white mony ;  
 And over them in broad lettèrs  
 These words were written so plaine to see ;

" Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere ;  
 " Amend thy life and follies past ;      50  
 " For but thou amend thee of thy life,  
 " That rope must be thy end at last."

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne ;  
 And let it bee, but if I amend † :  
 For here I will make mine avow,      55  
 This reade ‡ shall guide me to the end.

Away then went with a merry cheare,  
 Away then went the heire of Linne ;  
 I wis, he neither ceas'd he blanne,  
 Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.      60

\* in-fere, *i. e.* together.  
 ‡ *i. e.* advice, counsell.

† *i. e.* unless I amend.  
*Ver. 60, an old northern phrase.*  
 And

ANCIENT POEMS. 135

And when he came to John o' the Scales,  
Upp at the speere \* then looked hee;  
There sate three lords upon a rowe,  
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the bord-head, 65  
Because now lord of Linne was hee.  
I pray thee, he said, good John o' the Scales,  
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone;  
Away, away, this may not bee: 70  
For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,  
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,  
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he:  
Madame, some almes on me bestowe, 75  
I pray for sweet faint Charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,  
I swear thou guttelt no almes of mee;  
For if we shold hang any losel heere,  
The first we wold begin with thee. 80

\* Perhaps the Hole in the door or window, by which it was speered,  
i. e. sparred, softened, or shut.—In *Bale's 2d Part of the Acts of Eng.*  
*Notaries*, we have this phrase, (fo. 38.) "The dore therof oft tymes  
" opened and speered agayne."



Then bespake a good fellowe,  
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;  
Sayd, 'Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;  
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,      85  
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;  
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,  
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,  
To let him sit in thy companie:      90  
For well I wot thou hadst his land,  
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,  
All wood he answer'd him againe:  
Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd,      95  
But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,  
Before these lords so faire and free,  
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,  
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.      100

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.  
With that he cast him a gods pennie:  
Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,  
And here, good John, is thy monny.

*Viz. 34 102. cast, is the reading of the MS.*

f

And

ANCIENT POEMS. 137

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold, 105

And layd them down upon the bord :

All woe begone was John o' the Scales,

Soe flent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,

He told it forth mickle dinne. 110

The gold is thine, the land is mine,

And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,

Forty pence thou didst lend mee :

Now I am againe the lord of Linne, 115

And forty pounds I will give thee.

Ile make the keeper of my ferrest,

Both of the wild deere and the tame;

For but I reward thy bounteous heart,

I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame. 120

Now welladay! sayth Joan o' the Scales :

Now welladay! and woe is my life!

Yesterday I was lady of Linne,

Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne; 1

Farewell now, John o' the Scales, said hee:

Christ's curse light on me, if ever again

I bring my lands in jeopardy. \* \* \*

††† In the present Edition of this Ballad several ancient Readings are restored from the folio MS.

VI. G A S.

## VI.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES,  
AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES,

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the STEELE-GLASS, 1576, 4to.

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's-inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dandy at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, intitled, "Gascoigne's Woodmanship, written to lord Gray of Wilton." Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from "his poore house in Wal-<sup>thamstowe</sup>:" where he died a middle-aged man in 1578, according to Anth. Wood: or rather in 1577, if he is the person meant in an old tract, intitled, "A remembrance of the well employed Life and godly End of GEO. GASCOIGNE, Esq; who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7, 1577, by Geo. Weststone, Gent. an eyewitness of his godly and charitable end in this world," 4to. no date—[From a MS. of Oldys.]

Mr. THOMAS WARTON thinks "Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification." But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Q. Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, tho' those qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the PARADISE OF DAINLY DEVEISES, (the Doulsey's Miscellany of the times)

\* Observations on the Faerie Queere, Vol. II. p. 168.

† Printed in 1578, 1596, and perhaps oftener, in 4to black-let.

will hardly be found one rough, or inharmonious line\*: whereat the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the sling of a saw.—Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of 12 and 14 syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first intitled, "*A hundred sundrie flowres,*" "bounde up in one small posie, &c. London, imprinted for *Richard Smith*:" without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202.) compared with the Printer's epist. to the Reader, it appears to have been published in 1572, or 3. The other is intitled, "*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq;*" "corrected, perfected, and augmented by the author; 1575." —Printed at Lond. for Richard Smith, &c." No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's †, or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, *OCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET* {R. S.} This is mentioned because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery ‡, and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.—The device abovementioned being not ill adapted to the subject of this volume, is with some small variations copied in a plate, which, to gratify the curiosity of the Reader, is prefixed to Book III.

\* The same is true of most of the poems in the *Microure of Magistrates*, 1563, 4to, and also of *Suricy's Poem*, 1557.

† Henry Binneman.

‡ *LE TEMS DECOUVRE LA VERITE*,

IN

**I**N court whoſo demaundes  
What dame doth moſt excell;  
For my conceit I muſt needs ſay,  
Faيرة Bridges beares the bel.

Upon whose lively cheek,  
To prove my judgment true,  
The rose and lillie seeme to strive  
For equall change of hewe :

And therewithall so well  
Hir graces all agree ;  
No frowning cheere dare once presume  
In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavishe lippes,  
Which like some other best,  
Will say, the blemishe on his browe  
Disgraceth all the rest.

Thereto I thus replie ;  
 God wotte, they little knowe  
 The hidden cause of that mishap,  
 Nor how the harm did growe ;

For when dame Nature first  
Had fram'd hir heavenly face,  
And thoroughly bedecked it  
With goodly gleames of grace;

ANCIENT POEMS. 141

It lyked hir so well : 25

Lo here, quod she, a peece  
For perfect shape, that passeth all  
Appelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chaunce to catche  
The greatest God of love, 30  
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,  
That rules the roast above.

But out, alas ! those wordes  
Were vaunted all in vayne ;  
And some unseen wer present there, 35  
Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,  
Close in a corner stoode,  
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir :  
I gesse it did him good. 40

Yet when he felte the flame  
Gan kindle in his brest,  
And herd dame Nature boast by hir  
To break him of his rest,

His hot newe-chosen love 45  
He chaunged into hate,  
And sodeynly with mightie mace  
Gan ra hir on the pate.

It



VII.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

*Most of the circumstances in this popular story of king Henry II. and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians; who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.*

*Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account, with some enlargements, is thus given by Stow. "Rosamond the fayre daughter of Walter lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by queen Eleanor, as some thought) dyed at Woodstocke (A. D. 1177.) where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working: so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze \*; but it was commonly said, that lastly the queene came to her by a clue of thredde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxswold, with these verses upon her tombe:*

"Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:

"Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

\* Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his *Epistle of Rosamond*.



"In English thus:

"The rose of the world, but not the cleane flower,  
 "Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent:  
 "In this grave full darke nowe is her bower,  
 "That by her life was sweete and redolent:  
 "But now that she is from this life blent,  
 "Though she were sweete, now foully doth she stinke.  
 "A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke."

Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631, p. 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Hollingshed speaks of it, as "the common report of the people, that the queene . . . founde hir out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after." Vol. III. p. 111. On the other hand, in Speede's Hist. we are told that the jealous queen found her out "by a clew of filke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee fate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her filke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde: which the queene followed, till shee had found what she sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after." 3d Edit. p. 509. Our ballad-maker with more ingenuity, and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained, by surprise, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.

It is observable, that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison, (Stow, above, mentions it merely as a slight conjecture); they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it. Indeed on  
 how

her tomb stone, as we learn from a person of credit\*, among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a CUP. This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament, (perhaps only the Chalice) might in after times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this conclusion was put upon it, when the stone came to be derelict after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that the stone of "of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Gosford, and "broken in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable "weavings drawn out and decked with roses red and green, "and the picture of the CUP, out of which she drank the "poison given her by the queen. carved in stone."

Rosamund's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Gosford, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed thence, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a contemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stow: "Hugh bishop of Lincoln came to the abbey of "nunner, called Gosford, . . . and when he had entred "the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the "quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with "lights of waxe: and demanding whose tomb it was, he "was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that "was some time lemman to Henry II. . . . who for the "love of her had done much good to that church. Then "quoth the bishop, take out of this place the body, and "bury her without the church, lest christian religion should "grow in contempt, and to the end that, through example of "her, other women being made afraid may beware, and "keepe themselves from unlawfull and adulterous company "with men." *Annals*, p. 159.

History further informs us, that king John repaired Gosford nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, "that "these holy virgins might relieve with their prayers, the "soules of his father king Henrie, and of lady Rosamund

\* The Allen of Glee Hall, Oxon. who died in 1631, aged 90. See Harmer's *curious discourses concerning Rosamond*, at the end of Gul. Nodding's *Hist.* vol. III. p. 739.

"there interred." \* . . . In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunnery, we learn from Leland, "*Rosamundes tumb at Godstowe nunnery was taken up [of] late; it is a stone with this inscription, TUMBA ROSAMUNDÆ. Her bones were clof'd in lede, and withyn that bones were clof'd yn lether. When it was opened a very swete smell came out of it †.*" See Hearne's discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at which time he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundation of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espée; (or Long-sword) earl of Salisbury and Geoffrey bishop of Lincoln ‡. Geoffrey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in 1173. Hence this writer concludes, that king Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149, when in king Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady "broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor (in 1152) and that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resentment at the desertion of her lover, entered on that occasion into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably before the rebellion of Henry's sons in 1173." [Carte's Hist. Vol. I. p. 652.] But let it be observed that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he staid but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the king of Scots; that he did not return back to England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having ever been abrad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to

\* Vid. Regn of Henry II. in Speed's Hist. writ by Dr. Barcham, Dean of Eoking.

† This would have passed for miraculous, if it had happened in the tomb of any clerical person, and a proof of his being a saint.

‡ Afterwards Archbishop of York, temp. Rich. I.

his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Indeed the true date of Geoffrey's birth, and consequently of Henry's commerce with Rosamond, seems to be best ascertained from an ancient manuscript in the Cotton library: wherein it is thus registered of Geoffrey I lantagenet, "Natus est 5<sup>o</sup> Hen. II [1159.] Factus est miles 28<sup>o</sup> Hen. II. [1170.] Elect. in Episcop. Lincoln. 29<sup>o</sup> Hen. II. [1181.]"<sup>13</sup> Vid. Chron. de Kirkstall, (Domitian XII.) Drak's Hist. of York, p. 422.

The following Ballad is printed (with conjectural emendations) from four ancient copies in black-letter; two of them in the Pepys library.

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,  
 The second of that name,  
 Besides the queene, he dearly lovde  
 A faire and comely dame.  
 Most peerlesse was her beautye founde, 5  
 Her favour, and her face;  
 A sweeter creature in this worlde  
 Could never prince embrace.  
 Her crisped lockes like threads of golde  
 Appeard to each mans sight; 10  
 Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,  
 Did cast a heavenlye light.  
 The blood within her crystal cheekes  
 Did such a colour drive,  
 As though the lillye and the rose 15  
 For mastership did strive.  
 L 2 Yea

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosimonde,  
 Her name was called so,  
 To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,  
 Was known a deadly foe. 20

The king therefore, for her defence,  
 Against the furious queene,  
 At Woodstocke builded such a bower,  
 The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built 25  
 Of stone and timber strong,  
 An hundred and fifty doors  
 Did to this bower belong :

And they so cunningly contriv'd  
 With turnings round about, 30  
 That none but with a clue of thread,  
 Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,  
 That was so faire and brighte,  
 The keeping of this bower he gave 35  
 Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne  
 Where she before did smile,  
 The kinges delighte and ladyes joy  
 Full soon thee did beguile : 40  
 5 For

ANCIENT POEMS. 149

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,  
Whom he did high advance,  
Against his father raised warres  
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king  
The English land forsooke,  
Of Redmond, his lady faire,  
His farewelle thus he tooke : 45

" My Rosamonde, my only Rose,  
That pleasest best mine eye : 50  
The fairest flower in all the worlde  
To feed my fantasie :

The flower of mine affected heart,  
Whose sweetnes doth excelle ;  
My royal Rose, a thousand times 55  
I bid thee nowe farewell !

For I must leave my fairest flower,  
My sweetest Rose, a space,  
And cross the seas to famous France,  
Proud rebelles to abase. 60

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt  
My coming shortlye see,  
And in my heart, when hence I am,  
He beare my Rose with mee."

L 3

When

150      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,      65  
     Did heare the king saye soe,  
 The sorrowe of her grieved heart  
     Her outward lookes did showe;

And from her cleare and crystill eyes  
     The teares gusht out apace,      70  
 Which like the silver-pearled dewe  
     Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,  
     Did waxe both wan and pale,  
 And for the sorrow she conceivde      75  
     Her vitall spirits faile;

And falling down all in a swoone  
     Before king Henryes face,  
 Full oft he in his princely armes  
     Her bodye did embrace:      80

And twentye times, with watery eyes,  
     He kist her tender cheeke,  
 Untill he had revivde againe  
     Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?      85  
     The king did often say.  
 Ecceause, quoth shee, to bloodye warres  
     My lord must part awaye.

4

But

ANCIENT POEMS. 151

But since your grace on forrayne coastes  
 Amonge your foes unkinde 90  
 Must goe to hazard life and limbe,  
 Why should I staye behinde ?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,  
 Your sworde and target beare;  
 That on my breast the blowes may lighte, 95  
 Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,  
 Prepare your bed at nighte,  
 And with sweete baths refresh your grace,  
 At your returne from fighte. 100

So I your prefence may enjoye  
 No toill I will refuse;  
 But wanting you, my life is death;  
 Nay, death Ild rather chuse!

"Content thy self, my dearest love; 105  
 Thy rest at home shall bee  
 In Englandes sweet and pleafant isle;  
 For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;  
 Soft peace their sexe delightes; 110  
 'Not rugged campos, but courtlye bowers;  
 Gay feastes, not cruell fights.'

L 4 My



152      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

My Rose shall safely here abide,  
 With musicke passe the daye;  
 Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,      115  
 My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,  
 Whilst I in armour dighte;  
 Gay galliards here my love shall dance,  
 Whilst I my foes goe fighte.      120

And you, fir Thomas, whom I truste  
 To bee my loves defence;  
 Be carefull of my gallant Rose  
 When I am parted hence."

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,  
 As though his heart would breake:  
 And Rosamonde, for very grieve,  
 Not one plaine word could speake.      125

And at their parting well they mighte  
 In heart be grieved sore:      130  
 After that daye faire Rosamonde  
 The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,  
 And into France was gone;  
 With envious heart, queene Ellinor,      135  
 To Woodstocke came anon.

And

ANCIENT POEMS. 153

And forth she calles this trustye knight,  
 In an unhappy houre;  
 Who with his cluc of twined thread,  
 Came from this famous bower. 149

And when that they had wounded him,  
 The queene this thread did gette,  
 And went where ladye Rosamonde  
 Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye 145  
 Beheld her beauteous face,  
 She was amazed in her minde  
 At her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,  
 That riche and costlye bee; 150  
 And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,  
 Which I have brought to thee.

Then presently upon her knees  
 Sweet Rosamonde did falle;  
 And pardon of the queene she crav'd 155  
 For her offences all.

"Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,  
 Faire Rosamonde did crye;  
 And lett mee not with poison stronge  
 Enforced bee to dye. 160  
 I will

154      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

I will renounce my sinfull life,  
 And in some cloyster bide;  
 Or else be banisht, if you please,  
 To range the world foe wide.

And for the fault which I have done,      165  
 Though I was forc'd theretoe,  
 Preserve my life, and punish mee  
 As you thinke meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes  
 She wrunge full often there;      170  
 And downe along her lovely face  
 Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene  
 Therewith appeased bee;  
 The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,      175  
 As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke;  
 Who tooke it in her hand,  
 And from her bended knee arose,  
 And on her feet did stand:      180

And casting up her eyes to heaven,  
 Shee did for mercye calle;  
 And drinking up the poison stronge,  
 Her life she lost withalle.  
 And

# ANCIENT POEMS. 155

And when that death through every limbe  
Had shrowde its greaest spite, 185  
Her chiefest toes did plaine confesse  
Shce was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,  
When life was fled away,  
At Godslowe, neare to Oxford towne,  
As may be seene this day. 190

## VIII.

### QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

"Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of William duke of Guienne, and count of Poitou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII. king of France, and had attended him in a croisade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels; but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. king of England, tho' at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowery. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened



ANCIENT POEMS. 157

He pawne my landes, the king then cryd,  
My sceptre, crowne, and all,  
That whatsoere queen Elianor sayes 15  
No harme thereof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,  
And Ile put on another;  
And we will to queen Elianor goe  
Like fryar and his brother. 20

Thus both attired then they goe:  
When they came to Whitehall,  
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,  
And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene 25  
They fell on their bended knee;  
A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,  
That you sent so hailelee.

Are you two fryars of France, she sayd,  
As I suppose you bee? 30  
But if you are two Englishe fryars,  
You shall hang on the gallows tree.

We are two fryars of France, they sayd,  
As you suppose we bee,  
We have not been at any masse 35  
Sith we came from the sea,

The

The first vile thing that ever I did  
I will to you unfold;  
Earl marshall had my maidenhead,  
Beneath this cloth of golde.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king;  
May God forgive it thee!  
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;  
With a heauey heart spake hee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,  
To you Ile not denye,  
I made a boxe of poyson strong,  
To poison king Henrie.

That's a vile linne, then sayd the king,  
May God forgive it thee! 5♦  
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;  
And I wish it so may bee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,  
To you I will discover ;  
I poysoned fair Rosamonde,  
All in fair Woodstocke bower.

Thats a vile linne, then sayd the king;  
May God forgive it thee!  
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;  
And I wish it so may bee.

ANCIENT POEMS. 159

Do you see yonders little boye,  
 A toffing of the balle?  
 That is earl marshalls eldest sonne,  
 And I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonders little boye, 65  
 A catching of the balle?  
 That is king Henryes youngest sonne,  
 And I love him the worst of all.

His head is fashyon'd like a bull;  
 His nose is like a boare. 70  
 No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,  
 I love him the better therfore.

The king pulled off his fryars coate,  
 And appeared all in redde:  
 She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands, 75  
 And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,  
 And a grimme look looked hee,  
 Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe,  
 Or hanged thou shouldst bee. 80

*F. 61, 67. She means that the eldest of these two was by the earl  
 marshall, the youngest by the king.*



IN  
THE STURDY ROCK.

*The song is in the MS. T. [perhaps inserted by the poet], and is printed in The "Annals of Dairie" (Edinburgh, 1792), page 138.—The two first stanzas are connected with musical notes in "An Account of the Music of Scotland, and of the Music of the West of Scotland," London, 1792, usually bound up with the 3 or 4 vols. of "Madrigals and Music by Thos. Weelkes, Lond. 1597, 1600, 1601, 1602." One of these madrigals is so complete an example of the B. style, that I cannot forbear presenting it as the reader.*

*Thine, the power of ex-negation,  
Dost guard of He-ha, whole sulphurous fire  
Dost rule the frozen clime, and show the die,  
Thine own flames afford no fire:  
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,  
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.*

*The American merchant, that returns  
Lives with cut-throat and blood-drops,  
Reports in Spain, how proudly he has  
Smell and fall of flying fish:  
These things are wondrous, yet more wondrous I,  
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.*

*Mr. Waller has no many words of opinion with many of his  
in the poem, and the poem was best adapted to  
display the power of the English language.*

\* The *Atter*, Gen. p. 150. 316.

ANCIENT POEMS. 161

THE sturdy rock for all his strength  
 By raging seas is rent in twaine:  
 The marble stone is pearll at length,  
 With little drops of drizzling rain:  
 The ox doth yeeld unto the yoke, 5  
 The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,  
 By yalping hounds at bay is fet:  
 The swiftest bird, that flies about,  
 Is caught at length in fowlers net: 10  
 The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,  
 Is soon deceived by subtile hookes.

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will  
 All things are bounden to obey,  
 For all his wit and worthie skill, 15  
 Doth fade at length, and fall away.  
 There is nothing but time doeth waste;  
 The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still  
 Upon the throne of glorious fame: 20  
 Though spiteful death mans body kill,  
 Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:  
 By life or death what so betides,  
 The state of vertue never slides.

## X.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF  
BEDNALL-GREEN.

*This popular old Ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the Ballad on MARY AMBREE in this volume.—The late Mr. GUTHRIE assured the Editor, that he had formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered. In this it was said of the old Beggar, that "down his neck*

— his reverend lockes  
In comelye curles did wave;  
And on his aged temples grewe  
The blossomes of the grave."

*The following Ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar Ballad. Nor yet does the Editor offer them as genuine, but as a modern attempt to remove the absurdities and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham, (fought Aug. 4, 1265.) when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side,*

ANCIENT POEMS. 163

*side, and, in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son Edmund earl of Lancaster.*

PART THE FIRST.

IT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,  
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;  
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,  
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessée.

And though shee was of favor molt faire, 5  
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggars heyre,  
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,  
Whose sonnes came as suitors to pretty Bessée.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,  
Good father, and mother, let me goe away 10  
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bec.  
This suite then they granted to pretty Bessée.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,  
All cladd in gray ruffett, and late in the night  
From father and mother alone parted shee; 15  
Who sighd and sobbed for pretty Bessée.

Shée went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;  
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:  
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,  
So fadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessée. 20

M 2

Sh: e

164      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,  
And went unto Rumford along the hye way;  
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee;  
Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessie.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end,      25  
But master and mistres and all was her friend:  
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,  
Was straight-way enamoured of pretty Bessie.

Great gifts they did fend her of silver and gold,  
And in their songs daylye her love was extold;      30  
Her beawtye was blazed in every degree;  
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessie.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;  
Shee shewed herselfe curious, and modestlye coye;  
And at her commandment still wold they bee;      35  
Soe fayre and soe comelye was pretty Bessie.

Four sutors att once unto her did goe;  
They craved her favor, but still she sayd noe;  
I wold not with gentles to marry with mee.  
Yett ever they honored pretty Bessie.      40

The first of them was a gallant young knight,  
And he came unto her disguisde in the night:  
The second a gentleman of good degree,  
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessie.

A mer-

ANCIENT POEMS. 165

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small, 45  
 He was the third suiter, and proper withall :  
 Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,  
 Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessie.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,  
 Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight ; 50  
 My hart's so intrall'd by thy bewtie,  
 That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessie.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,  
 As fine as a ladye my Bessy shall bee :  
 My life is distressed: O heare me, quoth hee ; 55  
 And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessie.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant cold say,  
 Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay ;  
 My shippes shall bring home rich jewells for thee,  
 And I will for ever love pretty Bessie. 60

Then Bessy shee sigh'd, and thus shee did say,  
 My father and mother I meane to obey ;  
 First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,  
 And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessie.

To every one this answer shee made, 65  
 Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd,  
 This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree ;  
 But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessie?

166      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

My father, shee said, is soone to be seene :  
The feely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,      70  
That daylye sits begging for charitie,  
He is the good father of pretty Bessie.

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well ;  
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell :  
A feely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,      75  
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessie.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee :  
Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe thou shalt bee ;  
I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree,  
And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessie !      80

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worfe,  
I waighe not true love by the waight of the pursse,  
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree ;  
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessie.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe.      85  
Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be soe ;  
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee,  
Then take thy adew of pretty Bessie.

But soone after this, by breake of the day  
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away.      90  
The younge men of Rumford, as thicke might bee,  
Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessie.

Af

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 167

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene,  
 Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;  
 And as the knight lighted most courteouslie, 95  
 They all fought against him for pretty Bessie.

But rescue came speedilye over the plaine,  
 Or else the young knight for his love had been slaine.  
 This fray being ended, then straitway he see  
 His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessie. 100

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I bee poore,  
 Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore:  
 Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,  
 Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe, 105  
 And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,  
 Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see  
 The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,  
 The gold that you drop shall all be your owne. 110  
 With that they replyed, Contented bee wee.  
 Then here's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Bessie.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,  
 And dropped in angells full three thousand \* pound;  
 And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine, 115  
 For the gentlemens one the beggar dropt twayne:

\* In the Editor's folio MS. it is 500l.



168      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

Soe that the place, wherin they did sitt,  
With gold it was covered every whitt.  
The gentlemen then having dropt all their flore,  
Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.    110

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.  
Then marry, quoth he. my girle to this knight;  
And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you downe  
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,    125  
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:  
And all those, that were her suitors before,  
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Bessie matched to the knight,  
And then made a ladye in others despite:    130  
A fairer ladye there never was seene,  
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,  
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,  
The SECOND FITT \* shall set forth to your sight    135  
With marvellous pleasure, and wished delight.

\*. See an *Essay* on the word FIT at the end of the SECOND PART.

ANCIENT POEMS. 169

PART THE SECOND.

OFF a blind beggars daughter most bright,  
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;  
All the discourse therof you did see;  
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessie.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave, 5  
Adorned with all the cost they could have,  
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,  
And all for the credit of pretty Bessie.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete  
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete; 10  
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,  
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessie.

This marriage through England was spread by report,  
Soe that a great number therto did resort  
Of nobles and gentles in every degree; 15  
And all for the fame of pretty Bessie.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;  
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,  
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene  
As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene. 20

This marryage being solemnized then,  
With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,  
The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,  
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now,

170      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,      25  
To talke, and to reason a number begunn :  
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,  
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, " Much marveil have wee,  
This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see."      30  
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so bafe,  
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

" The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe  
Before her own face, were a flattering thinge ;  
But wee thinke thy father's baseness, quoth they,      35  
Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,  
But in comes the beggar cladd in a filke cloke ;  
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,  
And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.      40

He had a daintye lute under his arme,  
He touched the strings, which made such a charme,  
Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,  
He sing you a song of pretty Befsee.

With that his lute he twanged straightway,      45  
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play ;  
And after that lessons were playd two or three,  
He strayn'd out this song most delicatelie.

" A poore

ANCIENT POEMS. 171

" A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,  
 " Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene: 50  
 " A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,  
 " And many one called her pretty Bessie.

" Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,  
 " But beggd for a penny all day with his hand;  
 " And yett to her marriage hee gave thousands three\*, 55  
 " And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessie.

" And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,  
 " Her father is ready, with might and with maine,  
 " To proove shee is come of noble degree:  
 " Therefore never flout att pretty Bessie." 60

With that the lords and the compane round  
 With harty laughter were readye to ffound;  
 Att last said the lords, Full well wee may see,  
 The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise, 65  
 The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,  
 O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,  
 That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,  
 Well may he be proud of this happy day; 70  
 Yett by his countenance well may wee see,  
 His birth and his fortune did never agree:

\* So the folio MS.

And

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,  
 (And make that the truth thou to us doe say)  
 Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee;      74  
 For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessie.

" Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,  
 " One song more to sing, and then I have done;  
 " And if that itt may not winn good report,  
 " Then doe not give me a CROAT for my sport.      80

" [Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee;  
 " Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,  
 " Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,  
 " Now losse and forgotten are hee and his race.

" When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppose, 85  
 " Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;  
 " A leader of courage undaunted was hee,  
 " And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

" At length in the battle on Evesham plaine  
 " The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine; 90  
 " Mosse fatall that battel did prove unto thee,  
 " Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessie!

" Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,  
 " His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,  
 " Was seilde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight! 95  
 " A blowe that deprive him for ever of fight.  
 " Among

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 173

" Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,  
 " Till evening drewe on of the following daye,  
 " When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee ;  
 " And this was thy mother, my prettye Befsee! 109

" A barons faire daughter slept forth in the nighte  
 " To searck for her father, who fell in the fight,  
 " And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,  
 " Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

" In secreste she nurst him, and fraged his paine, 105  
 " While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be slaine:  
 " At length his faire bride she consented to bee,  
 " And made him glad father of prettye Befsee.

" And nowe left oure foes our lives sholde betraye,  
 " We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye; 110  
 " Her jewelles thee solde, and hither came wee:  
 " All our esmort and care was our prettye Befsee.]

" And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,  
 " Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighte:  
 " Full forty winters thus have I bene 115  
 " A silly blind beggar of Bedmull-greene.

" And here, noble lordes, is ended the song  
 " Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong:  
 " And thus have you learned a secreete from mee,  
 " That ne'er had bene knowne, but for prettye Befsee."

174      A N C I E N T P O E M S.

Now when the faire companye everye one,      121  
 Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,  
 They all were amazed, as well they might bee,  
 Both at the blinde beggar, and pretty Befsee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,      125  
 Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,  
 Thy father likewise is of noble degree,  
 And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte,  
 A bridegroome most happy then was the young knighte,  
 In joy and felicitie long lived hee,      131  
 All with his faire ladye, the pretty Befsee.

\* \* \*

††† The word FIT, for PART, often occurs in our ancient ballads, and metrical romances; which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by FITS, or intermissions. So Puttenham in his *Art of English Poesie*, 1589, says, "the Epithalamie was divided by breaches into three partes to serve for three severall FITS, "or times to be sung," p. 41.

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhymers; these, he says, "glut the eare, unless it be "in small and popular musickes sung by these Cantabanqui, "upon benches and barrells heads, where they have none "other audience then boys or countrey fellows, that passe by "them in the streets; or else by BLIND HARPERs, or such "like

"like taverne Minstrels, that give a FIT of mirth for a  
 "GROAT, . . . their matter being for the most part stories of  
 "old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of  
 "Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme  
 "of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical  
 "rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at  
 "Christmasse dinners and brideales, and in taverne and  
 "alehouses, and such other places of base resort." p. 69.

This species of entertainment, which seems to have been  
 handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of  
 Puttenham falling into neglect; but that it was not,  
 even then, wholly excluded more genteel assemblies, he gives  
 us room to infer from another passage, "We ourselves, says  
 "this curtyl & writer, have written for pleasure a little  
 "brief romance, or historical ditty in the English tong of  
 "the Isle of Great Britaine in short and long metres, and  
 "by breaches or divisions [i. e. FITS] to be more commo-  
 "diously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where  
 "the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures,  
 "and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are  
 "those of king Arthur and his knights of the Round table,  
 "Sir Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others  
 "like." p. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was com-  
 plect without one of these reciters to entertain the company  
 with feats of arms, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of  
 these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient ro-  
 mance in the Editor's folio MS.

"When meate and drinke is great plenty,  
 "And birds and ladies fill with bee,  
 "And sitt and solace & lythe; § Poets  
 "Then itt is time for mee to speake § lythe."  
 "Of keene knyghtes, and kempes great,  
 "Such carping for to lythe."

§ It was one of R. Elizabeth's gent. pastimes, at a time when the  
 noble band consist of men of distinguished birth and fortune. Vid.  
 Alb. Cx.



If we consider that a Groat in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The recital of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednall-green, in 2 parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the preceding Ballad, p. 170, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a Groat for his reward, v. 76, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession.—Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the FIRST part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the SECOND. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expence of a second groat's-worth.—Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine FITS, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word FIT; it seems at one time to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time, between the several parts, (answering to *PASSUS* in the visions of *Pierce Plowman*): thus in the ancient Ballad of *CHEVY-CHASE*, (Vol. I. p. 9.) the first Part ends with this line,

“The first FIT here I fynde:”

i. e. here I come to the first pause or intermission. (See also Vol. I. p. 21.) By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause. (See Vol. I. pp. 164, 173.) This sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer: who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of *Sir Thopas* (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances):

“Lo! lordis mine, here is a FITT;

“If ye woll any more of it,

“To tell it well I fynde.”

The

The word *FIT* indeed appears originally to have signified a Poetic Strain, Verse, or Poem; for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon writers. Thus *K. Ælfred* in his *Boetius*, having given a version of lib. 3, metr. 5, adds, *Dire pyðom tha thaþ fitte arunjen hitre*, p. 65, i. e. "When wisdom had sung these [FITS] verses." And in the Proem to the same book *Ron on fitte*, "Put into [FIT] verse." So in *Cedmon*, p. 45. *Feond on fitte*, seems to mean "composed a song," or "poem."—The Reader will trace this old Saxon phrase, in the application of the word *sond*, in the foregoing passage of *Chaucer*. See *Gloss*.

*Spencer* has used the word *FIT* to denote "a strain of music;" see his poem, intitled, "COLLIN Clout's come home again," where he says,

The shepherd of the ocean [*Sir Walt. Raleigh*]

Provoked me to play some pleasant *FIT*.

And when he heard the music which I made

He found himself full greatlye pleas'd at it, &c.

It is also used in the old Ballad of *K. ESTMER*, Vol. I. p. 71, v. 243.

From being applied to Music, this word was easily transferred to Dancing; thus in the old play of *Euseb Juventus* (described in p. 114.), *Juventus* says,

By the masse I would fayne go daunce a *FITTE*.

And from being used as a Part or Division in a Ballad, Poem, &c. it is applied by *Bale* to a Section or Chapter in a Book, (though I believe in a sense of ridicule or sarcasm) for thus he intitles two Chapters of his *English Annotations* pt. 2d. viz.—fol. 49, "The fyth *FYT* of Anselme with Kynge Wylliam Rufus."—fol. 50, "An other *FYT* of Anselme with kynge Wylliam Rufus."

## XL.

## FANCY AND DESIRE.

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

*Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomium for its "excellencie and wit," in Puttenham's *Arte of Eng. Poesie* \*, and found intire in the *Garland of Good-will*: A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the *Paradise of Daintie Devises*. One of these is intitled, "The Complaint of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie." The only lines in it worth notice are these,*

A crowne of baies shall that man 'beare'  
 Who triumphs over me;  
 For black and tawnie will I weare,  
 Which mourning colours be.

*We find in Hall's Chronicle, that when 2, Catharine of Aragen died, Jan. 8, 1536; "Queen Anne [Bullen] ware blacke for the mourning." And when this unfortunate prince died her husband, May 19, the same year, "on the ascension day told us, the king for mourning ware whiete." Fol. 227. 228.*

*and 1589, p. 172.*

*Edward,*

ANCIENT POEMS. 179

*Edward, who was the XVIIth earl of Oxford, of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors. Athen. Oxon. &c.*

COME hither shepherd's fwayne:  
 " Sir, what do you require?"  
 I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.  
 " My name is FOND DESIRE."

When wert thou borne, Desire? 5  
 " In pompe and pryme of may."  
 By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?  
 " By fond Conceit men fay."

Tell me, who was thy nurse?  
 " Fresh Youth in sugred joy." 10  
 What was thy meate and dayly foode?  
 " Sad sighes with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drinke?  
 " Unfavoury lovers teares."  
 What cradle wert thou rocked in? 15  
 " In hope devoyde of feares."

What lulld thee then asleepe?  
 " Sweete speech, which likes me best."  
 Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?  
 " In gentle hartes I rest." 20

N 2 What

180      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

What thing doth please thee most ?

“ To gaze on beautye stille.”

Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe ?

“ Disdayn of my good wille.”

Doth companye displease ?

25

“ Yes, surelye, many one.”

Where doth Desire delighe to live ?

“ He loves to live alone.”

Doth either tyme or age

Bringe him unto decaye ?

30

“ No, no, Desire both lives and dyes

“ Ten thousand times a daye.”

Then, fond Desire, farewell,

Thou art no mate for mee ;

I shoulde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle      35

With such a one as thee.

XII.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

*I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's Peerage; which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finished. Vol. I. 4to. p. 22.*

*The*

"The transaction which did the greatest honour to the earl of Surrey \* and his family at this time [A. D. 1511.] was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

"Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas † and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the *Lion*, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the *Union*, Barton's other ship, [called by Hall, the *Bark of Scotland*.] The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his

\* Thomas Howard, afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.

† Called by old historians Lord Howard, afterwards created earl of Surrey in his father's life-time. He was father of the pastoral Earl of Surrey.

men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews, were carried into the river Thames. [Aug. 2, 1511.]

"This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for, on the 7th of April 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.

"King James 'insisted' upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: 'tho' Henry had generously discharged the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attorneys, to vindicate themselves." This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

IN the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I dare many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Pt. 2, v. 156, it is said, that England had before "but two ships of war." Now the GREAT HARRY had been built only seven years before, viz. in 1504; which "was properly speaking" the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, when "the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but "hiring ships from the merchants." *Ibid.*

This Ballad which appears to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, has received great improvements from the Faint's folio MS. wherein was an ancient copy, which, though very incorrect, seemed in many respects superior to the common ballad; the latter being evidently modernized and abridged from it. The following text is however in some places amended and improved by the latter (chiefly from a black letter copy in the Pepys collection), as also by conjecture.

THE

THE FIRST PART.

'WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers  
 'Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,  
 'And Neptune with his daintye showers  
 'Came to present the monthe of Maye \*;' 5  
 King Henrye rode to take the ayre,  
 Over the river of Thames past hee;  
 When eighty merchants of London came,  
 And downe they knelt upon their knee.

"O yee are welcome, rich merchànts;  
 Good saylors, welcome unto mee." 10  
 They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,  
 But rich merchànts they cold not bee:  
 "To France nor Flanders dare we pafs;  
 Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare;  
 And all for a rover that lyes on the seas, 15  
 Who robbs us of our merchant ware."

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,  
 And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,  
 "I thought he had not beene in the world,  
 Durst have wrought England such unright." 20  
 The merchànts fighed, and said, alas!  
 And thus they did their answer frame,  
 He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,  
 And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.

\* From the pr. copy.

Ver. 15. 53. robber. MS.



The king lookt over his left shouldèr,      25  
 And an angrie look then looked hee:  
 "Have I never a lorde in all my rea'me,  
 Will feitch yond traytor unto mee?"  
 Yea, that dare I; lord Howard sayes;  
 Yea, that dare I with heart and hand;      30  
 If it please your grace to give me leave,  
 Myselfe will be the only man.

Thou art but yong; the kyng replyed:  
 Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.  
 "Trust me, my liege, He make him quail,      35  
 Or before my prince I will never appeare."  
 Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,  
 And chuse them over my realme so free;  
 Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,  
 To guide the great shipp on the sea.      40

The first man, that lord Howard chose,  
 Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,  
 Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten;  
 Good Peter Simon was his name.  
 Peter, sais hee, I must to the sea,      45  
 To bring home a traytor live or dead:  
 Before all others I have chofen thee;  
 Of a hundred gunners to be the head.

*Viz. 29. lord Charles Howard. MS.*

If

ANCIENT POEMS. 185

If you, my lord, have chosen mee  
 Of a hundred gunners to be the head, 50  
 Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,  
 If I misse my make one shilling bread \*.  
 My lord then chose a boweman rare,  
 ' Whose active hands had gained fame †.  
 In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne, 55  
 And William Horfeley was his name ‡.

Horfeley, sayd he, I must with speede  
 Go seeke a traytor on the sea,  
 And now of a hundred bowe men brave  
 To be the head I have chosen thee. 60  
 If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee  
 Of a hundred bowemen to be the head;  
 On your maine-mast Ile hanged bee,  
 If I misse twelfscore one penny bread \*.

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold, 65  
 This noble Howard is gone to the sea;  
 With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,  
 Out at Thames mouth sayled he.  
 And days he scant had sayled three,  
 Upon the ' voyage', he tooke in hand, 70  
 But there he mett with a noble shipp,  
 And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

\* An old Eng. word for Breadth.

† Pr. copy.

‡ Mr. Lamb, in his *Notes to the Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field*, contends, that this expert bowman's name was not HORSELEY, but HUSTLER, of a family long seated near Stockton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire. Vol. p. 5.

Ver. 70. Journey. MS.

Thou

Thou muſt tell me, lord Howard ſaid,  
 Now who thou art, and what's thy name;  
 And ſhewe me where thy dwelling is:      75  
 And whither bound, and whence thou came.  
 My name is Henry Hunt, quoth hee  
 With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;  
 I and my ſhipp doe both belong  
 To the Newcastle, that ſtands upon Tyne.      80

Hail thou not heard, nowe, Henry Hunt,  
 As thou haſt ſayled by daye and by night,  
 Of a Scottiſh rover on the ſea;  
 Men call him ſir Andrew Barton, knight?  
 Then ever he ſighed, and ſayd alas!      85  
 With a griev'd mind, and well away!  
 But over-well I knowe that wight,  
 I was his priſoner yſterday.

As I was ſayling uppon the ſea,  
 A Burdeaux voyage for to fare;      90  
 To his hach-borde he claſped me,  
 And robd me of all my merchant ware;  
 And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,  
 And every man will have his owne;  
 And I am nowe to London bounde,      95  
 Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

*Ver. 91. The MS. has here Archiborde, but in Pt. II. ver. 5. Hachebord.*

You

ANCIENT POEMS. 187

That shall not need, lord Howard sais;  
 Lett me but once that robber see,  
 For every penny tane thee froe  
 It shall be doubled shillings three. 100  
 Nowe God forefend, the merchant said,  
 That you shold seek too far amisse!  
 God keepe you out of that traitors hands!  
 Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

Hee is brasse within, and Steele without. 105  
 With beames on his topcastle stronge;  
 And eighteen pieces of ordinance  
 He carries on each side along:  
 And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,  
 St. Andrewes crosse that is his guide; 110  
 His pinnace beare h nineteen men,  
 And fifteen canons on each side.

Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one;  
 I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;  
 He wold overcome them everye one, 115  
 If once his beames they doe downe fall\*.

\* It should seem from hence, that before our marine artillery was brought to its present perfection, some naval commanders had recourse to instruments or machines, similar in use, though perhaps unlike in construction, to the Heavy DIVERBINS made of lead or iron used by the ancient Greeks; which they suspended from beams or yards, fastened to the masts, and which they precipitately let fall on the enemy's ships, in order to sink them, by beating bolts through the bottoms of their unletted Triremes, or otherwise damaging them. These are mentioned by Thucydides, Lib. 7, p. 256, Ed. 1564, folio, and are more fully explained in Sclepe i de Militia Navali, Lib. 2, cap. 5, p. 136, Ed. 1653, 4to.

N.B. It every where in the MS. seems to be written Beames.

This

188      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

This is cold comfort, saies my lord,  
 To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea :  
 Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,  
 Or to Scotland hee shall carrye mee.      120

Then a noble gunner you must have,  
 And he must aim well with his his ee,  
 And sinke his pinnace into the sea,  
 Or else hee never orecome will bee :  
 And if you chance his shipp to borde,      125  
 This counfel I must give withall,  
 Let no man to his topcastile goe  
 To strive to let his beama downe fall.

And seven pietes of ordinance,  
 I pray your honour lend to mee,      130  
 On each side of my shipp along,  
 And I will lead you on the sea.  
 A glasse Ile sett, that may be scene,  
 Whether you sayle by day or night ;  
 And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke 135  
 You shall meet with Sir Andrewe Barton knight,

THE SECOND PART.

THE merchant sett my lorde a glasse  
 Soe well apparent in his sight,  
 And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,  
 He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton knight.  
 His hachebord it was 'gilt' with gold, 5  
 Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee:  
 Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde fais,  
 This is a gallant sight to see.

Take in your ancients, standards eke,  
 So close that no man may them see; 10  
 And put me forth a white willowe wand,  
 As merchants use to sayle the sea.  
 But they stirred neither top, nor mast \*;  
 Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.  
 What English churles are yonder, he sayd, 15  
 That can see lielle curtesye?

Now by the roode, three yeares and more  
 I have beene admirall over the sea;  
 And never an English nor Portingall  
 Without my leave can passe this way. 20  
 Then called he forth his stout pinnace;  
 "Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:  
 I sweare by the masse, yon English churles  
 Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree."

*Fr. 5.* 'hached with gold.' *MS.*

\* *i. e. did not salute.*

ANCIENT POEMS.

25

358

45

Ver. 35. l. c. 2; barbed chain-shot.

ANCIENT POEMS. 191

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe sais,  
 Weale howsoever this geere will fway ; 50  
 Itt is my lord admirall of Englànd,  
 Is come to seeke mee on the sea.  
 Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,  
 That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare ;  
 In att his decke he gave a shott, 55  
 Killed threecore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott  
 Came bravely on the other side,  
 As he drove downe his fore-mast tree,  
 And killed fourcore men beside. 60  
 Neve, out alas ! Sir Andrewe cryed,  
 What may a man now thinke, or say ?  
 Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceoth mee,  
 He was my prisoner yesterday.

Come rather to me, thou Gordon good, 65  
 That yett wast readye att my call ;  
 I will give thee three hundred markes,  
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.  
 Lord Howard hee then calld in haile,  
 " Hoffsley see thou be true in stead ; 70  
 For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,  
 If thou misse twelfecore one penny bread.

*Per. 67. 24 pounds. MS.*

Then



Then Gordon swarved the maine-mast tree,  
 He swarved it with might and maine;  
 But Horfeley with a bearing arrowe,      75  
 Stroke the Gordon through the braine;  
 And he fell unto the haches again,  
 And sore his deadlye wounde did bleed:  
 Then word went through Sir Andrews men,  
 How that the Gordon hee was dead.      80

Come hither to mee, James Hambliton,  
 Thou art my only sisters sonne,  
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,  
 Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.  
 With that he swarved the maine-mast tree,      85  
 He swarved it with nimble art;  
 But Horfeley with a broad arròwe  
 Pierced the Hambliton thorough the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,  
 That with his blood did streame amaine:      90  
 Then every Scott cryed, Well-away!  
 Alas a comelye youth is slaine!  
 All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,  
 With griefe and rage his heart did swell:  
 "Go fetch me forth my armour of prooffe,      95  
 For I will to the topcastle myfelf."

*Ver. 75; bearinge, sc. that carries well, &c. But see Gloss. vol. I.*

ANCIENT POEMS. 193

“Goe fetch me forth my armour of prooffe;  
 That gilded is with gold see cleere:  
 God be with my brother John of Barton!  
 Against the Portingalls hee it ware; 100  
 And when he had on this armour of prooffe,  
 He was a gallant fight to see:  
 Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,  
 My deere brothèr, could cope with thee.”

Come hither Horfeley, sayes my lord, 105  
 And looke your shaft that itt goe right,  
 Shoot a good shoote in time of need,  
 And for it thou shalt be made a knight.  
 He shoot my best, quoth Horfeley then,  
 Your honour shall see, with might and maine; 110  
 But if I were hanged at your maine-mast,  
 I have now left but arrowes twaine.

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,  
 With right good will he swarved then:  
 Upon his breast did Horfeley hitt, 115  
 But the arrow bounded back agen.  
 Then Horfeley spyed a privye place  
 With a perfect eye in a secrette part;  
 Under the spole of his right arme  
 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart. 120

"Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,  
 A little tyme hurt, but yett not flaine;  
 Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,  
 And then Ile rise and fight againe.  
 "Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,      125  
 And never flinche before the foe;  
 And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse  
 Untill you heare my whistle blowe."

They never heard his whistle blow,—  
 Which made their hearts waxe sore adread: 130  
 Then Horsey l-ye, Aboard, my lord,  
 For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.  
 They boarded then his noble shipp,  
 They boarded it with might and maine;  
 Eighteen score Scots alive they found,      135  
 The rest were either maimed or flaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,  
 And off he smote Sir Andrewes head;  
 "I must have left England many a daye,  
 If thou wert alive as thou art dead."      140  
 He cast his body to be cast  
 Over the hatchbord into the sea,  
 And about his middle three hundred crownes:  
 "Wherever thou land this will bury thee."

Thus

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 195

Thus from the warres lord Howard came, 145

And backe he sayled ore the maine,

With mickle joy and triumphing

Into 'Thames mouth he came againe.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,

And sealed it with scale and ring; 150

"Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,

As never did subject to a king,

"Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee;

A braver shipp was never none:

Nowe hath your grace two shippes of warr, 155

Before in England was but one."

King Henryes grace with royall cheere

Welcomed the noble Howard home,

And where, said he, is this rover stout,

That I myselfe may give the doome? 160

"The rover, he is safe, my leige,

Full many a sadom in the sea;

If he were alive as he is dead,

I must have left England many a day:

And your grace may thank four men i'the ship 165

For the victory wee have wonne,

These are William Horfeley, Henry Hunt,

And Peter Simon, and his sonne."

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,  
     In lieu of what was from thee tane,      170  
 A noble a day now thou shalt have,  
     Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne.  
 And Horfeley thou shalt be a knight,  
     And lands and livings shalt have fore;  
 Howard shall be ere herre light,      175  
     As Howards shal have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,  
     I will maintaine thee and thy sonne:  
 And the men shall have five hundred markes  
     For the good service they have done.      180  
 Then in came the queene with ladyes fair  
     To see Sir Andrewe Barton knight:  
 They weend that hee were brought on shore,  
     And thought to have seen a gallant fight.

But when they see his deadlye face,      185  
     And eyes soe hollow in his head,  
 I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,  
     This man were alive as hee is dead:  
 Yett for the manfull part hee playd,  
     Which fought soe well with heart and hand,      190  
 His men shall have twelvepence a day,  
     Till they come to my brother kings high land.

\* \* \*

*Ver.* 175; 6, . . Erie of Nottingham, And soe was never, &c. *MS.*

XIII.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

*The subject of this pathetic Ballad the Editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots: But this opinion he now believes to be groundless: indeed earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of 60 at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed, that it entirely refers to a private story: A young lady of the name of BOTHWELL, or rather BOWELL, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself, which here are given from a copy in the Editor's filio MS. corrected by another in Allan Ramsay's Miscellany.*

BALOW, my babe, lye still and sleipe!  
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe:  
 If thoult be silent, lie be glad,  
 Thy mairning maks my heart ful sad.  
 Ba'ow, my boy, thy mothers joy, 5  
 Thy futher b. cides me great annoy.  
     Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,  
     It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

O 3

When

Whan he began to court my luv,  
 And with his sugred wordes \* to muve,      10  
 His saynings fals, and flustering cheire  
 To me that time did not appeire:  
 But now I see, most cruell hee  
 Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, &c.      15

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while,  
 And when thou wakest, sweetly smile:  
 But smile not, as thy father did,  
 'To cozen maids: nay God forbid!  
 Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire      20  
 Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will  
 Be luving to thy father still:  
 Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,      25  
 My luv with him doth still abyde:  
 In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,  
 Mine hart can neire depart him frac.

Balow, &c.

\* When sugar was first imported into Europe, it was a very great delicacy; and therefore the epithet *sugred* is used by all our old writers metaphorically to express extreme and delicate sweetness. (See above, N. N. 10.) Sugar at present is cheap and common; and therefore suggests now a coarse and vulgar idea.

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 199

Bot doe not, doe not, prettie mine, 30  
 To faynings fals thine hart incline ;  
 Be loyal to thy luer trew,  
 And nevir change him for a new :  
 If gude or fiire, of hir have care,  
 For womens banning's wonderous fair. 35  
 Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,  
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;  
 My babe and I'll together live,  
 He'll comfort me when cares doe gricve : 40  
 My babe and I right fast will ly,  
 And quite forgeit man's cruelty.  
 Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,  
 That evir kist a womans mouth ! 45  
 I wish all maides be warnd by mee  
 Nevir to trust mans curtesy ;  
 For if we doe bot chance to bow,  
 They'll use us then they care not how.  
 Balow, my babe, ly still, and sleipe, 50  
 It grives me fair to see thee weipe.



## XIV.

## THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

*The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary 2<sup>d</sup> of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all these virtues he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant eulogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.*

Henry lord Darnley was eldest son of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21<sup>st</sup> year, when he was murdered, Feb. 9, 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

This ballad (printed, with a few corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5, that this princess was 2<sup>d</sup> dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II. who died Dec. 4, 1560.

W O E

ANCIENT POEMS. 201

WOE worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlande!  
 For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;  
 The worthyest prince that ever was borne,  
 You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote, 5  
 And sealed itt with harte and ringe;  
 And bade him come Scotland within,  
 And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleafant thing,  
 To bee a prince unto a peere: 10  
 But you have heard, and soe have I too,  
 A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,  
 Was as well beloved as ever was hee,  
 Lord David was his name, 15  
 Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,  
 He wold have fate him downe in the cheare,  
 And tho itt befeemed him not so well,  
 Altho the kinge had beene present there. 20

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wroth,  
 And quarrelled with him for the nonte;  
 I shall you tell how it befell,  
 Twelve daggers were in him att once.

*Ver. 15. fo MS.*

When

When the queene saw her chamberlaine was flaine,  
 For him her faire cheeks since did weete, 26  
 And made a vow for a yeare and a day  
 The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they wrothe,  
 And made them vow all venientlye; 30  
 For the death of the queenes chamberlaine,  
 The king himselfe, how he shall dye.

With gunpowder they blew his roome,  
 And laid quene rufles in his way;  
 For the traitors thought that very night 35  
 This worthy king for to betray.

To bedd the king he made him bowne;  
 To take his rest was his desire;  
 He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,  
 But his chamber was on a blazing fire. 40

Up he lepe, and the window brake,  
 And see his thirtye foe to fall;  
 Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,  
 And saw it in his castle wail.

Who have wee here? lord Bodwell sayd: 45  
 Now answer me, that I may know.  
 "King Henry the eighth my uncle was;  
 For his sweete sake some pity shew,"

Who

ANCIENT POEMS. 203

Who have we here? lord Bodwell sayd,  
 Now answer me when I doe speake. 50  
 " Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well ;  
 Some pitty on me I pray thee take."

He pitty thee as much, he sayd,  
 And as much favor shew to thee,  
 As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine, 55  
 That day thou deemedst him to die \*.

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,  
 Through towers and castles that were nye,  
 Through an arbor into an orchard,  
 There on a peare-tree hanged him hye. 60

When the governor of Scotland heard  
 How that the worthy king was slaine ;  
 He persued the queen so bitterly,  
 That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

But she is fledd into merry England, 65  
 And here her residence hath taine ;  
 And through the queene of Englands grace,  
 In England now shee doth remaine.

\* Pronounced after the northern manner doe.

## XV.

## A SONNET BY Q. ELIZABETH.

*The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress, that the infatuation of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie: a book in which are many fly adresses to the queen's fable of shining as a poeetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced shews what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of that age, viz.*

"I find, say: this antiquated critic, none example in Eng-  
 "lish metre, so well maintaining this figure [Exurgatia, or  
 "the Gorgonius, Lat. Expolitio] as that dittie of her majes-  
 "ties owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall, which  
 "figure beyng as his very originall name purporteth the most  
 "beautifull and gorgious of all others, is askeith in reason to  
 "be reserved for a last complement, and desciphred by a la-  
 "dies penne herselfe being the most beautifull, or rather beau-  
 "tie of queenes &c. And this was the occasion: our soveraigne  
 "lady perceiving how the Scotch queenes resulence with-  
 "in this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were scarce  
 "meet for so great and dangerous a presoner) bred secret  
 "factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie  
 "inclive to favour her partie: some of them desirous of in-  
 "novation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes  
 "by her libertie and life The queene our soveraigne ladie  
 "to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret  
 "practizes, though she had long with great wisdom and  
 "patience dissimled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and

† She was at this time near thirtie-score.

"Senten-

"sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the  
"danger of their ambition and disloyalty: which after-  
"ward fell out most truly by th' exemplary chastisement of  
"sundry persons, who in favour of the said Se. Q. de-  
"clining from her Maieslie, sought to interrupt the quiet of  
"the Realme by many euill and vndutiful practises,"  
(p. 207.)

This Sonnet was probably written in 1584, not long be-  
fore Ben. Percy 8th. Earl of Northumberland was imprisoned  
on suspicion of plotting with F. Throckmorton, Tho. Lord  
Jaget, and the Countess for invading England, and libera-  
ting the Queen's subjects, &c. (See Collins's Peerage, 1779,  
II. 205.) The poem is written in long lines or alexan-  
drides, each of 10 b. is here, on account of the narrowness of  
the page subdivided into two; but her majesty's orthogra-  
phy, or at least that of her copyist, is exactly followed.

In the 2d edition of Harrington's *NUBÆ ANTIQVÆ*,  
1596, 4to. p. 58, is a copy of this poem, with  
great variations, the best of which are noted below. It  
is there accompanied with a very curious letter, in which  
this sonnet is said to be "of her Highness own enditing."  
"My ready Willoughby did covertly get it on her Majesties  
"table, and had much hazard in so doing; for the Queen  
"did find out the thief, and chid for spreading evil  
"bruit of her writing such toys, when other matters did  
"so occupy her employment at this time; and was fearful of  
"being thought too lightly of for so doing." \*\*\*

THE doubt of future foes,  
Exiles my present loy,  
And wit me warne to shun such snares  
As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow, 5  
And subtile faith doth ebbe,  
Which would not be, if reason rul'd  
Or wisdom weu'd the webbe.

V. 1. dread. Harrington's Ed. V. 6. subiectis. Har. V. 7. fl. could.  
Har. V. 8. wore. Har.

106      ANCIENT POEMS.

But clowdes of tois vntried,  
 Do cloake aspiring mindes,      10  
 Which turne to raine of late repent,  
 By course of changed windes.  
 The toppe of hope supposed,  
 The roote of ruthe will be,  
 And frutelesse all their graffed guiles,      15  
 As shortly ye shall see.  
 Then dazeld eyes with pride,  
 Which great ambition blinda,  
 Shalbe vnsceld by worthy wights,  
 Whose foresight falshood finds.      20  
 The daughter of debate \*,  
 That eke discord doth sowe,  
 Shal reap no gaine where former rule  
 Hath taught stil peace to growe.  
 No forreine bannishit wight      25  
 Shall ancre in this port,  
 Our realme it brookes no strangers force,  
 Let them elsewhere resort.  
 Our rusty sworde with rest,  
 Shall first his edge employ,      30  
 To polle their toppes, that seeke such chaunge,  
 And gape for 'such like' ioy.

*V. 9. ioy. Har. V. 11. raigne. Puttenbani. \* Scil. the Sweet  
 47 Satt. V. 22. That discorde aye. Har. V. 23. former. Put.  
 V. 27. realme brookes no feditious Seets, Har. V. 32. such like  
 is supplied from Warrington's Ed. in which are other Variations, that  
 seeme vnder mislikes of the transcriber, or printer.*

ANCIENT POEMS. 287

44† I cannot help subjoining to the above sonnet another  
*diffich* of Elizabeth's preserved by Puttenham (p. 197.)  
 "which (says he) our soveraigne lady wrote in defiance of  
 "fortune."

Never thinke yqu, Fortune can beare the sway,  
 Where Vertue's force can cause her to obey.

*The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention.*

XV.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

*This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted  
 between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I.  
 to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circum-  
 stantially related does not appear to have had the least founda-  
 tion in history, but was probably built upon some confused  
 Leaslay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority  
 of that prince, and of the conspiracie formed by different fac-  
 tions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver.  
 67 to have been written during the regency or at least be-  
 fore the death, of the earl of Morton, who was condemned and  
 executed June 1, 1581; when James was in his 14th year.*

*The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Anti-  
 quarian Society, London) is intitled, "A new Ballad, dis-  
 "ing the great treason conspired against the young king of  
 "Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an English-man,  
 "which was the king's chambelaine, prevented the same."  
 "To the tune of Misfield, or els to Green-sleeves." At the  
 end is subjoined the name of the author W. ELDERTON.  
 "Im-*



"Imprinted at London for Ysaac the James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church," in Black-letter, folio.

This *WINDICION*, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriff's courts of London, and afterwards (it is now believed *Oldys*) a comedian, was a facetious juggling companion, whose rippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many epigrams, songs, and ballads, and probably other pieces in light colloquy, but, as the following are of his composing. He is believed to have written a letter to his bookseller before the year 1532. His strength has been recorded by Camden, and translated by *Oldys*.

Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,  
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est.

Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;  
Dead as he is, he still is dry:  
So of him it may well be said,  
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

See *Stow's Lond.* [Guild-hall.]—*Biogr. Brit.* [DRAUGHTON, by *Oldys*; Note B.] *Ath. Ox.*—*Camden's Remains.*—*The Exaltation of Ale*, among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo. 1653.

'O UT alas! what a griefe is this  
That princes subjects cannot be true,  
But still the devill hath some of his,  
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;  
Forgetting what a grievous thing  
It is to offend the anointed king?  
Alas for woe, why should it be so,  
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In

ANCIENT POEMS. 209

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,  
 As proper a youth as neede to be, 10  
 Well given to every happy thing,  
 That can be in a kinge to see:  
 Yet that unluckie country fill,  
 Hath people given to craftie will.  
 Alas for woe, &c. 15

On Whitfun eve it so befell,  
 A posslet was made to give the king,  
 Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,  
 And that it was a poysoned thing:  
 She cryed, and called piteouslie; 20  
 Now help, or els the king shall die!  
 Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an English man,  
 And hard the ladies piteous crye,  
 Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than, 25  
 Out of the doores in haste to flie;  
 But all the doores were made so fast,  
 Out of a window he got at last.  
 Alas for woe, &c.

He met the bishop coming fast, 30  
 Having the posslet in his hande:  
 The sight of Browne made him aghast,  
 Who bad him stoutly staie and stand.

VOL. II. P With

With him were two that ranne awa,  
 For feare that Browne would make a fray.      35  
 Alas for woe, &c.

Bishop, quoth Browne, what hast thou there?  
 Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he;  
 But a posset to make the king good cheere.  
 Is it so? sayd Browne, that will I see,      40  
 First I will have thyself begin,  
 Before thou go any further in;  
     Be it weale or woe, it shall be so,  
     This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

The bishop sayde, Browne I doo know,      45  
     Thou art a young man poore and bare;  
 Livings on thee I will bestowe:  
     Let me go on, take thou no care.  
 No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be  
 A traitour for all Christiantie:      50  
     Happe well or woe, it shall be so,  
     Drink now with a sorrowfull, &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by  
     His belly burst and he fell downe:  
 A just rewarde for his traitery.      55  
 This was a posset indeed, quoth Brown!  
 He serched the bishop, and found the keyes,  
 To come to the king when he did please.  
     Alas for woe, &c.      A1

# ANCIENT POEMS. 211

As soon as the king got word of this, 60  
 He humbly fell upon his knee,  
 And prayd God that he did misse  
 To tast of that extremity:  
 For that he did perceive and know,  
 His clergie would betray him so: 65  
 Alas for woe, &c.

Alas, he said, unhappie realme,  
 My father, and grandfather slaine:  
 My mother banished, O extreame!  
 Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne! 70  
 And now like treason wrought for me,  
 What more unhappie realme can be!  
 Alas for woe, &c.

The king did call his nurse to his grace,  
 And gave her twenty poundes a yeere; 75  
 And trustie Browne too in like case,  
 He knighted him with gallant geere;  
 And gave him 'lands and livings great,  
 For dooing such a manly feat,  
 As he did showe, to the bishop's woe, 80  
 Which made, &c.

*V. 67. His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept. 5, 1571.*

212      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

When all this treason done and past,  
   Tooke not effect of traytery;  
 Another treason at the last,  
   They fought againt his majestie:                      85  
 How they might make their kinge away,  
 By a privie banquet on a daye.  
   Alas for woe, &c.

' Another time' to sell the king  
   Beyond the seas they had decreede:                      90  
 Three noble Earles heard of this thing,  
   And did prevent the same with speede,  
 For a letter came, with such a chatne,  
 That they should doo their king no harme:  
   For further woe, if they did soe,                      95  
   Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe.

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,  
   Take heed you do not offend the king;  
 But shew yourselves like honest men  
   Obediently in every thing:                      100  
 For his godmother \* will not see  
 Her noble childe misus'd to be  
   With any woe; for if it be so,  
   She will make, &c.

God graunt all subjects may be true,                      105  
   In England, Scotland, every where:

\* *Q. Elizabeth.*

That

ANCIENT POEMS. 213

That no such danger may ensue,  
 To put the prince or state in feare :  
 That God the highest king may see  
 Obedience as it ought to be, 110  
 In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so  
 To avoide the sorrowful beigh ho,

XVII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

*In December 1571, Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI. but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7, 1572, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's Hist.*

*The present Lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the BONNY EARL, for he is there represented at a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half*

expiring, said, " You hae spilt a better face than your awin." Upon this, Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, " You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless bow.

K. James, who took no care to punish the murderers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his Queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth. See the preface to the next ballad. See also Mr. Walpole's *Catalogue of Royal Auth.* vol. I. p. 42.

YE highlands, and ye lowlands,  
Oh! quhair hae ye been?  
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,  
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!  
And quhairfore did you sae!  
I bade you bring him wi' you,  
But forbade you him to slay. 5

He was a braw gallant,  
And he rid at the ring;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh! he might hae been a king. 10

He was a braw gallant,  
And he playd at the ba';  
And the bonny Earl of Murray  
Was the flower among them a'. 15

He 116

# ANCIENT POEMS. 215

He was a braw gallant,  
And he playd at the gluve;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh! he was the Queenes luvè. 20

Oh! lang will his lady  
Luke owre the castle downe\*,  
Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
Cum sounding throw the towne.

\* Castle downe here has been thought to mean the CASTLE OF DOWN, a seat belonging to the family of Murray.

## XVIII. YOUNG WATERS.

### A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*It has been suggested to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality, which Q. Anne of Denmark is said to have shewn for the BONNY EARL OF MURRAY; and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the Reader judge for himself.*

*The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit, Sir James Balfour, knight, Lyon King of Arms, whose MS. of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocates library at Edinburgh.*

*"The seventh of Feby, this zeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murdered by the Earle of Huntley at his house in Dunbriffel in Fyfftyhyne, and with him*



" Dunbar, sherriffe of Murray. It was given out and  
 " publicly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the  
 " instrument of perpetrating this facte, & satisfie the King's  
 " jealousy of Murray, quibm the Queene more rashly than  
 " wisely, some few days before had committid in the King's  
 " bearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant  
 " man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a pro-  
 " clamatione of the Kings, the 1<sup>st</sup> of Marche following;  
 " inhibiteine the young Earle of Murray to perseue the Earle  
 " of Huntley, for his father's slaughter, in respect he  
 " being warderit [imprisoned] in the castell of Blackefree  
 " for the same murdrer, was willing to abide a tryall,  
 " averring that he had done nothing but by the King's  
 " maiesties commiissione; and was neither airt nor part in  
 " the murdrer \*."

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world was indebted for its publication to the lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earle of Hume, who died at Gibraltar.

ABOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,  
And the round tables began,  
A! there is cum to our kings court  
Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen liuk owre the caille wa,  
Beheld baith dale and down,  
And then she saw zung Waters  
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,  
His horsemen rade behind,  
Ane mantel of the burning gowd  
Did keip him frae the wind.

\* This extract is copied from the *Critical Review*.  
Gowden

ANCIENT POEMS. 217

Gowden graith'd his horse before  
And filler shod behind.  
The horse zong Waters rade upon 15  
Was fleeter than the wind.

But than spake a wylie lord,  
Unto the queen said he,  
O tell me qhus's the fairest face 20  
Rides in the company.

I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,  
And knights of high degree;  
Bot a fairer face than zong Waters  
Mine eyne did never see.

Out then spack the jealous king, 25  
(And an angry man was he)  
O, if he had been twice as fair,  
Zou micht have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, she says,  
Bot the king that wears the crown; 30  
Theris not a knight in fair Scotland  
Bot to thee maun bow down.

For a' that she could do or say,  
Appeas'd he wad nae bee;  
Bot for the words which she had said 35  
Zung Waters he maun dee.

They

218      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

They hae taen zoung Waters, and  
 Put fetters to his feet ;  
 They hae taen zoung Waters, and  
 Thrown him in dungeon deep.                      43

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town  
 In the wind both and the weit ;  
 Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town  
 Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town                      45  
 In the wind both and the rain ;  
 Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town  
 Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill \*  
 His zoung son in his craddle,                      50  
 And they hae taen to the heiding-hill,  
 His horse both and his faddle.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill  
 His lady fair to see.  
 And for the words the Queen had spoke,                      55  
 Zoung Waters he did dee.

\* Heiding-hill; i. e. heading [*beheading*] hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hill,*ick*.

XIX.

MARY AMBREE.

*In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English GAUNT,) Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his Epitaph, first acted in 1609, Act 4, sc. 2. His Tale of a Tub, Act 1, sc. 1. And his masque intitled the Fortunate Isles, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,*

—MARY AMBREE,  
(Who marched so free  
To the siege of Gaunt,  
And death could not daunt,  
As the ballad doth vaunt)  
Were a braver wight, &c.

*She is also mentioned in Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Act 5, sub finem.*

—“My large gentlewoman, my MARY AMBREE,  
“had I but seen into you, you should have had another bed-  
“fellow.”—

*It is likewise evident, that she is the virago intended by Butler in Hudibras (P. 1, c. 3, v. 365), by her being coupled with Joan d'Arc, the celebrated Pucelle d'Orleans.*

A bold virago stout and tall  
As Jean of France, or English Mall.

*This*

*This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, improved from the Editor's folio MS. and by conjecture. The full title is, "The valereus adis per-  
"formed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie las Mary Ambree,  
"who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most  
"gallantly. The tune is, The blind beggar, &c."*

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death cold  
not daunte,  
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,  
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,  
And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major \* was slaine in her sight, 5  
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,  
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,  
Then vovd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe  
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to shewe; 10  
A faire shirt of male † then slipped on shee;  
Was not this a brave bonny las, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of prooffe shee strait did provide,  
A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side,  
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee; 15  
Was not this a brave bonny las, Mary Ambree?

\* So MS. Serjeant Major in PC.

† A peculiar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, and worn under the chaubis. It is mentioned by Spencer, who speaks of the Irish Gullruglachs or Foot-foldiers as "armed in a long Shirt of Mayl." (*View of the State of Ireland*.)

Then

ANCIENT POEMS. 219

Then tooke ſhee her ſworde and her targett in hand,  
 Bidding all ſuch, as wold, bee of her band;  
 To wayte on her perſon came thouſand and three:  
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree? 20

My ſoldiers, ſhe faith, ſoe valiant and bold,  
 Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde;  
 Still formoſt in battel myſelfe will I bee:  
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her ſouldiers, and loude they did ſay, 25  
 Soe well thou becom'eſt this gallant array,  
 Thy harte and thy weapons ſoe well do agree,  
 There was none ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her ſouldiers, that foughten for life,  
 With ancyent and ſtandard, with drum and with ſife, 30  
 With brave clanging trumpetts, that ſounded ſo free;  
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Before I will ſee the worſt of you all  
 To come into danger of death, or of thrall,  
 This hand and this life I will venture ſo free: 35  
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Shee led upp her ſouldiers in battaile array,  
 Gainſt three times theyr number by breake of the daye;  
 Seven howers in ſkirmiſh continued ſhee:  
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree? 40

222      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,  
And her enemyes bodyes with bullets foe hott;  
For one of her owne men a score killed shee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,      45  
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,  
Straight with her keen weapon shee flaslit him in three;  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayed for lucre of hyre,  
At length she was forced to make a retyre;      50  
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,  
As thinking close siege shee could never abide;  
To beate down the walles they all did decree:      55  
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,  
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,  
There daring their captaines to match any three:  
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!      60

Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give  
To ransom thy selfe, which else must not live?  
Come yield thy selfe quickely, or slaine thou must bee,  
Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

Ye

# A N C I E N T P O E M S. 223

Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold, 65  
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?  
A knight, sir, of England, and captaine foe free,  
Who shortelye with us a prisoner must bee.

No captaine of England; behold in your sight  
Two brefts in my bosome, and therefore no knight: 70  
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,  
But a poor simple lasse, called Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,  
Whose valor hath provd so undaunted in warre?  
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee, 75  
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,  
Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne;  
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,  
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree. 80

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,  
He nere sell my honour for purple nor pall:  
A mayden of England, sir, never will bee  
The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee hicke did returne, 85  
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne:  
Therefore English captaines of every degree  
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

XX. BRAVE



## XX.

## BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBEY.

*Peregrine Bertie lord Willoughby of Eresby had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.*

*"My lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was  
 "one of the queenes best swordsmen: . . . he was a great  
 "master of the art military . . . . I have heard it spoken,  
 "that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to  
 "the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentiful portion of  
 "her grace; and it was his saying, and it did him no good,  
 "that he was none of the REPTILIA; intimating, that he  
 "could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not  
 "his element; for indeed, as he was a great sculdier, so he  
 "was of suitable magnanimitie, and could not brooke the ob-  
 "sequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court." (Naunton)*

*Lord Willoughbie died in 1601.—Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.*

*The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy, with some conjectural emendations,) may possibly receive illustration from what CHAPMAN says in the Deucalion to his version of Homer's Frogs and Mice, concerning the brave and memorable Retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, thro' the whole Spanish army, under the duke of Parma, for three miles together.*

THE

ANCIENT POEMS. 225

THE fifteenth day of July,  
 With glistering spear and shield,  
 A famous fight in Flanders  
 Was foughten in the field :  
 The most couragious officers 5  
 Were English captains three ;  
 But the bravest man in battel  
 Was brave lord Willoughbbey.

The next was captain Norris,  
 A valiant man was hee : 10  
 The other captain Turner,  
 From field would never flee.  
 With fifteen hundred fighting men,  
 Alas ! there were no more,  
 They fought with fourteen thousand then, 15  
 Upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it noble pikemen,  
 And look you round about :  
 And shoot you right you bow-men,  
 And we will keep them out : 20  
 You musquet and calliver men,  
 Do you prove true to me,  
 I'll be the formost man in fight,  
 Says brave lord Willoughbbey.

And then the bloody enemy 25  
They fiercely did assail,  
And fought it out most furiously,  
Not doubting to prevail;  
The wounded men on both sides fell  
Most pitious for to see, 30  
Yet nothing could the courage quell  
Of brave lord Willoughbey.

For seven hours to all mens view  
 This fight endured fore,  
 Until our men so feeble grew 35  
 That they could fight no more;  
 And then upon dead horses  
 Full favourly they eat,  
 And drank the puddle water,  
 They could no better get. 40

When they had fed so freely,  
They kneeled on the ground,  
And praised God devoutly  
For the favour they had found;  
And heating up their colours, 45  
The fight they did renew,  
And turning tow'rd the Spaniard,  
A thousand more they slew.

The

ANCIENT POEMS. 227

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,  
 And bullets thick did fly ; 50  
 Then did our valiant soldiers  
 Charge on most furiously ;  
 Which made the Spaniards waver,  
 They thought it best to flee,  
 They fear'd the stout behaviour 55  
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,  
 Come let us march away,  
 I fear we shall be spoiled all  
 If here we longer stay ; 60  
 For yonder comes lord Willoughbey  
 With courage fierce and feli,  
 He will not give one inch of way  
 For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy 65  
 Was quickly put to flight,  
 Our men persued couragiously,  
 And caught their forces quite ;  
 But at last they gave a shout,  
 Which echoed through the sky, 70  
 God, and St. George for England !  
 The conquerers did cry.

This news was brought to England  
 With all the speed might be,  
 And soon our gracious queen was told      75  
 Of this fame victory.  
 O this is brave lord Willoughbey,  
 My love that ever won,  
 Of all the lords of honour  
 'Tis he great deeds hath done.      80

To the souldiers that were maimed,  
 And wounded in the fray,  
 The queen allowed a pension  
 Of fifteen pence a day ;  
 And from all costs and charges      85  
 She quit and set them free :  
 And this she did all for the sake  
 Of brave lord Willoughbey.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,  
 And never be dismayd ;      90  
 If that we be but one to ten,  
 We will not be afraid  
 To fight with foraign enemies,  
 And set our nation free.  
 And thus I end the bloody bout      95  
 Of brave lord Willoughbey.

## XXI.

## VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH

*This little moral sonnet hath such a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, tho' the date of its composition is of a much later period. It is extracted from "Cupid and Death, a masque by J. S. [James Shirley] presented Mar. 26, 1653. London printed 1653," 410.*

Victorious men of earth, no more  
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;  
Though you binde in every shore,  
And your triumphs reach as far

As night or day ;

Yet you proud monarchs must obey,  
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,

Each able to undo mankind,

Death's fervile emissaries are :

Nor to these alone confin'd,

He hath at will

More quaint and subtle ways to kill;

A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,

Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

## XXII.

## THE WINNING OF CALES.

*The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cales, called by our sailors corruptly Calis, on June 21, 1558, in a desperate battle on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard admiral, and the earl of Essex general.*

*The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity: the town was carried sword in hand, and he spared the slain, ever as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and civility. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but were not much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina, the Spanish admiral took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprize, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's Hist.*

*The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm:*

*A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,  
And a laird of the North country;  
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent  
Will buy them out all three.*

*The ballad is printed, with some corrections, from the Editor's folio MS. and seems to have been composed by some person,*

*person, who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.*

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,  
Threatning our country with fyre and sword;  
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous  
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.  
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums; 5  
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presentlye went our lord admiral,  
With knights couragious and captains full good;  
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,  
With him prepared to pais the salt flood. 10  
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye,  
Braver ships never were seen under sayle,  
With their fair colours spread, and streamers ore their  
head,  
Now bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tayle, 15  
Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,  
Where the kinges navy securelye did ryde;  
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,  
Ere any Spaniards our coming descryde. 20  
Dub a dub, &c.



232      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,  
Which at that season was made in that place ;  
The beacons were fyred, as need then required ;  
To hyde their great treasure they had little space. 25  
Dub a dub, &c.

They sought to see their ships, how they were fyred fast,  
And how their men drowned themselves in the sea ;  
From the top of the hill they cry, wayle and weep piteously,  
And how they sought to scape thence away. 30  
Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Arundell, the pryde of the Spaniards,  
Was sent to the bottom, and sunk in the sea ;  
Port of St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,  
Were taken in fight manfullye and brought away. 35  
Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardye,  
With horsemen and footmen march'd up to the town ;  
The Spaniards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,  
Did fly for their savegard, and durst not come down. 40  
Dub a dub, &c.

Now, queth the noble Earl, courage my soldiers all,  
Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have ;  
And be well rewardd all from the great to the small ;  
But looke that the women and children you save. 45  
Dub a dub, &c.

The

ANCIENT POEMS. 233

The Spaniards at that fight, thinking it vain to fight,  
Hung upp flags of truce and yielded the towne;  
Wee marched in presentlie, decking the walls on hyc,  
With English colours which purchas'd renowne. 50  
Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,  
For gold and treasure we searched eche day;  
In some places we did find, pyes baking left behind,  
Meate at fire rolling, and folkes run away. 55  
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandize, every shop catch'd our eyes,  
Damasks and fattens and velvets full fayre; [swords;  
Which soldiers meafur'd out by the length of their  
Of all commodities eche had a share. 60  
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general  
March'd to the market-place, where he did stand:  
There many prisoners fell to our severall shares,  
Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fannd. 65  
Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave general saw they delayed all,  
And would not ransome their towne as they said,  
With their fair wanfcoots, their presses and bedsteds,  
Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made; 70  
And when the town burned all in a flame,  
With tara, tantara, away wee all came.

## XXIII.

## THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

*This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of queen Elizabeth: and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the French ballad.*

*It was a tradition in the West of England, that the person admired by the Spanish lady was a gentleman of the Popham family, and that her picture, with the pearl necklace mentioned in the ballad, was not many years ago preserved at Littlecoe, near Hungerford, Wilts, the seat of that respectable family.*

*Another tradition hath pointed out Sir Richard Levison, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the subject of this ballad; who married Margaret daughter of Charles Earl of Nottingham; and was eminently distinguished as a naval officer and commander in all the expeditions against the Spaniards in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth's reign, particularly in that to Cadix in 1596, when he was aged 27. He died in 1605, and has a monument, with his effigy in brass, in Wolverhampton church.*

*It is printed from an ancient black-letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.*

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,  
How she wooed an English man?

Garments gay as rich as may be

Decked with jewels she had on.

Of a comely countenance and grace was she,      5

And by birth and parentage of high degree.

ANCIENT POEMS. 235

As his prisoner there he kept her,  
 In his hands her life did lye;  
 Cupid's bands did tye them faster  
 By the liking of an eye. 10  
 In his courteous company was all her joy,  
 To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment  
 For to set the ladies free,  
 With their jewels still adorned, 15  
 None to do them injury.  
 Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me;  
 O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity  
 To a lady in distresse; 20  
 Leave me not within this city,  
 For to dye in heaviness:  
 Thou hast set this present day my body free,  
 But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me, 25  
 Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?  
 Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:  
 Serpents lie where flowers grow."  
 All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous knight,  
 God grant the same upon my head may fully light. 30

Blessed

236      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

Blessed be the time and season,  
 That you came on Spanish ground;  
 If our foes you may be termed,  
 Gentle foes we have you found:  
 With our city, you have won our hearts eche one,    35  
 Then to your country bear away, that is your owne.

“ Rest you still, most gallant lady;  
 Rest you still, and weep no more;  
 Of fair lovers there is plenty,  
 Spain doth yield a wonderous store.”                      40  
 Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,  
 But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,  
 You alone enjoy my heart;  
 I am lovely, young, and tender,                              45  
 Love is likewise my desert:  
 Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;  
 The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

“ It wold be a shame, fair lady,  
 For to bear a woman hence;                              50  
 English foldiers never carry  
 A y such without offence.”  
 I’ll quickly change myself, if it be so,  
 And like a page he follow thee, where’er thou go.

“ I have

ANCIENT POEMS. 237

" I have neither gold nor silver 55  
 To maintain thee in this case,  
 And to travel is great charges,  
 As you know in every place."  
 My chains and jewels every one shal be thy own, 59  
 And eke five hundred \* pounds in gold that lies unknown.

" On the seas are many dangers,  
 Many storms do there arise,  
 Which wil be to ladies dreadful,  
 And force tears from watery eyes."  
 Well in troth I shall endure extremity, 65  
 For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

" Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,  
 Here comes all that breeds the strife;  
 I in England have already 70  
 A sweet woman to my wife:  
 I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,  
 Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman  
 That enjoys so true a friend!  
 Many happy days God send her; 75  
 Of my suit I make an end:  
 On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,  
 Which did from love and true affection first commence.

\* So the MS. 10,000 l. PC. F. 65. Well in worth. MS.



"in the ensuing epistle [of *Argente and Curan*]. A tale  
"full of beautiful incidents in the romantic taste, extremely  
"affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style;  
"and in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met  
"with." [*Muses Library*, 1738. 8vo.] To his merit  
nothing can be objected unless perhaps an affected quaintness  
in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his  
pastoral images.

WARNER is said, by A. Wood\*, to have been a War-  
wickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford, at  
Magdalene-hall; as also in the latter part of his life to  
have been retained in the service of Henry Cary Lord  
Hunslow, to whom he dedicates his poem. However that  
may have been, new light is thrown upon his history, and  
the time and manner of his death are now ascertained by  
the following extract from the parish register book of *Amwell*,  
in Hertfordshire; which was obligingly communicated to the  
Editor by Mr. HOOLE, the very ingenious translator of  
*Tasso*, &c.

[1606—1609.] "Master William Warner, a man of  
"good yeares and of honest reputation; by his profes-  
"sion an Attornee of the Common Pleas; author of  
"Albions England, dyenge suddenly in the night in his  
"bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse,  
"on thursday night beeing the 9th daye of March;  
"was buried the saturday following, and lyeth in the  
"church at the corner under the stone of Walter  
"rader." Signed Tho. Hassall Vicarius.

Though now Warner is so seldom mentioned, his contem-  
poraries ranked him in a level with Spenser, and called them  
the *Homer and Virgil of their age*†. But Warner rather  
resembled OVID, whose *Metamorphosis* he seems to have  
taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from  
the deluge down to the æra of Elizabeth, full of lively  
digressions and entertaining episodes. And though he is some-  
times harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most

\* *Arden. Oxon.*

† *Ibid.*



*charming and pathetic simplicity: as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond:*

With that she dafit her on the lippes  
 So dyed double red:  
 Hard was the heart that gave the blow,  
 Soft were those lippes that bled.

*The edition of ALEIXON'S ENGLAND here followed was printed in 4to, 1602; said in the title-page to have been "first penned and published by William Warner, and now "revised and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of ARGENTILE AND CURAN is I believe the poet's own invention; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was however so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas of six lines, intitled, "The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princeesse Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbryght, sometime king of Northumberland, &c. by WILLIAM WEBSTER, London 1617," in 8 sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.—This episode of Warner's has also been altered into the common Ballad, "of the two young Princes on Salisbury Plain," which is chiefly composed of Warner's lines, with a few contractions and interpolations, but all greatly for the worse. See the collection of Hist. Ballads, 1727, 3 vols. 12mo.*

*The' here subdivided into stanzas, Warner's metre is the old-fashioned alexandrine of 14 syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses.*

THE Bruton's 'being' departed hence  
 Seaven kingdoms here begonne,  
 Where diversly in divers broyles  
 The Saxons lost and wonne.

King

ANCIENT POEMS. 241

King Edel and king Adelbriht 5  
 In Diria jointly raigne ;  
 In loyal concorde during life  
 These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbriht should leave his life,  
 To Edel thus he sayes ; 10  
 By those same bondes of happie love,  
 That held us friends alwaies ;

By our by-parted crowne, of which  
 The moyetic is mine ;  
 By God, to whom my soule must passe, 15  
 And so in time may thine ;

I pray thee, nay I cõjure thee,  
 To nourish, as thine owne,  
 Thy niece, my daughter Argentile,  
 Till she to age be growne ; 20  
 And then, as thou receivest it,  
 Resigne to her my throne.

A promise had for his bequest,  
 The testatõr he dõs ;  
 But all that Edel undertooke, 25  
 He afterwards denies.

Yet well he ' fosters for ' a time  
 The damsell that was growne  
 VOL. II. R 116

The faireſt lady under heaven ;  
 Whoſe beautie being knowne, 30

A many princes ſeeke her love ;  
 But none might her obtaine ;  
 For grippell Edel to himſelfe  
 Her kingdome fought to gaine ; 35  
 And for that cauſe from ſight of ſuch  
 He did his ward reſtraine.

By chance one Curan, ſonne unto  
 A prince in Danke, did ſee  
 The maid, with whom he fell in love,  
 As much as man might bee. 40

Unhappie youth, what ſhould he doe ?  
 His haint was kept in mewe ;  
 Nor he, nor any noble-man  
 Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy ſits 45  
 He pines himſelfe awaye ;  
 Anon he thought by force of arms  
 To win her if he maye :

And ſtill againſt the kings reſtraint  
 Did ſecretly invay. 50  
 At length the high controller Love,  
 Whom none may diſobay,

Is baſed

ANCIENT POEMS. 243

Imbas'd him from lordlines  
 Into a kitchen drudge,  
 That so at least of life or death 55  
 She might become his judge.

Accesse so had to see and speake,  
 He did his love bewray,  
 And tells his birth: her answer was,  
 She husbandles would stay. 60

Meane while the king did beate his braines,  
 His booty to atchieve,  
 Nor caring what became of her,  
 So he by her might thrive;  
 At last his resolution was 65  
 Some peasant should her wive.

And (which was working to his wish)  
 He did observe with joye  
 How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,  
 Scapt many an amorous toye \*. 70

The king, perceiving such his veine,  
 Promotes his vassal still,  
 Left that the benefesse of the man  
 Should lett, perhaps, his will.

\* The construction is, "How that many an amorous toy, or foolery of  
 love, 'scaped Curan;" i. e. escaped from him, being off his guard.

Afforded therefore of his love, 75  
 But not expecting who  
 The over-take, the king his wife  
 In his desert did wed.

Two ladies did love him love, 80  
 The first was rich and noble,  
 The second was poor and noble, and unto  
 So their match did give:

As the first, shunning out of choice,  
 Departed hence by stealth;  
 The second, poor virtue before 85  
 Aiding him as he in wealth.

When the king heard of her escape,  
 He sought for her in his heart  
 With great search and search, and after her  
 He sought but he did depart; 90

Forgetting of himself, his birth,  
 His country, friends, and all,  
 And easy making whom he mild)  
 The bondslave of his thrall.

Not once he hearkens to frequent 95  
 Of court, or flocky towers,  
 But in his own  
 A man, and country grows.

A house

ANCIENT POEMS. 245

A brace of years he lived thus,  
 Well pleased so to live, 100  
 And shepherd-like to feed a flocke  
 Himselfe did wholly give.

So wasting, love, by worke, and want,  
 Grew almost to the waine :  
 But then began a second love, 105  
 The worser of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid,  
 Where Curan kept his sheepe,  
 Did feed her drove : and now on her  
 Was all the shepherds keepe. 110

He borrowed on the working daies  
 His holy ruffets oft,  
 And of the bacon's fat, to make  
 His flartops blacke and soft.

And least his tarbox should offend, 115  
 He left it at the folde :  
 Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,  
 As much as it might holde.

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut,  
 And cheefe as white as snow, 120  
 And wildings, or the seasons fruit  
 He did in scrip bestow.

*Ver. 112. i. e. holy-day Rof. 1.*

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe,  
 And sheep-hooke lay him by,  
 On hollow quilles of oten straw                      125  
 He piped melody.

But when he spyed her his saint,  
 He wip'd his greasie shooes,  
 And clear'd the drivell from his beard,  
 And thus the shepherd wooes.                      130

" I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheefe,  
 " As good as tooth may chawe,  
 " And bread and wildings fouling well,  
 (And therewithall did drawe

His lardrie) and in 'yeaning' see                      135  
 " Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he,  
 " Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou,  
 " If I might tup with thee.

" Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,  
 " Too elvish and too coy :                      140  
 " Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,  
 " That such a flocke enjoy ?

" I wis I am not : yet that thou  
 " Doest hold me in disdaine  
 " Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe                      145  
 " To all that keepe this plaine.

*Ver. 135, Eating. FCC.*

" There

ANCIENT POEMS. 247

“ There be as quaint (at least that thinke  
 “ Themselves as quaint) that crave  
 “ The match, that thou, I wot not why,  
 “ Maist, but mislik’st to have. 150

“ How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot,  
 “ Thou art a female) I,  
 “ Her know not here that willingly  
 “ With maiden-head would die.

“ The plowmans labour hath no end, 155  
 “ And he a churle will prove:  
 “ The craftsman hath more worke in hand  
 “ Then fitteth unto love:

“ The merchant, traffiquing abroad,  
 “ Suspects his wife at home: 160  
 “ A youth will play the wanton; and  
 “ An old man prove a mome.

“ Then chuse a shepheard: with the sun  
 “ He doth his stocke unfold,  
 “ And all the day on hill or plaine 165  
 “ He merrie chat can hold;

“ And with the sun doth folde againe;  
 “ Then jogging home betime,  
 “ He turnes a crab, or turnes a round,  
 “ Or sings some merry ryme. 170

*F. 153. Her know I not her that. 1602.*

*V. 169. i. e. reaps a crab, or apple.*

R 4

“ Nor



" Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round  
 " The nut-brown bowl doth trot ;  
 " And sitteth singeing care away,  
 " Till he to bed he got :

" There sleeps he soundly all the night,      173  
 " Forgetting morrow care ;  
 " Nor heares he blailing of his corne,  
 " Nor straying of his wares ;

" Or howes by seas, or firres on land,  
 " Or cracks of credit lost :      180  
 " Nor spending franker than his flocke  
 " Nor reckning of the cost.

" Well wot I, sooth they say, that say  
 " More quiet nights and daies  
 " The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he      185  
 " When his cattel he doth graize.

" Believe me, lasse, a king is but  
 " A man, and so am I ;  
 " Content is worth a monarchie,  
 " And mischief hit the hie ;      190

" As late it did a king and his  
 " Not dreading me from hence,

Ed. 1597.      To tell, what I and the hols doth trot.

" Who

ANCIENT POEMS. 249

"Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,  
 "For fair a matchles wench,"——  
 Here did he pause, as if his tongue 195  
 Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse, longing for the rest,  
 Did egge him on to tell  
 How faire she was, and who she was.  
 "She bore, quoth he, the bell 200

"For beantie; though I clownish am,  
 "I know what beantie is;  
 "Or did I not, at seeing thee,  
 "I fencies were to mis.

" \* \* \* \* \*

"Her stature comely, tall; her gate 205  
 "Well graced; and her wit  
 "To marvell at, not meddle with,  
 "As matchles I omit.

"A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,  
 "A forehead smooth, and hie, 210  
 "An even nose; on either side  
 "Did shine a grayish eie;

"Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,  
 "White just-set teeth within;  
 "A mouth in meane; and underneath 215  
 "A round and dimpled chin.

"Her

250 ANCIENT POEMS.

" Her snowy necke, with blewish veines,  
 " Stood forth upright upon  
 " Her pretty brooke: her beating booke  
 " Her secret breasts, anon 222

" Add to this her face, Wond'rous  
 " Her eyes, her cheek, her mouth,  
 " And every part, which doth her face  
 " — Long, as I long, to see 223

" And a sweet, low, long, and low, tones 224  
 " Her voice, her voice, her voice,  
 " And her fingers, and her feet  
 " Her face, and her face 225

" A leg in print, a pretie foot;  
 " Catechism of the feet: 230  
 " For an honest eye, observing forme,  
 " Took parts obscured kin.

" Writeth, O wretched, with thee  
 " Her tongue of speech was torn;  
 " But speaking, Venus seem'd to speak, 235  
 " The blade from Ide to bear.

" With Phoebe, Luno, and with both  
 " Her selfe, and with thee;  
 " Where she, and where she did not wait  
 " Of her selfe, and with thee, 240  
 " Her 241

# ANCIENT POEMS. 251

" Her smiles were sober, and her looks

" Were chearefull unto all:

" Even such as neither wanton seeme,

" Nor waiward; mell, nor gall.

' A quiet minde, a patient moode,

245

" And not disdaining any;

" Not gybing, gadding, gawdy: and

" Sweet faculties had many.

" A nymph, no tong, no heart, no eie,

" Might praise, might wish, might see; 250

" For life, for love, for forme; more good,

" More worth, more faire than shee.

" Yea such an one, as such was none,

" Save only she was such:

" Of Argente to say the most,

255

" Were to be silent much."

I knew the lady very well,

But worthles of such praise,

The nearest said: and muse I do,

A shepheard thus should blaze

260

The 'coate' of beautie\*. Credit me,

Thy latter speech bewraies

\* i. e. emblozen beauty's coat. E.E. 1597. 1602, 1612, read Coote.

Thy

252      A N C I E N T P O E M S.

Thy clownish shape a coined shew.  
 But wherefore dost thou weepe?  
 The shepheard wept, and she was woe,      265  
 And both doe silence keepe.

" In troth, quoth he, I am not such,  
 " As seeming I professe:  
 " But then for her, and now for thee,  
 " I from myfelfe digresse.      270

" Her loved I (wretch that I am  
 " A recreant to be)  
 " I loved her, that hated love,  
 " But now I die for thee.

" At Kirkland is my fathers court,      275  
 " And Curan is my name,  
 " In Edels court sometimes in pompe,  
 " Till love countrould the same:

" But now—what now?—deare heart, how now?  
 " What ailest thou to weepe?"      280  
 The damfell wept, and he was woe,  
 And both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much  
 That you did love so much:  
 But whom your former could not move,      285  
 Your second love doth touch.

Thy

ANCIENT POEMS. 253

Thy twice-beloved Argente  
 Submitteth her to thee,  
 And for thy double love presents  
 Herself a single fee, 290  
 In passion not in person chang'd,  
 And I, my lord, am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,  
 And silent for a space,  
 When as the extasie had end, 295  
 Did tenderly imbrace;  
 And for their wedding, and their wile  
 Got sitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengist then  
 Was named so this land) 300  
 Then Curan had an hardier knight;  
 His force could none withstand:  
 Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then  
 Had higher things in hand.

First, making keo vne his law full claime 305  
 In Argente her right,  
 He war'd in Duia \*, and he wonne  
 Bernicia \* 100 in fight:

And so from trecherous Edel tooke  
 At once his life and crowne, 310  
 And of Northumberland was king,  
 Long raiging in renowne.

\* See the note at p. 100.

\* \* During

\* \* During the Saxon heptarchy the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of 6 northern counties, besides part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz. Deira (called here Dira) which contained the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehending those which lay north.

## XXV.

## CORIN'S FATE.

*Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient; these are extracted from a small quarto MS. in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Q. Elizabeth. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.*

CORIN, most unhappie swaine,  
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?  
Little foode is on the plaine;  
Full of danger is the rocke:

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes;      5  
Forests tangled are with brakes;  
Meadowes subject are to floodes;  
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet

ANCIENT POEMS. 255

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,  
 Forest, moore, and meadow-ground, 10  
 Hunger will as surely kill :  
 How may then reliefe be found ?

Such is haples Corins fate :  
 Since my waywarde love begunne,  
 Equall doubts begett debate 15  
 What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed ;  
 Yet to speke will move disdaine :  
 If I see her not I bleed,  
 Yet her sight augments my paine. 20

What may then poor Corin doe ?  
 Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell ;  
 For to linger thus in woe  
 Is the lover's sharpest hell.

\* \* \*





" in her hand. In which she went in countenance and pace  
 " demure so womanly; and albeit she was out of al array  
 " save her kirtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, name-  
 " lye, while the wondering of the people caste a conly rud in  
 " her chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her  
 " great shame wroan her much praise among those that were  
 " more amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And  
 " many good folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer  
 " to se sin corrected, yet pitied thei more her penance then re-  
 " joiced therein, when thei consired that the protector pro-  
 " cured it more of a corrupt intent, then any virtuous affection.  
 " This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended,  
 " lawfully brought up, and very wel married, having some-  
 " what to seene; her husbände an honest citizen, yonge, and  
 " goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche as they  
 " were coupled ere she was wel ripe, she was very fervent;  
 " loved, for which she never langued. Which was happily  
 " the thinge, that the more easly made her encline unto the  
 " king's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect  
 " of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, pleasure, and  
 " other wanton wealth, was able soone to perse a soft tender  
 " heart. But when the king bad abriden her, ann her  
 " husbände (as he was an honest man, and one that could his  
 " good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her  
 " up to him al together. When the king died, the lord  
 " chamberlen [Hoptons] toke her\*: which in the kinges  
 " daies, albeit he was fore enamoured upon her, yet he forbore  
 " her,

\* After the death of Henry 7th, she was kept by the mistress of De la Beche, son to Edward IV's queen. In Richard's Exchequer is a proclamation of Richard's, dated at Leicester, Dec. 23, 1483, and also a recovery of a sum of money in 1483, or 1484 a year in hand is offered for taking "Thomas late prisoner of De la Beche," who, "not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnablely debauched and seduced many maidens, widows, and widows, and lived in actual adultery with the wife of Shorl." Buckingham was not that man's mistress, but as he got into bed with him, Richard would not give him of pardon, and therof a murther of Henry's potential death landed in a great many. See Rymer, Fœder. tom. i. pag. 1044.

"her, either for reverence, or for a certain frendly faithful-  
"ness.

"Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her body that you  
"weld have changed, but if you would have wished her  
"somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her  
"youth. Albeit some that now see her (FOR YET SHE  
"LIVETH) some her never so have bene wel visaged.  
"If thei agree not somewhat or somewhat like, as though men  
"should see the beauty of one longe before departed, by her  
"shape taken out of the charnel house; for now is she old,  
"fair, soft red, and dried: o, nothing left but ruyllde skin,  
"and hard bone. And yet being even such, whose wel ad-  
"vised visage, might give and devise which partes how  
"well would make it a fair face.

"Yet desired not men so much in her beauty, as in her plea-  
"surable behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both  
"sle and and arise; mery in company, redy and quick of  
"answer, neither mute nor full of babble; sometime taunting  
"without displeasure, and not without disport. The king  
"would say, That he had three concubines, which in three  
"divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, an-  
"other the wildest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme,  
"as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to  
"any place, but it wer to his bed. The other two wer  
"somewhat greater personages, and natheles of their humilitie  
"content to be named, and to forbere the praise of those pro-  
"perties; but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the  
"king therefore took special pleasure. For many he had,  
"but her he loved, whose favour, to sai the truth (for  
"know it wer to belie the devil) she never abused to any  
"mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and relief. Where  
"the king took displeasure, she would mitigate and appease  
"his mind: where men were out of favour, she would bring  
"them in his grace: for many, that had highly offended,  
"she obtained pardon: of great forfeitures she gate men  
"remission: and finally in many weighty suites she stode many  
"times in great stede, either for none or very smal rewardes,  
"and the rather gay than rich: either for that she was  
"con-

"content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she de-  
"lited to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to  
"do wyth the king, or for that wanton women and welshy  
"be not alway covetous.

"I doubt not some shal thinke this woman too sleight a  
"thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces  
"of great matters: which thei shal specially thinke, that  
"happely shal esteeme her only by that thei NOW SEE HER.  
"But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be  
"remembred, in how much she is NOW in the more beg-  
"gerly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance,  
"after good substance, after as grete favour wyth the  
"prince, after as grete sute and seeking to wyth al those,  
"that in those days had busynes to speede, as many other  
"men were in their times, which be now famous only by  
"the infamy of their il dedes. Her doinges were not much  
"lesse, albeit thei be muche lesse remembred because thei  
"were not so evil. For men use, if they have an evil  
"turne, to write it in marble; and who so doth us a good  
"tourne, we write it in duste". Which is not worst  
"proved by her; for AT THIS DAYE shee beggeth of many  
"at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if shee  
"had not bene." See More's *workes*, folio, 61. let. 1557,  
pp. 56, 57.

DRAYTON has written a poetical epistle from this lady  
to her royal lover, and in his notes thereto he thus draws her  
portraitt: "Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark  
"yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate  
"harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each  
"proportion's colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her  
"countenance cheerefull and like to her condition. The pic-  
"ture which I have seet of hers was such as she rose out

\* Those words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakespeare  
that proverbial reflection in *Hen. viij.* Act 4, sc. 11.

"Men's evill manners live in brass; their virtues

"We write in water."

Shakeſp. in his play of *Rich. III.* follows More's *Hyst.* of that rdgn, and  
therefore could not but see this passage.

"of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich  
 "mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting  
 "on a chaire, on which her naked arm did lie. What her  
 "father's name was, or where she was borne, is not cer-  
 "tainly knowne: but Shore a young man of right goodly  
 "person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed after  
 "the king had made her his concubine. Richard III.  
 "causing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard,  
 "commanded that no man should relieve her,  
 "which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne,  
 "but that by making his brother's life odious, he might  
 "cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly." See  
*England's Heretick Epistle*, by Mich. Drayton, Esq; Lond.  
 1537, 12mo.

*An original Picture of JANE SHORE almost naked is pre-  
 served in the Provost's Lodgings at Eton; and another pic-  
 ture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's College Cam-  
 bridge: to both which foundations she is supposed to have  
 done friendly offices with EDWARD IV. A small quarto  
 Mezzotinto Print was taken from the former of these by  
 J. FABER.*

*The following ballad is printed (with some corrections)  
 from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full  
 title is, "The weefull lamentation of Jane Shore, a gold-  
 smith's wife in London, sometime king Edward IV. his  
 concubine. To the tune of LIVE WITH ME, &c." [See  
 the first volume.] To every stanza is annexed the following  
 burden:*

Then maids and wives in time amend,  
 For love and beauty will have end.

**I**F Rosamonde that was so faire,  
 Had cause her sorrowes to declare,  
 Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,  
 That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright  
Was loved dear of lord and knight;  
But yet the love that they requir'd,  
It was not as my friends desir'd.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,  
Till lust brought ruine to my life;  
And then my life I lewdlye spent,  
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,  
As London yet can witness welles;  
Where many gallants did beholde  
My beautie in a shop of golde.

I spread my plumes, as wantons doe,  
Some sweet and secret friends to woo,  
Because chaste love-I did not finde  
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring  
Into the eares of Englandes king,  
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,  
But I made coye what he desir'd:

Yet Mistris Blague, a neighbour neare,  
 Whose friendship I esteemed deare,      30  
 Did saye, It was a gallant thing  
 To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led,  
 For to defile my marriage-bed,  
 And wronge my wedded husband Shore,      35  
 Which I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,  
 That I had made so sweet a choice;  
 And therefore did my state resigne,      40  
 To be king Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,  
 To reape the pleasures of content;  
 There had the joyes that love could bring,  
 And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe      45  
 Commanding Edward with mine eye,  
 For Mrs. Blague I in short space  
 Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friends I had but in short time  
 I made unto a promotion climb;      50  
 But yet for all this cosilye pride,  
 My husbände could not mee abide.

His

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 263

His bed, though wronged by a king,  
His heart with deadlie griefe did sting;  
From England then he goes away 55  
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name  
Impaired by my wanton shame;  
Although a prince of peerlesse might  
Did reape the pleasure of his right. 60

Long time I lived in the courte,  
With lords and ladies of great forte;  
And when I smil'd all men were glad,  
But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore 65  
To helpelesse people, that were poore;  
I still redrest the orphans crye,  
And fav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,  
I succour'd babes of tender yeares; 70  
And never look'd for other gaine  
But love and thanks for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye,  
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;  
When crook-back Richard got the crowne, 75  
King Edwards friends were soon put downe.



264      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

I then was punisht for my sin,  
That I so long had lived in ;  
Yea, every one that was his friend,  
This tyrant brought to shamefull end.      80

Then for my lewd and wanton life,  
That made a strumpet of a wife,  
I penance did in Lombard-street,  
In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me viewe,      85  
Who late in court my credit knewe ;  
Which made the teares run down my face,  
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee  
My goodes, my livinge, and my fee,      90  
And charg'd that none should me relieve,  
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,  
To whom my jewels I had sent,  
In hope thereby to ease my want,      95  
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant ;

But she denyed to me the same  
When in my need for them I came ;  
'To recompence my former love,  
Out of her doores shee did me shove.      100  
80

ANCIENT POEMS. 265

So love did vanish with my state,  
Which now my soul repents too late ;  
Therefore example take by mee,  
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest, 105  
Whom I before had seen distressed,  
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,  
Did give me food to succour me :

For which, 'by lawe, it was decreed  
That he was hanged for that deed ; 110  
His death did grieve me so much more,  
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,  
Durst not afford mee any food ;  
Whereby I begged all the day, 115  
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,  
Were turn'd to simple garments old ;  
My chains and gems and golden rings,  
To filthy rags and loathsome things. 120

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,  
For leading such a wicked life ;  
Both sucking babes and children small,  
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could

I could not get one bit of bread, 125  
Whereby my hunger might be fed :  
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,  
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe 130  
I yielded up my vital strength  
Within a ditch, of loathsome scent,  
Where carrion dogs did much frequent :

The which now since my dying daye,  
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye \* ;  
Which is a witness of my sinne, 135  
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,  
Be you assur'd that God is just ;  
Whoredome shall not escape his hand,  
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land. 140

If God to me such shame did bring,  
That yielded only to a king,  
How shall they scape that daily run  
To practise sin with every one ?

\* But it had this name long before, being so called from its being a common SEWER (vulgarly SHORE) or drain. See Stow.

ANCIENT POEMS. 267

You husbands, match not but for love, 145  
 Left some disliking after prove ;  
 Women, be warn'd when you are wives,  
 What plagues are due to sinful lives :  
 Then, maids and wives, in time amend,  
 For love and beauty will have end.

XXVII.

CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNELL.

*This little simple elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in "The golden garland of princely delights."*

*The burthen of the song, DING DONG, &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader ; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aerial Dirge in Shakspeare's Tempest :*

" Full fadom five thy father lies,  
 " Of his bones are corall made ;  
 " Those are pearls that were his eyes ;  
 " Nothing of him, that doth fade,  
 " But doth suffer a sea-change  
 " Into something rich and strange :

" Sea-

"Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,  
 "Harke now I heare them, Ding dong bell."  
 "Burthen, Ding dong."

*I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude the above  
 in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.*

MY Phillida, adieu love!  
 For evermore farewell!  
 Ay me! I've lost my true love,  
 And thus I ring her knell,  
     Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,                      5  
     My Phillida is dead!  
 I'll sick a branch of willow  
     At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida  
     Our bridal bed was made:                      10  
 But 'stead of silkes so gay,  
     She in her shroud is laid.  
     Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended  
     By maides in fair array,  
 Till the obsequies are ended,                      15  
     And she is wrapt in clay.  
     Ding, &c.

Her

ANCIENT POEMS. 269

Her herse it shall be carried  
 By youths, that do excell;  
 And when that she is buried,  
 I thus will ring her knell,  
 Ding, &c. 20

A garland shall be framed  
 By art and natures skill,  
 Of sundry-colour'd flowers,  
 In token of good-will \*:  
 Ding, &c.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands 25  
 On it I will bestow;  
 But chiefly black and yellowe †:  
 With her to grave shall go.  
 Ding, &c.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,  
 The rarest ever seen, 30  
 And with my tears, as flowers,  
 I'll keepe them fresh and green.  
 Ding, &c.

\* It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a flowery garland before the corse of a woman who dies unmarried.

† See above, preface to No. XI, Book II. p. 178.

270      ANCIENT POEMS.

Instead of fairest colours,  
Set forth with curious art\*,  
Her image shall be painted      35  
On my distressed heart,  
Ding, &c.

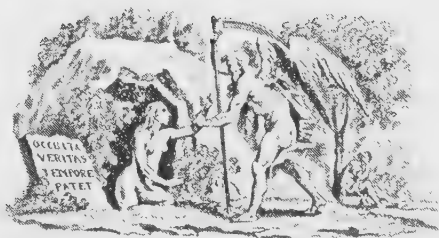
And thereon shall be graven  
Her epitaph no false,  
"Here lies the loveliest maiden,  
"That e'er gave shepherd care."      40  
Ding, &c.

In fable will I nourne;  
Blacke shall be all my waerde;  
As dead I am for aye,  
Now Phillis is dead!  
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,      45  
My Phillis is dead!  
I'd seek a braid of willow  
At my fair Phillis' head.

\* This refers to the painted figures of *Alabaster*, anciently called  
*epitaphs*.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

R E.



RELICS  
OF ANCIENT POETRY,  
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK III.

I.

THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE.

*I shall begin this THIRD BOON with an old allegoric Satire: A manner of moralising, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient songster. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar measure of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.*



## ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE,

WITHOUT RHYME,

IN PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

WE learn from Wormius (*a*), that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including RHYME, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was, that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these correspondent sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich, and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples (*b*).

"Meire og Minne  
Migu heindaller."

"Gab Ginniga  
Eon Gras luerge."

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets, whereas they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of  
Gothic

(*a*) *Literaturæ Runicae*. Hæbæ 1636, 4to.—1651, fol. The Islandic language is of the same origin as the Anglo-Saxon, being both descended from the same Gothic or Teutonic. Vid. Hickehi *Ueber die Germanische Anglo-Saxon. & Nieder-Goth.* 4to, 1689.

(*b*) Vid. Hickehi *Ueber die Germanische Septentrional.* Tom. I. p. 217.

Gothic race, had time to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the rest.

Their brethren the Anglo-Saxon poets occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters (*c*):

"*Steop tha and Skyrede  
Slyppend ure.*"

"*Ham and Heahfettl  
Heofena rikes.*"

I know not however that there is any where extant an entire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of *PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS*, we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS. viz.

"In a Somer Seafon, | when 'hot (*d*) was the Sunne,

"I *Shope* me into *Sêroubs*, | as I a *Shope* were;

"In *Habite* as an *Harmet* | un*Holy* of *werkes*,

"*Went Wyde* in this world | *Wonders* to heare, &c.

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets; which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals:

(*c*) Ibid.

(*d*) So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either '*lof*,' as in MS. or '*fet*,' as in PCC.

VOL. II.

T

though

though the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that these *VISIONS OF PIERCE* [i.e. Peter] the *Plowman*, are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Creobury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel College in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. and published his poem a few years after 1350. It consists of xx *PASSES* or *Beats* (c), admitting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcester-shire. The author excels in strong allegoric painting, and was with great humour, spirit, and fancy, censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work I have now before me four different editions in black-letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550, by Robert Croke dwelling in *Cliffe rentes in Hatburne*. It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title-page as both of the second impression, though they contain evident variations in every page (f). The other is said to be newly imprinted after the authors olde copy . . . by Iohn Rogers, Feb. 21, 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this alioiative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the *Visions* is subjoined a poem,

(.) The poem properly contains xxi parts: the word *PASSUS*, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, though by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves. See vol. I. L. preface to ballad III. where *Passus* seems to signify *Parce*.

(f) That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished in the title-page, noting the seconde tyme imprinted by Thome Croke; the other thus, notes the seconde tyme imprinted by Robert Croke. In the former the f. l. is thus erroneously numbered 39, 39, 41, 63, 43, 42, 45, &c. The booksellers of those days did not ostentatiously affect to multiply editions.

which

## ANCIENT POEMS. 275

which was probably writ in imitation of them, intituled  
PIERCE THE PLOUGHMAN'S CREDE. It begins thus:

"Gros, and Curteis Christ, this beginning speðs  
"For the Faders Frendshipe, that Fourmed heaven,  
"And through the Special Spirit, that Sprong of hem tweyne,  
"And al in one godhed endles dwelleth."

The author feigns himself ignorant of his Creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz. the gray friers of St. Francis, the black friers of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friers, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours the sloth, ignorance, and immorality of those reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce a poor Ploughman, who resolves his doubts, and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wicliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living (*g*). Now that reformer died in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written, does not appear.

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems (*h*), two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (though perhaps the latest written) is intituled THE SEGE OF IERLAM, (i. e. Jerusalem), being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus:

"In Tyberius Tyme . the Trewe emperour  
"Syr Seiar hymself . beSted in Rome

(*g*) Signature. C. ii.

(*h*) Caligula A. ij. fol. 209. 123.

T 2

"Whyll

" Whyll Pylat was Provoſte . under that Prynce ryche  
 " And Jewes Juſtice alſo . of Judeas londe  
 " Herode under emperre . as Herytage wolde  
 " Kyng, &c.

The other is intituled *CHEVALERE ASSIGNE* [or *De Cigne*], that is, "The Knight of the Swan," being an ancient Romance, beginning thus :

" All-Weldyng God . Whene it is his Wylle  
 " Hele he Wereth his Werke . With his owene honde  
 " For ofte Harmes were Hente . that Helpe we ne myzte  
 " Nere the Hylznes of Hym . that lengeth in Hevene  
 " For this, &c.

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays (*i*) is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same Knight of the Swan, "newly translated out of Frenshe into Englyshe, "at thinſigacion of the puyſſaunt and illuſtryous "prynce, lorde Edward duke of Buckynghame." This lord it seems had a peculiar interest in the book, for in the preface the translator tells us, that this "highe "dygne and illuſtryous prynce my lorde Edwarde by "the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, erle of Hereforde, Staſſorde, and Northampton, deſyrynge cotydially to encrease and augment the name and fame "of such as were relucient in vertuous feates and triumphaunt actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and "ſyre every luſly and gentell herte by the exemplayſon of the ſame, havyng a goodli booke of the "highe and miraculous hystori of a famous and puyſſaunt kynge, named Oryant, ſometime reynynge in "the parties of beyonde the ſea, havyng to his wife "a noble lady; of whome ſhe conceyved ſixe ſonnes "and a daughter, and chylded of them at one only

(*i*) K. vol. X.

"time;

"time; at whose byrthe echone of them had a chayne  
 "of sylver at their neckes, the whiche were all  
 "toured by the provydençe of god into whyte  
 "swannes, save one, of the whiche this present hystory  
 "is compyled, named Helyas, the knight of the  
 "swanne, OF WHOME LINIALLY IS DYSCENDED MY  
 "SAYDE LORDE. The whiche ententisly to have the  
 "sayde hystory more amply and unyverſally knownen  
 "in thys hys natif coustrie, as it is in other, hath of  
 "hys hie bountie by ſome of his faithful and truſti  
 "ſervauntes cohorted mi mayſter Wynkin de Worde  
 "(k) to put the ſaid vertuous hystori in prynte . . . . at  
 "whoſe inſtigacion and ſtirring I (Roberte Copland)  
 "have me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to re-  
 "duce and tranſlate it into our maternal and vulgare  
 "engliſh tonge after the capacite and rudeneſſe of  
 "my weke entendement."—A curious picture of  
 the times! While in Italy literature and the fine arts  
 were ready to buſt forth with claſſical ſplendor under  
 Leo X. the firſt peer of this realm was proud to de-  
 rive his pedigree from a fabulous KNIGHT OF THE  
 SWAN (l).

To return to the Metre of *Pierce Plowman*: In the  
 folio MS. ſo often quoted in theſe volumes, are two  
 poems written in that ſpecies of verſification. One of  
 theſe is an ancient allegorical poem, intituled *DEATH*  
*AND LIFE*, (in 2 ſitts or parts, containing 458 diſtichs)  
 which, for ought that appears, may have been written  
 as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The  
 firſt forty lines are broke as they ſhould be into diſtichs,

(k) W. de Worde's edit. is in 1512. See Ames, p. 92. Mr. G's  
 copy is "¶ Imprinted at London by me William Copland.

(l) He is ſaid in the ſtory-book to be the grandfather of God-  
 frey of Boulogne, through whom I ſuppoſe the duke made out his  
 relation to him. This duke was beheaded May 17, 1521, 13  
 Hen. VIII.

278      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the transcript, in order I suppose to save room. It begins,

" *Christ Christen king,*  
     *that on the Crosse tholed;*  
 " *Hadd Paines and Passyons*  
     *to defend our soules;*  
 " *Give us Grace on the Ground*  
     *the Greatye to serve,*  
 " *For that Royall Red blood*  
     *that Runn from thy side."*

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between "our lady Dame *LIFE*," and the "ugly fiend Dame *DEATH*;" who with their several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of Dame *LIFE* is,

" *Shee was Brighter of her Elce,*  
     *then was the Bright sonn:*  
 " *Her Rudd Redder then the Rose,*  
     *that on the Rife hangeth:*  
 " *Meekely smiling with her Mouth,*  
     *And Merry in her lookes;*  
 " *Ever Laughing for Love,*  
     *as shee Like would.*  
 " *And as shee came by the Bankes,*  
     *the Boughes eche one*  
 " *They Lowted to that Ladye,*  
     *and Layd forth their branches;*  
 " *Blossomes, and Burgens*  
     *Breathed full sweete;*

" *Flowers*

ANCIENT POEMS. 279

"Flowers Flourished in the Frith,  
where thee Forth stepped;  
"And the Grassie, that was Gray,  
Greened belive."

DEATH is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil.

The other poem is that, which is quoted in the 28th page of this volume, and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed above in page 28, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into distichs, thus:

Grant Gracious God,  
Grant me this time, &c.

It is intitled SCOTTISH FRILDE (in 2 FITTS, 420 distichs,) containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9, 1513: at which the author seems to have been present from his speaking in the first person plural:

"Then wz Tild downe our Tents,  
that Tuld were a thousand."

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself:

"He was a Gentleman by Jefu,  
that this Gest (*m*) made:  
"Which Say but as he Sayd (*n*)  
for Sooth and noe other.

(*m*) Ict. MS.

(*n*) Probably corrupted for—"Says but as he Saw."



" At Bagily that Bearn  
     his Biding place had ;  
 " And his ancestors of old time  
     have yearded (e) their longe,  
 " Before William Conquerour  
     this Cuntry did inhabit,  
 " Jesus Bring 'them (f)' to Blisse,  
     that Brought us forth of BALE,  
 " That hath Bearned our Heare  
     e, Bearned my BALE."

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, and had belonged to the ancient family of LEGH for two centuries before the battle of Flodden. Indeed that the author was of that county appears from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshire-men, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys earls of Derby, who usually headed that country. He laments the death of James Stanley bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written; which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22, 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the Alliterative Measure to low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry: this deserves the attention of those who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon Poesy, usually given up as

(e) Yearded, *i. e.* *curied, earthed, earded*. It is common to pronounce "Earth," in some parts of England "Yearth," particularly in the North.—Pittcottie (speaking of James III. slain at Bannockburn), says, "Nae man wot whar they YEARED him."

\* 'ear.' MS. In the 2d line above, the MS. has 'bidding.'

inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the Metre of *Pierce Plowman* (7).

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form: the author of *SCOTTISH FIELD*, we see, concludes his poem with a couplet in rhyme: this was an innovation that did but prepare the way for the general admission of that more modish ornament; till at length the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without it. Yet when Rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of Alliteration were at first retained along with it; and the song of *LITTLE JOHN NODDY* exhibits this union very clearly. By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet, and fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of Alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common Burlesque Alexandrine, or Anapestic verse (r), now

(7) And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.

(r) Consisting of four Anapests (o o -) in which the Accent rests upon every third syllable. This kind of Verse, which I also call the Burlesque Alexandrine (to distinguish it from the other Alexandrines of 11 and 14 syllables, the parents of our lyric measure: see examples, pp. 139, 140, &c.) was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to various subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich), only instead of the internal Alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final Rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen:

"The Saxons tho in ther power, tho thil were so rive,  
"Seve kyngdoms made in Engelonie, and fithre but vive;  
"The king of Northomberlonde, and of Eastangle also,  
"Of Kent, and of Wostex, and of the March, therio."

Robert of Gloucester wrote in the western dialect, and his language differs exceedingly from that of other contemporary Writers, who

now never used but in ballads and pieces of light humour, as in the following Song of CONSCIENCE, and in that well-known doggrel,

“A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall.”

But although this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity; their grand Heroic Verse of twelve syllables (*l*) is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stripped like our Anapæstic of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme: But with this difference, that whereas this kind of verse hath been applied by us only to light and trivial subjects, to which by its quick and lively measure it seemed best adapted, our Poets have let it remain in a more lax unconfined state (*l*),

who resided in the metropolis, or in the midland counties. Had the Heptarchy continued, our English language would probably have been as much distinguished for its different dialects as the Greek; or at least as that of the several independent states of Italy.

(1) Of thirteen syllables, in what they call a feminine verse. It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems; while the English, Spaniards, &c. have adopted the Italian verse of ten syllables, although the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short-lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian Poetry, recommended it to the Spanish writers; as it also did to our Chaucer, who first attempted it in English; and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, &c.; who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection. To Lord Surrey we also owe the first introduction of blank Verse in English versions of the second and fourth Books of the *Æneid*, 1557, 4to.

(2) Thus our poets use this verse indifferently with 12, 11, and even 10 syllables. For though it consists of 4 Anapæsts (0 0 0 0) or twelve syllables, yet they frequently retrench a syllable from the first or third Anapæst; and sometimes from both; as in these instances from *PRIOR*, and from the following Song of CONSCIENCE:

Whô hâs eâr beên ât Pârîs, mûst nêeds knôw thê Grêve,

The fâst rêtîrâr ôf thê ûnfôrûnâte brâve.

Hê sêpt ôf hîm strâight, and dîd hîm rêquîre,

as a greater degree of severity and strictness would have been inconsistent with the light and airy subjects to which they have applied it. On the other hand, the French having retained this Verse as the vehicle of their Epic and Tragic flights, in order to give it a stateliness and dignity were obliged to confine it to more exact laws of Scansion; they have therefore limited it to the number of twelve Syllables; and by making the Cæsura or Pause as full and distinct as possible; and by other severe restrictions, have given it all the solemnity of which it was capable. The harmony of both however depends so much on the same flow of cadence and disposal of the pause, that they appear plainly to be of the same original; and every French heroic verse evidently consists of the ancient Dilech of their Francic ancestors: which, by the way, will account to us why this verse of the French so naturally resolves itself into two complete hemistichs. And indeed by making the cæsura or pause always to rest on the last syllable of a word, and by making a kind of pause in the sense, the French poets do in effect reduce their hemistichs to two distinct and independent verses: and some of their old poets have gone so far as to make the two hemistichs rhyme to each other (*u*).

After all, the old alliterative and anapestic metre of the English poets being chiefly used in a barbarous age, and in a rude unpolished language, abounds with verses defective in length, proportion, and harmony; and therefore cannot enter into a comparison with the correct versification of the best modern French writers; but making allowances for these defects, that sort of metre runs with a cadence so exactly resembling the French heroic Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced, which

(*u*) See Instances in *L'Hist. de la Poësie Française* par M. MAISTRE, &c. In the same book are also specimens of alliterative French Verses.

## 284      ANCIENT POEMS.

cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. I shall give by way of example a few lines from the modern French poets accommodated with parallels from the ancient poem of LIFE AND DEATH; in these I shall denote the Cæsura or Pause by a perpendicular line, and the Cadence by the marks of the Latin quantity.

<i>L'homme fuit toujours</i>		<i>Un enfant de l'audace</i>
All shall drye with the dints		that I deal with my hands.
<i>L'homme prûdant voit trop</i>		<i>P'illusion le suit,</i>
Yonder dâmsel is death		that dreseth her to smite.
<i>L'interprète voit mieux</i>		<i>Et le fâcheux suit (x).</i>
When she dolefully saw		how she dang downe her folke.
<i>Même aux yeux de l'injuste</i>		<i>Un injuste est horrible (y).</i>
Then she cast up a crye		to the high king of heavén.
<i>Du vivant toujours</i>		<i>Le vrai demeure maître,</i>
Then that bitterly bye		or else the bookē fâlth.
<i>Puis p'vôtre bannet bannu</i>		<i>En un mot, il faut l'être (z).</i>
Thus I fared throughie a frethe		whêrethē flôwers wêre mænŷe.

To conclude: the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions has no kind of affinity with what is commonly called Blank Verse; yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause; so that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means unpleasing; but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only far less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.

(x) Catalina, A. 3.      (y) Boileau Sat.      (z) Boil. Sat. 11.

ADDI-

ADDITIONS TO THE ESSAY

ON

THE ALLITERATIVE METRE.

SINCE the foregoing Essay was first printed, the Editor hath met with some additional examples of the old Alliterative Metre.

The first is in MS. (*a*) which begins thus:

Grist Crowned Kyng, that on Cros didest (*b*),  
And art Comfort of all Care, thow (*c*) kind go out of Comys,  
With thi Halwes in Heven Heried mote thu be,  
And thy Worshippful Werkes Worshipped evre,  
That suche Sondry Signes Shewest unto man,  
In Dremyng, in Drecchyng (*d*), and in Derke swevenes.

The Author from this proemium takes occasion to give an account of a Dream that happened to himself: which he introduces with the following circumstances:

Ones y me Ordayned, as y have Ofte doon,  
With Frende, and Felawes, Frendemen, and other;  
And Caught me in a Company on Corpus Christi even,  
Six, other (*e*) Seven myle, oute of Suthampton,  
To take Melodye, and Mirthes, among my Makes;  
With Redyng of ROMAUNCES, and Revelyng among;  
The Dym of the Derknesse Drewe me into the west;  
And beGon for to spryng in the Grey day.  
Than Lift y up my Lyddes, and Loked in the sky,  
And Knewe by the Kende Cours, hit clered in the est:  
Blyve y Barked me down, and to Bed went,  
For to Comferte my Kynde, and Cacche a slepe.

(*a*) In a small 4to MS. containing 38 leaves in private hands.

(*b*) Didst dye.

(*c*) thought.

(*d*) being overpowered.

(*e*) i. e. either, or.



# ANCIENT POEMS. 287

- “ Besyd ane Gudlie Grene Garth (*k*), full of Gay flouris
- “ Hegeit (*i*) of ane Hoge Hicht with Hawthorne treeis
- “ Quairon ane Bird on ane Bransche so Brist out hir notis
- “ That nevir ane Blythfullor Bird was on the Beuche (*k*/hard &c.”

The Author pretends to over-hear three gossips sitting in an arbour, and revealing all their secret methods of alluring and governing the other sex; it is a severe and humorous satire on bad women, and nothing inferior to Chaucer's Prologue to his Wife of Bath's Tale. As DUNBAR lived till about the middle of the sixteenth century, this poem was probably composed after SCOTTISH FIELD (described above, in p. 277,) which is the latest specimen I have met with written in England. This poem contains about five hundred lines.

But the current use of the Alliterative Metre in Scotland, appears more particularly from those popular vulgar prophecies, which are still printed for the use of the lower people in Scotland, under the names of THOMAS the RYMER, Marvellous MERLING, &c. This collection seems to have been put together after the accession of James I. to the crown of England, and most of the pieces in it are in the metre of Pierce Plowman's Vision. The first of them begins thus:

- “ Merling Gaye in his booke, who will Read Right,
- “ Although his sayings be uncouth, they Shall be true found.
- “ In the seventh chapter, read *H ludo H*ill,
- “ One thousand and more after Christ's birth, &c.”

## And the Prophecie of BEID:

- “ Betwixt the chief of Summer and the Sad winter;
- “ Before the Heat of summer Happen shall a war
- “ That Europ's lands Earnestly shall be wrought
- “ And Earnest Envy shall last but a while, &c.”

• Cardus.      of Haged.      (*k*) Bough.      So



So again the Prophecie of BERLINGTON:

"When the Ruby is Raifed, Rest is there none,  
 "But much Rancour shall Rise in River and plain  
 "Much Sorrow is Seen through a Suth-hound  
 "That beares Hornes in his Head like a wyld Hart, &c."

In like Metre is the Prophecie of WALDHAVE:

"Upon Lowdon Law alone as I Lay,  
 "Looking to the Lennox, as me Lief thought,  
 "The first Morning of May, Medicine to seek  
 "For Malice and Melody that Moved me fore, &c."

And lastly, that intituled, The Prophecie of GILDAS.

"When holy kirk is W'rackt and W'ill has no W'it  
 "And Pastore are Pluckt, and Pil'd without Pity  
 "When Idolatry Is In ens and re  
 "And spiritual pastours are vexed away, &c."

It will be observed in the foregoing specimens, that the Alliteration is extremely neglected, except in the third and fourth instances; although all the rest are written in imitation of the cadence used in this kind of metre. It may perhaps appear from an attentive perusal, that the poems ascribed to Berlington and Waldhave are more ancient than the others; indeed the first and fifth appear evidently to have been new modelled, if not intirely composed about the beginning of the last century, and are probably the latest attempts ever made in this species of verse.

In this and the foregoing Essay are mentioned all the specimens I have met with of the Alliterative Metre without rhyme: but instances occur sometimes in old Manuscripts, of poems written both with final rhymes and the internal cadence and alliterations of the Metre of Pierce Plowman.

#### THE END OF THE ESSAY.

THE

*THE following Song, intitled, THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE, is printed from the Editor's folio Manuscript: Some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected; but with notice to the Reader wherever it was judged necessary, by inclosing the corrections between inverted ' commas.*

AS I walked of late by 'an' wood side,  
 To God for to meditate was my entent;  
 Where under a hawthorne I suddenlye spied  
 A filly poore creature ragged and rent,  
 With bloody teares his face was besprent, 5  
 His fleshe and his color consumed away,  
 And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

This made me muse, and much 'to' desire  
 To know what kind of man hee shold bee;  
 I slept to him straight, and did him require 10  
 His name and his secretts to shew unto mee.  
 His head he cast up, and wooful was hee,  
 My name, quoth he, is the cause of my care,  
 And makes me scorned, and left here so bare.

Then straightway he turnd him, and prayd 'me' sit downe,  
 And I will, saithe he, declare my whole greefe; 16  
 My name is called CONSCIENCE;—wheratt he did  
 frowne,

He pined to repeate it, and grinded his teethe,  
 'Thoughe now, filly wretche, I'm denyed all relaeft,

*Ver. 1. one. MS.*

*V. 15. him. MS.*

*V. 19. not in MS.*

VOL. II.

U

'Yct'

' Yet' while I was young, and tender of yeeres,      20  
I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres.

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,  
For with the kings counsell ' I' fate in commission;  
Dukes, earles, and barrons esteem'd of my name;  
And how that I liv'd there needs no repetition:      25  
I was ever holden in honest condition,  
For howsoever the lawes went in Westminster-hall,  
When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,  
But one pore peny, that was their fine;      30  
And that they acknowledged to be for my sake.  
The poore wold doe nothing without counsell mine;  
I ruled the world with the right line:  
For nothing was passed betweene foe and friend,  
But Conscience was called to bee at ' the' end.      35

Noe bargaines, nor merchandize merchants wold make  
But I was called a wittenesse therto:  
No use for noe money, nor soufett wold take,  
But I wold controule them, if that they did foe:  
' And' that makes me live now in great woe,      40  
For then came in Piide, Sathan's disciple,  
That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whose names ' thus they call'  
That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Ufury, beside:

*Pa.* 23. he fate. *MS.*    *F.* 35. an end. *MS.*    *F.* 43. they bethefe. *MS.*  
They

ANCIENT POEMS. 291

They never prevail'd, till they had wrought my downe-fall;  
 Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried, 46  
 And 'now ever since' abroad have I tryed  
 To have had entertainment with some one or other;  
 But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother.

Then went I to the Court the gallants to winn, 50  
 But the porter kept me out of the gate:  
 To Bartlemew Spittle to pray for my sinne,  
 They bade me goe packe, it was fitt for my state;  
 Goe, goe, threed-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a mate.  
 Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and queene,  
 With whom evermore I esteemed have been. 56

Then went I to London, where once I did 'dwell':  
 But they bade away with me, when they knew my name;  
 For he will undoe us to bye and to sell!  
 They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame; 60  
 They lought at my raggs, and there had good game;  
 This is old threed-bare Conscience, that dwelt with  
 saint Peter:  
 But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney-sweeper.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord 'he' doth know;  
 I having but one poor penny in my purse, 65  
 On an awle and some patchies I did it bestow;  
 'For' I thought better cobble shooes than doe worfe.  
 Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,

*F. 46. was divided. MS. F. 53. packeme. MS. F. 57. wonne. MS.*

And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and forlorne,  
 And whipp me out of towne to 'secke' where I was  
 borne. 70

'Then did I remember, and call to my minde,  
 The Court of Conscience where once I did sit:  
 Not doubting but there I some favor shold find,  
 For my name and the place agreed for sit;  
 But there of my purpose I tayed a whit, 75  
 For 'though' the judge us'd my name in everye  
 'commisson,'  
 'The lawyers with their quillets wold get 'my' dismissal.

Then Westminster-hall was noe place for me;  
 Good lord! how the Lawyers began to assemble,  
 And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee! 80  
 The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble;  
 I shewed them my cause, and did not dissemble;  
 Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,  
 But swore me on a booke I must never come there.

Next the Merchants said, Counterfeite, get thee away, 85  
 Dost thou remember how wee thee fond?  
 We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,  
 And sett thee on shore in the New-found land;  
 And there thou and wee most friendly shooke hand,  
 And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us; 90  
 For when we wold reape profit here thou woldst  
 accuse us.

*V. 70. see. MS.*

*V. 76. condicion. MS.*

*V. 77. get a. MS.*

Then had I noe way, but for to goe on  
 To Gentlemens houses of an ancyent name;  
 Declaring my greeffes, and there I made moane,  
 'Telling' how their forefathers held me in fame: 95  
 And at letting their farmes 'how always I came'.  
 They sayd, Fye upon thee! we may thee curse:  
 'Theire' leases continue, and we fare the worse.

And then I was forced a begging to goe  
 To husbandmens houses, who greeved right fore, 100  
 And sware that their landlords had plagued them so,  
 That they were not able to keepe open doore,  
 Nor nothing had left to give to the poore:  
 Therefore to this wood I doe me repayre,  
 Where heppe and hawes, that is my best fare: 105

Yet within this same desert some comfort I have  
 Of Mercy, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds;  
 Who have vowed to company me to my grave.  
 Wee are 'all' put to silence, and live upon weeds, 110  
 'And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds':  
 Our banishment is its utter decay,  
 The which the riche glutton will answer one day.

Why then, I said to him, me-thinks it were best  
 To goe to the Clergie; for dailye they preach  
 Eche man to love you above all the rest; 115  
 Of Mercye, and Pittie, and Almes-deeds, they teach.  
 O, said he, noe matter of a pin what they preach,

V. 95. And how. MS.

V. 109. ill. MS.

V. 101. so here. MS.

V. 110. not in MS.

For their wives and their children foe hange them upon,  
That whosoever gives almes they will \* give none.

Then laid he him down, and turned him away,      120  
And prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest.  
I told him, I haplie might yet see the day  
For him and his fellowes to live with the best.  
First, said he, banish Pride, then all England were blest;  
For then those wold love us, that now sell their land,      125  
And then good 'house-keeping wold revive' out of hand.

\* *We ought in justice and truth to read 'can'.*

*Ver. 119. almes-deeds. MS.*

*V. 126. houses every where wold be kept. MS.*

## II.

### PLAIN TRUTH, AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

*This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany, intituled, "The Garland of Goodwill."—IGNORANCE is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.*

#### TRUTH.

GOD speed you, ancient father,  
And give you a good daye;  
What is the cause, I praye you,  
So sadly here you flaye?

And

ANCIENT POEMS. 295

And that you keep such gazing 5  
On this decayed place,  
The which, for superstition,  
Good princes down did raze?

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee, by my vazen \*,  
That zometimes che have knowne 10  
A vair and goodly abbey  
Stand here of bricke and stone;  
And many a holy vrier,  
As ich may say to thee,  
Within these goodly cloysters  
Che did full often zee. 15

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,  
In truthe and veritiè,  
A sorte of greater hypocrites  
Thou couldst not likely see; 20  
Deceiving of the simple  
With false and feigned lies;  
But such an order truly  
Christ never did devise.

IGNORANCE.

Ah! ah! che znell thee now, man; 25  
Che know well what thou art;

\* *i. e.* *salzhens*: as in the Midland counties they say *baufen*, *closten*, for *banes*, *closter*. A.



A vellow of mean learning,  
 Thee was not worth a vart :  
 Vor when we had the old lawe,  
 A merry world was then ;      30  
 And every thing was plenty  
 Among all zorts of men.

## TRUTH.

Thou givest me an answer,  
 As did the Jewes sometimes  
 Unto the prophet Jeremye,      35  
 When he accus'd their crimes ;  
 'Twas merry, sayd the people,  
 And joyfull in our rea'me,  
 When we did offer spice-cakes  
 Unto the queen of heav'n.      40

## IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,  
 Before the vriers went hence,  
 A bushell of the best wheate  
 Was zold vor vourteen pence ;  
 And vorty egges a penny,      45  
 That were both good and newe ;  
 And this che zay my zelf have zeene,  
 And yet ich am no Jewe.

## TRUTH.

Within the sacred bible  
 We find it written plain,      50  
 The

ANCIENT POEMS. 297

The latter days should troublesome  
 And dangerous be, certaine;  
 That we should be self-lovers,  
 And charity wax colde;  
 Then 'tis not true religion 55  
 That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,  
 And choul'd that well ye knewe,  
 Ich care not for the bible booke;  
 Tis too big to be true. 60  
 Our blessed ladyes psalter  
 Zhall for my money goe;  
 Such pretty prayers, as there bee\*,  
 The bible cannot zhove.

TRUTH.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye, 65  
 For in that book indeede  
 No mention of our lady,  
 Or Romish saint we read;  
 For by the blessed Spirit  
 That book indited was, 70  
 And not by simple persons,  
 As was the foolish masse.

\* Probably alluding to the illuminated Psalter, Missal, &c.

## IGNORANCE.

Cham zure they were not voolishe  
 That made the masse, che trowe;  
 Why, man, 'tis all in Latine,                      75  
 And vools no Latine knowe.  
 Were not our fathers wise men,  
 And they did like it well;  
 Who very much rejoyced  
 To heare the sacring bell?                      80

## TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,  
 As I may say to thee,  
 Have wisht the light that you have,  
 And could it never see:  
 For what art thou the better                      85  
 A Latin song to heare,  
 And understandest nothing,  
 That they sing in the quiere?

## IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,  
 The noise was passing trim                      90  
 To heare the vriers zinging,  
 As we did enter in;  
 And then to see the rood-lost  
 Zo bravely zet with zaints;—  
 But now to see them wandring                      95  
 My heart with zorrow vaints.

## TRUTH.

# ANCIENT POEMS. 299

## TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,  
 No image thou shouldst make,  
 Nor that unto idolatry  
 You should your self betake: 100  
 The golden calf of Israel  
 Moles did therefore spoile;  
 And Baal's priests and temple  
 Were brought to utter foile.

## IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsingham 105  
 Was a pure and holy zaint,  
 And many men in pilgrimage  
 Did shew to her complaint.  
 Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,  
 And many other moe: 110  
 The holy maid of Kent \* likewise  
 Did many wonders zhowe.

## TRUTH.

Such saints are well agreeing  
 To your profession sure;  
 And to the men that made them 115  
 So precious and so pure;  
 The one for being a traytoure,  
 Met an untimely death;

\* By name *Eliz. Barton*, executed Apr. 21, 1534. *Stow*, p. 570.

The other eke for treason  
Did end her hateful breath. 110

## IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,  
Dispraise them how you wille:  
But zure they did much goodnesse;  
Would they were with us stille!  
We had our holy water, 115  
And holy bread likewise,  
And many holy reliques  
We saw before our eyes.

## TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you  
With vain and empty shewe, 120  
Which never Christ commaunded,  
As learned doctors knowe:  
Search then the holy scriptures,  
And thou shalt plainly see  
That headlong to damnation 125  
They alway trained thee.

## IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good vellowe,  
As thou dost zay to mee,  
Unto my heavenly fader  
Alone then will I flee: 130

Be-

Believing in the Gospel,  
And passion of his zon,  
And with the subtil papistles  
Ich have for ever done.

LII.

THE WANDERING JEW.

*The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who, being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, 'That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, say-*

ing, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown and said, "I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstacy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about 30 years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person." This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the WANDERING JEW; whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's dictionary of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol. II. Book 3, Let. 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who appeared at Hamburg in 1547. and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion.—The ballad however seems to be of later date. It is preserved in black letter in the Pepys collection.

WHEN as in faire Jerusalem  
Our Saviour Christ did live,  
And for the sins of all the worlde  
His owne deare life did give;  
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes  
Did dailye him molest,  
That never till he left his life,  
Our Saviour could not rest.

When

ANCIENT POEMS. 303

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,  
 And scourg'd him to disgrace, 10  
 In scornfull fort they led him forth  
 Unto his dying place;  
 Where thousand thousands in the streete  
 Beheld him passe along,  
 Yet not one gentle heart was there, 15  
 That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,  
 As in the streete he wente,  
 And nought he found but churlish tauntes,  
 By every ones consente: 20  
 His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,  
 A burthen far too great,  
 Which made him in the street to fainte,  
 With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest, 25  
 To ease his burthened soule,  
 Upon a stone; the which a wretch  
 Did churlishly controule;  
 And sayd, Away, thou king of Jewes,  
 Thou shalt not rest thee here; 30  
 Pass on; thy execution place  
 Thou seest now draweth neare.

And thereupon he thrust him thence;  
 At which our Saviour sayd,

1

I sware



304      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,      35  
 And have no journey stayd.  
 With that this cursed shoemaker,  
 For offering Christ this wrong,  
 Left wife and children, house and all,  
 And went from thence along.      40

Where after he had scene the bloudé  
 Of Jesus Christ thus shed,  
 And to the crosse his bodge nail'd,  
 Away with speed he fled  
 Without returning backe againe      45  
 Unto his dwelling place,  
 And wandred up and downe the worldé,  
 A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,  
 No ease, nor hearts content ;      50  
 No house, nor home, nor biding place:  
 But wandring forth he went  
 From towne to towne in foreigne landes,  
 With grieved conscience still,  
 Repenting for the heinous guilt      55  
 Of his fore-passed ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past  
 In wandring up and downe ;  
 He much again desired to see  
 Jerusaleims penowne,      60  
 But

ANCIENT POEMS. 305

But finding it all quite destroyd,  
He wandred thence with woe,  
Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,  
To verifie and shewe.

"I'll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke," 65  
So doth this wandring Jew  
From place to place, but cannot rest  
For seeing countries newe;  
Declaring still the power of him,  
Whereas he comes or goes, 70  
And of all things done in the east,  
Since Christ his death, he shewe.

The world he hath still compast round  
And seene those nations strange,  
That hearing of the name of Christ, 75  
Their idol gods doe change:  
To whom he hath told wondrous thinges  
Of time forepast, and gone,  
And to the princes of the worlde  
Declares his cause of moane: 80

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,  
And yeild his mortal breath;  
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,  
He shall not yet see death.  
For neither lookes he old nor young, 85  
But as he did those times,  
Vol. II. X When

When Christ did suffer on the crosse  
For mortall sinners crimes.

He hath pass'd through many a foreigne place,  
Arabia, Egypt, Africa, 90  
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,  
And throughout all Hungaria.  
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,  
Those blest apostles deare;  
There he hath told our Saviours wordes, 95  
In countries far, and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,  
With many a German towne ;  
And now in Flanders, as tis thought,  
He wandreth up and downe : 100  
Where learned men with him conferre  
Of those his lingering dayes,  
And wonder much to heare him tell  
His journeyes, and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes, 105  
The most that he will take  
Is not above a groat a time :  
Which he, for Iesus' sake,  
Will kindlye give unto the poore,  
And thereof make no spare, 110  
Asserting still that Iesus Christ  
Of him hath dailye care.  
He

# ANCIENT POEMS. 307

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,  
 But weepe and make great moane;  
 Lamenting still his miseries, 115  
 And dayes forepast and gone:  
 If he heare any one blaspheme,  
 Or take God's name in vaine,  
 He telles them that they crucifie  
 Their Saviour Christe againe. 120

If you had seene his death, saith he,  
 As these mine eyes have done,  
 Ten thousand thousand times would yee  
 His torments think upon:  
 And suffer for his sake all paine 125  
 Of torments, and all woes.  
 These are his wordes and eke his life  
 Whereas he comes or goes.

## IV.

### THE LYE,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

—is found in a very scarce miscellany intitled "Davison's  
 "Poems, or a poetickall Rapsodie divided into fixe books . . . .  
 "The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and  
 X 2 "put

"put into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond. 1621, "12mo." This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29, 1618. But this must be a mistake, for there were at least two editions of Davison's poems before that time, one in 1608\*, the other in 1611†. So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the 2d edit. it must have been written long before the death of Sir Walter: perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in 1603. See Oldys's *Life of Sir W. Raleigh*, p. 173, fol.

G OE, soule, the bodies guest,  
Upon a thankelesse arrant;  
Feare not to touche the best,  
The truth shall be thy warrant:  
Goe, since I needs must dye, 5  
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court, it glowes  
And shines like rotten wood;  
Goe tell the church it shoves  
What's good, and doth no good: 10  
If church and court reply,  
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live  
Acting by others actions;  
Not lov'd unlesse they give, 15  
Not strong but by their factions;

\* *Catalog. of T. Rawlinson*, 1727.

† *Cat. of Sion coll. library*. This is either lost or mislaid.

ANCIENT POEMS. 309

If potentates reply,  
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,  
That rule affairs of state, 20  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practise onely hate;  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most, 25  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who in their greatest cost  
Seek nothing but commending;  
And if they make reply,  
Spare not to give the lye. 30

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;  
Tell love it is but lust;  
Tell time, it is but motion;  
Tell flesh, it is but dust;  
And wish them not reply, 35  
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;  
Tell honour, how it alters;  
Tell beauty, how she blasfeth;  
Tell favour, how she falters; 40

X 3 And

ANCIENT POEMS.

And as they shall reply,  
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness;  
Tell wifedome, she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness;  
And if they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lye.

45

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;  
 Tell skill, it is pretension;  
 Tell charity of coldnesse;  
 Tell law, it is contention;  
 And as they yield reply,  
 So give them still the lye.

50

Tell fortune of her blindnesse ;  
 Tell nature of decay ;  
 Tell friendship of unkindnesse ;  
 Tell justice of delay ;  
 And if they dare reply,  
 Then give them all the lye.

55

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,  
But vary by esteeming;  
Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,  
And stand too much on seeming;

60

If

ANCIENT POEMS. 311

If arts and schooles reply, 65  
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;  
Tell how the countrey erreth;  
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;  
Tell, vertue least preferreth: 70  
And, if they doe reply,  
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
Although to give the lye 75  
Deserves no less than stabbing,  
Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the foule can kill.

V.

VERSES BY KING JAMES I.

*In the first edition of this book were inserted, by way  
of specimen of his majesty's poetic talents, some Punning  
Verses made on the disputations at Sterling: but it having  
been suggested to the editor, that the king only gave the  
quibbling*



quibbling commendations in prose, and that some obsequious court-flatterer put them into metre \*; it was thought proper to exchange them for two SONNETS of K. James's own composition. James was a great versifier, and therefore out of the multitude of his poems we have here selected two, which (to shew our impartiality) are written in his best and his worst manner. The first would not dishonour any writer of that time; the second is a most complete example of the Bathos.

A SONNET ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS  
SON PRINCE HENRY:

*From K. James's works in folio: Where is also printed another called his Majesty's own Sonnet; it would perhaps be too cruel to infer from thence that this was NOT his Majesty's OWN Sonnet.*

GOD gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,  
For on his throne his scepter do they swey:  
And as their subjects ought them to obey,  
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,  
Observe the statutes of our heavenly king;  
And from his law make all your laws to spring;  
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true and plaine;  
Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right;  
Walke always so, as ever in his sight,  
Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane.

\* See a folio intitled "The Muses welcome to King James"

And

ANCIENT POEMS. 313

And so ye shall in princely virtues shine,  
 Resembling right your mightie king divine.

A SONNET OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER  
 WHICH HINDERED THE SPORTS AT NEW-  
 MARKET IN JANUARY 1616.

*This is printed from Drummond of Hawthornden's works,  
 folio: where also may be seen some verses of Lord Stirling's  
 upon this Sonnet, which concludes with the finest Anticlimax  
 I remember to have seen.*

HOW cruelly these catives do conspire?  
 What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band  
 Betwixt the cankered king of Creta land \*,  
 That melancholy old and angry fire,

And him, who wont to quench debate and ire §  
 Among the Romans, when his ports were clos'd † ?  
 But now his double face is still dispos'd,  
 With Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,  
 R'fuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast: 10  
 The chilling cold lets every thing to grow,  
 And hurleth cattle with a starving feast.  
 Curs'd be that love and mought ‡ continue short,  
 Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil our sport.

\* Saturn,

† Janus,

‡ *i. e.* may it:

## VI.

## K. JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

*The common popular ballad of KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT seem to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled, "KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP OF CANTERBURY." The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.*

*The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), intitled, "KING OLFREY AND THE ABBOT \*." Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the Bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning "KING HENRY AND A BISHOP," with this singing-moral:*

"Unlearned men hard matters out can find,

"When learned bishops princes eyes do blind."

\* See the collection of *Mist. Ballads*, 3 vols. 1727. Mr. Wise supposes OLFREY to be a corruption of ALFRED, in his pamphlet concerning the WHITE HORSE in Berkshire, p. 15.

*The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to "The tune of Derry down."*

**A**N ancient story Ile tell you anon  
Of a notable prince, that was called king John;  
And he ruled England with maine and with might,  
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrie, 5  
Concerning the Abbot of Canterburie;  
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,  
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,  
The abbot kept in his house every day; 10  
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,  
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,  
Thou keepst a farre better house than mee,  
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne, 15  
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,  
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;  
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,  
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere. 20  
Yes,

316      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,  
And now for the sanie thou needest must dye ;  
For except thou canst answer me questions three,  
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this flead,      25  
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,  
How soone I may ride the whole world about.      30  
And at the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet :  
But if you will give me but three weekes space,      35  
He do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;  
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,  
Thy lands and thy living's are forfeit to mee.      40

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,  
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford ;  
But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could with his learning an answer devise.

ANCIENT POEMS. 317

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold, 45  
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:  
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;  
What newes do you bring us from good king John?

"Sad newes, fad newes, shepheard, I must give;  
That I have but three days more to live: 50  
For if I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,  
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,  
Among all his liege men so noble of birth, 55  
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,  
How soone he may ride this whole world about:  
And at the third question I must not shrink,  
But tell him there truly what he does thinke." 60

Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,  
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?  
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,  
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel,

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee, 65  
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee:  
And if you will but lend me your gowne,  
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.

Now

318.      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

Now hors'es, and serving-men thou shalt have,  
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;      70  
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,  
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope."

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he did say,  
Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;  
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,      75  
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,  
With my crown of golde so fair on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,  
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.      80

"For thirty pence our Saivour was sold  
Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told;  
And twenty nine is the worth of thee,  
For I thinke, thou art one penny worser than hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel \*,      85  
I did not think I had been worth so littel!  
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,  
How soone I may ride this whole world about.

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the fame,  
Until the next morning he riseth againe;      90

\* Meaning probably St. Batolpb.

And

ANCIENT POEMS. 319

And then your grace need not make any doubt,  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,  
I did not think, it could be gone so soone!  
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do thinke. 96

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:  
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;  
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,  
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee." 100

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,  
He make thee lord abbot this day in his place!  
"Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,  
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade."

Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee, 105  
For this merry jest thou hast shewne unto mee;  
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.

\* \*

VII. YOU



## VII.

## YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

*This little Sonnet was written by Sir HENRY WOTTON, Knight, on that amiable Princess, Elizabeth daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept. 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known: Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this unfortunate lady, seem: to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the Emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia." See Biog. Britan.*

*This song is printed from the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 1651, with some corrections from an old MS. copy.*

YOU meaner beauties of the night,  
 That poorly satisfie our eies  
 More by your number, than your light;  
 You common people of the skies,  
 What are you when the Moon shall rise? 5

Ye

ANCIENT POEMS. 321

Ye violets that first appeare,  
 By your pure purple mantles known  
 Like the proud virgins of the yeare,  
 As if the Spring were all your own;  
 What are you when the Rose is blown? 10

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,  
 That warble forth dame Nature's layes,  
 Thinking your passions understood  
 By your weak accents: what's your praise,  
 When Philomell her voyce shall raise? 15

So when my mistress shal be seene  
 In sweetnesse of her looks and minde;  
 By virtue first, then choyce a queen;  
 Tell me, if she was not design'd  
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind? 20

VIII.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

*This excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements of—*  
 Vol. II. X *selected*

322      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

*felcted by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given, with corrections, from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous "poems and songs" in a book intitl'd, "Le Prince d'amour," 1660, 8vo.*

A N old song made by an aged old pate,  
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great  
estate,

That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,  
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;  
Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;  
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,  
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen,  
nor pages,  
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;  
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,  
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him  
by his looks.  
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,  
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old  
cooks:  
Like an old courtier, &c.

With

ANCIENT POEMS. 323

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,  
 With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many  
     firowde blows,  
 And an old fize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,  
 And a cup of old lherry, to comfort his copper nose;  
     Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmisse was come,  
 To eat in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,  
 With good chear enough to furnish every old room,  
 And old liquer able to make a cat speak, and man dumb,  
     Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a keanel of hounds,  
 That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,  
 Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own  
     bounds,  
 And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good  
     pounds;  
     Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,  
 Charging him in his will to keep the old beaunt full mind,  
 To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours  
     be kind;  
 But in the ending ditty you shall hear how he was in-  
     clin'd;  
 I was a young courtier of the king's,  
 And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his  
land,

Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,  
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,  
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor  
stand ;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,  
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping,  
or care,

Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,  
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens  
hair ;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one  
stood,

Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no  
good,

With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal  
nor wood,

And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no viſuals  
ne'er stood ;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuff full of pamphlets, and plays,  
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,

With

ANCIENT POEMS. 325

With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or  
five days,  
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and  
toys ;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,  
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,  
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,  
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with  
a stone ;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is com-  
-pleat,  
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up  
the meat,  
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,  
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat ;  
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old  
gold,  
For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are sold ;  
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,  
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so  
cold,  
Among the young courtiers of the king,  
Or the king's young courtiers.

\* \*

## IX.

## SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE.

When the Scottish covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers accompanied the king by raising forces at their own expense. Amongst these were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly equipped that it cost him 12,000*l*. The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that "the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for 'the Englishmen's fine cloaths.'" [Lloyd's *Memoirs*.] When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine sherry English; many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This *homoines possit* has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter upon himself. Some of his contemporaries however attributed it to Sir John Mordaunt, a wit of those times, among whose poems it is printed in a small poetical miscellany, intitled, "*Musarum delitiae*," or the *Muses recreation*, containing several pieces "of poetique wit, &c. 4*th* edition.—By Sir J. M. [Sir John Mordaunt] and Ja. S. [James Smith.] Lond. 1656, 12*mo*." — See *Wood's Athenæ*. II. 327, 318.] In that copy is prefixed an additional stanza, which probably was written by this Sir John Mordaunt, viz.

"But

ANCIENT POEMS. 327

*"But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase*

*"His money, which lately he spent-a,*

*"But his lost honour must lye still in the dust;*

*"At Barwick away it went-a."*

SIR John he got him an ambling nag,  
To Scotland for to ride-a,  
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,  
To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight 5  
With half so gay a bravada,  
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book,  
Hee'd have conquer'd a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see  
So gallant and warlike a fight-a, 10  
And as he pass'd by, they said with a sigh,  
Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spur'd on;  
His heart would not relent-a,  
For, till he came there, what had he to fear? 15  
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes  
Of him and all his troop-a:  
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,  
For joy did hollow, and whoop-a. 20  
Y 4 None



328      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,  
 Who took him for John de Wert-a;  
 But when there were shows of gunning and blows,  
 My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within fight,                      25  
 And all prepared to fight-a,  
 He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,  
 He swore he must needs goe sh\*te-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,  
 To quarter him in the van-a,                                      30  
 But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,  
 To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,  
 Some ten miles back, and more-a;  
 Where Sir John did play at trip and away,                      35  
 And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

*VER. 27. JOHN DE WERT was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called De Vert. See Bayle's Diet.*



ANCIENT POEMS.

10

23

35

Ver. 10. with woe-allaying therns. MS. *Thames* is here used for water in general.

XI.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING-CROSS.

*Charing-cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic abelisks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I. who built such a one wherever the horse of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection (which did honour to humanity), could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times: For, in 1642 it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not-unhumorous sarcasm, which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.*

*The plot referred to in ver. 17, was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king; for which two of them, Nath. Tomkins and Rich. Chaloner suffered death July 5, 1643. Vid. Ath. Ox. II. 24.*

UNDONE, undone the lawyers are,  
 They wander about the towne,  
 Nor can find the way to Westminster,  
 Now Charing-cross is downe:  
 At the end of the Strand, they make a stand,     5  
 Swearing they are at a loe,  
 And chaffing say, that's not the way,  
 They must go by Charing-cross.

The

The parliament to vote it down  
 Conceived it very fitting, 10  
 For fear it should fall, and kill them all,  
 In the house, as they were fitting.  
 They were told god-wot, it had a plot,  
 Which made them so hard-hearted,  
 To give command, it should not stand, 15  
 But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse  
For any thing I know,  
Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner,  
Were hang'd for long agoe.     ~  
Our parliament did that prevent,  
And wisely them defended,  
For plots they will discover fill,  
Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child,  
Will say, I'm confident,  
They ever heard it speak one word  
Against the parliament.  
An informer swore, it letters bore,  
Or else it had been freed;  
I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,  
It could neither write, nor read.

The

# ANCIENT POEMS. 333

The committee said, that verily  
 To popery it was bent;  
 For ought I know, it might be so, 33  
 For to church it never went.  
 What with excise, and such device,  
 The kingdom doth begin  
 To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,  
 Without doors nor within. 40

Methinks the common-council shou'd  
 Of it have taken pity,  
 'Cause, good old crosses, it always stood  
 So firmly to the city.  
 Since crosses you so much disdain, 45  
 Faith, if I were as you,  
 For fear the king should rule again,  
 I'd pull down Tiburn too.

\* \* Whitlocke says, "May 3, 1643, Cheap-side cross and  
 "other crosses were voted down," &c. — But this Vote  
 was not put in execution with regard to CHARING CROSS  
 till four years after, as appears from Lilly's Observations  
 on the Life, &c. of K. Charles, viz. "Charing-Cross, we  
 "know, was pulled down, 1647, in June, July, and  
 "August. Part of the Stones were converted to pave  
 "before Whitehall I have seen Knife-hafis made of  
 "some of the Stones, which, being well-polished, looked  
 "like marble." Ed. 1715, p. 18, 12mo.

See an Account of the pulling down Cheap-side Cross, in  
 the Supplement to Gent. Mag. 1764.

XII.  
LOYALTY CONFINED.

*This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Mémires of those that suffered with Henry 7. Charles 1." Lond. 1618, fol. p. 96. It speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who just even accepts in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name is however omitted, but, if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir JAMES DUFFIN—See his life in Lloyd's copy are corrected in the MS. in the Bodleian Library. See also "Hymns of Poetry, or a choice Collection of Songs and Poems, 1671," 12mo.*

**B**EAT on, proud billows; Boreas blow;  
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;  
Your incivility doth show,  
That innocence is tenfold proof;  
Though furly Neptune frown, my thoughts are calm; §  
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,  
A private closet is to me;  
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,  
And innocence my liberty; 10  
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,  
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite.

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 335

I, whilst I wish't to be retir'd,  
 Into this private room was turn'd;  
 As if their wisdoms had conspir'd 16  
 The salamander should be burn'd;  
 Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,  
 I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty;  
 The pelican her wilderiness; 20  
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be  
 Naked on frozen Caucasus:  
 Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see  
 Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm 25  
 I, as my mistress' favours, wear;  
 And for to keep my ancles warm,  
 I have some iron shackles there:  
 These walls are but my garrison; this cell,  
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel. 30

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,  
 Like some high-prized margarite,  
 Or, like the great mogul or pope,  
 Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:  
 Retiredness is a piece of majesty, 35  
 And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here



### 336    A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

Here sin for want of food must starve;  
 Where tempting objects are not seen;  
 And these strong walls do only serve  
     To keep vice out, and keep me in:                   40  
 Malice of late's grown charitable sure,  
 I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life \*,  
 Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,  
 By a malicious friendly knife                   45  
     Did only wound him to a cure:  
 Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant  
 Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,  
 Prosperity doth treason seem;                   50  
 And to make smooth so rough a path,  
     I can learn patience from him:  
 Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,  
 When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king                   55  
     Neither in person or in coin;  
 Yet contemplation is a thing  
     That renders what I have not, mine:

\* See this remarkable story in Cicero de Nat. Deorum, Lib. 3, c. 28.  
 Cic. de Offic. Lib. 1, c. 30; see also Val. Max. 1. 8.

ANCIENT POEMS. 337

My king from me what adamant can part,  
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart? 60

Have you not seen the nightingale,  
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,  
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale  
In that her narrow hermitage?  
Even then her charming melody doth prove, 65  
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine  
Thus to deprive of liberty;  
But though they do my corps confine,  
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free: 70  
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing  
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,  
Although my baser part's immew'd,  
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair  
T' accompany my solitude: 75  
Although rebellion do my body binde,  
My king alone can captivate my minde.

## XIII.

## VERSES BY K. CHARLES I.

"The prince, the liegier, did not confine himself to  
"poetry: bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy, said  
"to be written by Charles in Chesham castle [in 1648.]  
"I am sure it was not without art and harmonious, but there are  
"some passages in it, from good sense, and a strain of ma-  
"jesty, from Mr. Walsley's *Royal and Noble Authors*,  
vol. I.

In *Walsley's Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton*, p. 379,  
that bishop had preserved this elegy, which he tells us he  
had found in a letter, which waited on the king at the time  
when it was written and copied it out from the original.  
It is thus inscribed, "MAJESTY IN MISERY: OR  
"AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS."

We have remarked of these stanzas, "that the truth of  
"the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression,  
"renders them very pathetic." See his list. 1763, 410.  
Vol. I. pp. 437. 142. which is no bad comment upon them.  
—These are almost the only verses known of Charles's com-  
position. Indeed a little Poem ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE,  
printed in the Poetical Calendar, 1763, vol VIII. is attri-  
buted to K. CHARLES I; being reprinted from a thin book,  
published by Nohum Tate, called "Miscellaneous Sacred, or  
"Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects."

Great monarch of the world, from whose power springs  
The potency and power of kings,  
Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

ANCIENT POEMS. 339

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine  
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line, 5  
To track the treafons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,  
(The only root of righteous royaltie)  
With this dim diadem invell'd me :

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe, 10  
The holy unction, and the royal globe :  
Yet am I level'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread  
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,  
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread. 15

They raise a war, and christen it THE CAUSE,  
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,  
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws ;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,  
Revenge and robbery are reformation, 20  
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season  
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),  
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

340      A N C I E N T P O E M S.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,      25  
Pious episcopacy must go down,  
They will destroy the crozier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismatics are freed,  
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,  
The crown is crucified with the creed.      30

The church of England doth all factions foster,  
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,  
*Extempore* excludes the *Paternoster*.

The Presbyter, and Independent seed  
Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed 35  
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier:  
With such a bloody method and behaviour  
Their ancestors did crucify our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb      40  
So many princes legally have come,  
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,  
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:  
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.      45

With

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 341

With my own power my majesty they wound,  
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd :  
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant  
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt, 50  
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,  
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,  
If I will first fall down, and worship them !

But for refusal they devour my thrones, 55  
Distress my children, and destroy my bones ;  
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,  
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,  
To prove the king a traitor to the state. 60

Felons obtain more privilege than I,  
They are allow'd to answer ere they die ;  
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo 65  
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to  
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their lord are so disjointed,  
 As to condemn those edicts he appointed,  
 How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,                      70  
 Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,  
 Yet, though we perish, BLESS THIS CHURCH and STATE.

## XIV.

## THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSEHOLD-STUFF.

*This sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty, is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Peijs collection, corrected by two others, one of which is preserved in "A choice collection of 120 loyal songs, &c." 1684, 12mo.—To the time of Old Simon the king.*

REbellion hath broken up house,  
 And hath left me old lumber to sell;  
 Come hither, and take your choice,  
 I'll promise to use you well:  
 Will you buy the old speaker's chair?  
 Which was warm and easie to sit in,  
 And oft hath been clean'd I declare,  
 When as it was fouler than fitting.  
 Says old Simon the king, &c.

5

Will

ANCIENT POEMS. 343

Will you buy any bacon-flitches, 10

The fattest, that ever were spent ?

They're the sides of the old committees,

Fed up in the long parliament.

Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs,

And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um ; 15

They are made of the presbyters lungs,

To blow up the coals of rebellion.

Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once

To some black-smith for his forge ; 20

But now I have considered on't,

They are consecrate to the church :

So I'll give them unto some quire,

They will make the big organs roar,

And the little pipes to squeake higher, 25

Than ever they could before.

Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,

One's square, and t'other is round ;

Betwixt them both the tail 30

Of the Rump fell down to the ground.

Will you buy the states council-table,

Which was made of the good wain Scot ?

The frame was a tottering Babel

To uphold the Independent plot. 35

Says old Simon, &c.

Z 4

Here's



ANCIENT POEMS.

Here's the beefom of Reformation,  
Which should have made clean the floor,  
But it swept the wealth out of the nation,  
And left us dirt good fore. 40  
Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,  
Which spun for the ropers trade ?  
But better it had stood still,  
For now it has spun a fair thread.  
Says old Simon, &c. 45

Here's a glyster-pipe well try'd,  
Which was made of a butcher's stump \*,  
And has been safely apply'd,  
To cure the colds of the rump.  
Here's a lump of Pilgrims-Salve, 50  
Which once was a justice of peace,  
Who Noll and the Devil did serve ;  
But now it is come to this,  
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the states tobacco, 55  
If any good fellow will take it ;  
No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,  
And I'll tell you how they did make it :

\* Alluding probably to Major-General Harrison a butcher's son, who assisted Cromwell in turning out the long parliament, April 20, 1653.

'Tis

ANCIENT POEMS. 345

'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt  
Up with the Abjuration oath ; 60  
And many of them, that have took't,  
Complain it was foul in the mouth.  
Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve  
To cure the scab of the nation, 65  
Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve  
To Rebellion by innovation.  
A Lanthorn here is to be bought,  
' The like was scarce ever gotten,  
For many plots it has found out 70  
Before they ever were thought on.  
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the RUMP's great saddle,  
With which it jocky'd the nation ?  
And here is the bitt, and the bridle, 75  
And curb of Dissimulation :  
And here's the trunk-hose of the RUMP,  
And their fair dissembling cloak,  
And a Presbyterian jump,  
With an Independent smock. 80  
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd,  
Which serv'd the high-court of justice,  
And stretch'd until England it mourn'd :  
But Hell will buy that if the worst is. 85  
Here's,

346      A N C I E N T P O E M S.

Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub,  
 Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,  
 With which old Noll's horns she did rub,  
 When he was got drunk with false bumpers.  
 Says old Simon, &c. 99

Here's the purse of the public faith;  
 Here's the model of the Sequenation,  
 When the old wives upon their good faith,  
 Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.  
 Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship, 95  
 And here are Lambert's commissions,  
 And here is Hugh Peters his scrip  
 Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.  
 Says old Simon, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels, 105  
 And here are his dray, and his flings;  
 Here are Howson's awl, and his bristles;  
 With diverse other odd things:  
 And what is the price doth belong  
 To all these matters before ye? 105  
 I'll tell you all for an old song,  
 And so I do end my story.  
 Says old Simon, &c.

*Ver. 99.* The tub is not now gone to Cromwell's tub, but to the Rumpers, the commonwealthers. It was the tub in which the old wives put their commissions on the Protector's behalf. See *Gov. Moryson's Works*, vol. 2, p. 124.

*Ver. 100.* See *Gov. Moryson's Works*, Part 2, lib. 2, p. 124, &c.

*Ver. 102.* Cromwell had in his younger years followed the herring trade at Huntingdon. Col. Howson is said to have been originally a cooper.

XV.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, OR LADY'S POLICY,

*Given (with some corrections) from a MS. copy, and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepys collection.*

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,  
 A riding along the way, fir;  
 And there he met with a lady fine,  
 Among the cocks of hay, fir.

Shall you and I, O lady faire, 5  
 Among the grafs lye down-a:  
 And I will have a special care  
 Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

Upon the grafs there is a dewe,  
 Will spoil my damask gowne, fir: 10  
 My gowne, and kirtle they are newe,  
 And cost me many a crowne, fir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red,  
 Upon the ground I'll thröwe it;  
 Then, lady faire, come lay thy head; 15  
 We'll play, and none shall knowe it.

O yonder

348      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

O yonder stands my steed so free  
     Among the cocks of hay, sir;  
 And if the pinner should chance to see,  
     He'll take my steed away, sir.      20

Upon my finger I have a ring,  
     Its made of finest gold-a;  
 And, lady, it thy steed shall bring  
     Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall;      25  
     Fair chambers there are three, sir:  
 And you shall have the best of all,  
     And I'll your chamberlaine bee, sir:

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,  
     And her on her dapple gray, sir:      30  
 And there they rode to her father's hall,  
     Fast pricking along the way, sir.

To her father's hall they arrived strait;  
     'Twas moated round about-a;  
 She slipped herself within the gate,      35  
     And lockt the knight without-a.

Here is a silver penny to spend,  
     And take it for your pain, sir;  
 And two of my father's men I'll send  
     To wait on you back again, sir.      40  
     5      He

ANCIENT POEMS. 349

He from his scabbard drew his brand,  
And wiped it upon his sleeve-a:  
And cursed, he said, be every man,  
That will a maid believe-a!

She drew a bodkin from her haire,  
And whip'd it upon her gown-a;  
And curs'd be every maiden faire,  
That will with men lye down-a!

A herb there is, that lowly grows,  
And some do call it rue, fir:  
The smallest dunghill cock that crows,  
Would make a capon of you, fir.

A flower there is, that shineth bright,  
Some call it mary-gold-a:  
He that wold not when he might,  
He shall not when he wold-a.

The knight was riding another day,  
With cloak and hat and feather:  
He met again with that lady gay,  
Who was angling in the river.

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,  
You shall no more escape me;  
Remember, how not long agoe  
You falsely did intrap me.

The



ANCIENT POEMS. 351

Now, fare-you-well, sir knight, adieu!  
 You see what comes of fooling:  
 That is the fittest place for you;  
 Your courage wanted cooling.

Ere many days, in her fathers park,  
 Just at the close of eve-a,  
 Again she met with her angry sparke;  
 Which made this lady grieve-a. 95

Falle lady, here thou'rt in my my powre,  
 And no one now can hear thee:  
 And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,  
 That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me. 100

I pray, sir knight, be not so warm  
 With a young silly maid-a:  
 I vow and Iwear I thought no harm,  
 'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.

A gentle jest, in soothe! he cry'd,  
 To tumble me in and leave me:  
 What if I had in the river dy'd?—  
 That fetch will not deceive me. 105

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,  
 Tho' injur'd out of measure;  
 But then prepare without delay  
 To yield thee to my pleasure. 110

Well



352      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

We'll then, if I muſt grant your ſuit,  
 Yet think of your boots and ſpurs, ſir :  
 Let me pull off both ſpur and boot,      115  
 Or elſe you cannot ſtir, ſir.

He ſet him down upon the graſs,  
 And begg'd her kind aſſiſtance :  
 Now, ſmiling thought this lovely laſs,  
 I'll make you keep your diſtance.      120

Then pulling off his boots half-way ;  
 Sir knight, now I'm your betters :  
 You ſhall not make of me your prey ;  
 Sit there like a knave in fetters.

The knight when ſhe had ſerved ſoe,      125  
 He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled :  
 For he could neither ſtand nor goe,  
 But like a cripple tumbled.

Farewell, ſir knight, the clock ſtrikes ten,  
 Yet do not move nor ſtir, ſir :      130  
 I'll ſend you my father's ſerving men,  
 To pull off your boots and ſpurs, ſir.

This merry jeſt you muſt excuſe,  
 You are but a ſingleſ nettle :  
 You'd never have ſtood for boots or ſhoes,      135  
 Had you been a man of mettle.      All

ANCIENT POEMS. 353

All night in grievous rage he lay,  
 Rolling upon the plain-a ;  
 Next morning a shepherd past that way,  
 Who set him right again-a. 140

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,  
 By hill and dale he swore-a :  
 I'll ride at once to her father's hall ;  
 She shall escape no more-a.

I'll take her father by the beard, 145  
 I'll challenge all her kindred ;  
 Each dastard soul shall stand afeard ;  
 My wrath shall no more be hindred.

He rode unto her father's house,  
 Which every side was moated : 150  
 The lady heard his furious vows,  
 And all his vengeance noted.

Thought shee, sir knight, to quench your rage,  
 Once more I will endeavour :  
 This water shall your fury 'twage, 155  
 Or else it shall burn for ever.

Then faining penitence and feare,  
 She did invite a parley :  
 Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,  
 Henceforth I'll love you dearly. 160  
 Vol. II. A a My

354      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

My father he is now from home,  
And I am all alone, fir:  
Therefore a-crofs the water come;  
And I am all your own, fir.

Falfe maid, thou canst no more deceive;      165  
I scorn the treacherous bait-a:  
If thou would'it have me thee believe,  
Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,  
My father he has the keys, fir.      170  
But I have for my love prepar'd  
A shorter way and easier.

Over the moate I've laid a plank  
Full seventeen feet in meafure;  
Then ftep a-crofs to the other bank,      175  
And there we'll take our pleafure.

These words fhe had no fooner fpoke,  
But itrait he came tripping over:  
The plank was faw'd, it snapping broke;  
And fous'd the unhappy lover.      180

\* \* \*

XVI.

WHY SO PALE?

*From Sir John Suckling's Poems. This sprightly knight was born in 1613, and cut off by a fever about the 29th year of his age. See above, Song IX. of this Book.*

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prethee, why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prethee why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 Prethee why so mute?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing doe't?  
 Prethee why so mute? 10

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,  
 This cannot take her;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her.  
 The devil take her! 15

## XVII.

## OLD TOM OF BEDLAM.

## MAD SONG THE FIRST.

*It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours. Whether there be any truth in the insinuation, that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or that our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers; we certainly do not find the same in the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c.*

*Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen MAD SONGS for these volumes. The three first are originals in their respective kinds; the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at considerable intervals of time; but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar subject—as the contest of so many rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulysses. The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last century—the third about the middle of it; the fourth and sixth towards the end; and the fifth within this present century.*

*This is given from the Editor's folio MS compared with two or three old printed copies—With regard to the author of this old rhapsody, in Walton's Compleat Angler, cap. 3, is*  
a song

ANCIENT POEMS. 357

\* song in praise of angling, which the author says was made at his request "by Mr. WILLIAM BASSE, one that has "made the choice songs of the HUNTER IN HIS CAREER, "and of TOM OF BEDLAM, and many others of note," p. 81. See Sir JOHN HAWKINS'S curious Edition, 8vo. of that excellent old Book.

FORTH from my sad and darksome cell,  
Or from the deepe abyffe of hell,  
Mad Tom is come into the world againe  
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule; 5  
Harke, howe the angrie Fureys houle!  
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd  
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day  
To seeke my straggling senses, 10  
In an angrie moode I mett old Time,  
With his peniarchye of tenfes:

When me he spyed,  
Away he hyed,  
For time will stay for no man: 15  
In vaine with cryes  
I rent the skyes,  
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortles I lye:  
Helpe, oh helpe! or else I dye! 20  
Harke!  
A a 3

358      A N C I E N T   P O E M S ,

Hark! I heare Apollo's teame,  
     The carman 'gins to whistle;  
 Chast Diana bends her bowe,  
     The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,      25  
 To knocke off my troublefome shackles;  
 Bid Charles make ready his waine  
 To fetch me my senses againe.

    Last night I heard the dog-star bark;  
 Mars met Venus in the darke;      30  
 Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,  
 And furiouslie made at the god of war:

    Mars with his weapon laid about,  
 But Vulcan's temples had the gout,  
 For his broad horns did so hang in his light,      35  
 He could not see to aim his blowes aright:

Mercurye the nimble post of heaven,  
     Stood still to see the quarrell;  
 Gorrel-bellied Bacchus, gyant-like,  
     Besfryd a strong-beere barrell.      40

    To mee he dranke,  
     I did him thanke,  
 But I could get no cyder;

He

ANCIENT POEMS. 359

He dranke whole butts  
Till he burst his gutts, . 45  
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye:  
A litle drinke for charitye!

Harke, I hear Acteon's horne!  
The huntmen whoop and hallowe: 50  
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,  
All the chafe do followe.

The man in the moone drinke clarret,  
Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,  
But a cup of old Malaga sack 55  
Will fire the buthe at his backe.

XVIII.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,

MAD SONG THE SECOND,

*—was written about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the 3d edition of his Poems, 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS.*

A a 4

AM





ANCIENT POEMS. 361

Take off this chain,  
Neither Rome nor Spain  
Can relist my strong invasion.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the beast's ten horns (God blest us!) 35  
I have knock'd off three already ;  
If they let me alone  
I'll leave him none :  
But they say I am too heady.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city, 30  
I met the great red dragon ;  
I kept him aloof  
With the armour of proof,  
Though here I have never a rag on.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target, 35  
There fought I with this monster :  
But the sons of pride  
My zeal deride,  
And all my deeds misconfer.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel, 40  
With the lance of Inspiration ;  
I made

I made her stink,  
And spill the drink  
In her cup of abomination,  
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision 45  
With a flying book \* between them.  
I have seen in despair  
Five times in a year,  
And been cur'd by reading Greenham †.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkin's tables ‡ 50  
The black line of damnation ;  
Those crooked veins  
So stuck in my brains,  
That I fear'd my reprobation,  
Boldly I preach, &c.

\* Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zeeb. ch. v. ver. 1; or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one Coppe, a pious enthusiast, whose life may be seen in Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* II. p. 20. . . . He was author of a book, intitled, "The Fery Flying Rebel;" and afterwards published a *Recreation*, part of whose title is, "Th' Ever Flying Rell's Wings clapt," &c.

† See Greenham's Works, fol. 160g, particularly the tract intitled, "A Jewel of Comfort for an afflicted Conscience."

‡ See Perkin's Works, fol. 1616, Vol. I. p. 11; where is a large half-sheet folded, containing, "A survey, or table, declaring the order of the causes of salvation and damnation, &c." the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.

ANCIENT POEMS. 363

In the holy tongue of Canaan 55  
 I plac'd my chieftest pleasure:  
     Till I prick'd my foot  
     With an Hebrew root,  
 That I bled beyond all measure.  
     Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the archbishop \*, 60  
 And all the high commission;  
     I gave him no grace,  
     But told him to his face,  
 That he favour'd superstition.  
     Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,  
     Mitres, copes, and rochets: 66  
     Come hear me pray nine times a day,  
     And fill your heads with crotchets,

\* *Abp. Laud.*

## XIX.

## THE LUNATIC LOVER,

MAD SONG THE THIRD,

*—The first two songs are printed by Mr. F. M. Johnson, in the  
complete edition of the Poetical Works, 1801, and are not  
found in the original.*

GRIM king of the ghosts, make haste,  
And bring hither all your train ;  
See how the pale moon does wattle,  
And just now is in the wane.  
Come, you witch-hags, with all your charms, 5  
And reverse of witches away,  
And hug me close in your arms ;  
To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,  
Since love does distract my brain : 10  
I'll go, I'll wed the night-mare,  
And kiss her, and kiss her again :

ANCIENT POEMS. 365

But if she prove peevish and proud,  
 Then, a pife on her love! let her go;  
 I'll seek me a winding shroud, . 15  
 And down to the shades below,

A lunacy sad I endure,  
 Since reason departs away;  
 I call to those hags for a cure  
 As knowing not what I say. 20  
 The beauty, whom I do adore,  
 Now flights me with scorn and disdain;  
 I never shall see her more:  
 Ah! how shall I bear my pain!

I ramble, and range about 25  
 To find out my charming saint;  
 While she at my grief does flout,  
 And smiles at my loud complaint.  
 Distraction I see is my doom,  
 Of this I am now too sure; 30  
 A rival is got in my room,  
 While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,  
 While wandering in despair,  
 I am to the desarts lead, 35  
 Expecting to find her there.

Methinks

ANCIENT POEMS.

40

45

50

60

Tc

ANCIENT POEMS. 367

To the elysian shades I post  
 In hopes to be freed from care,  
 Where many a bleeding ghost  
 Is hovering in the air.

XX.

THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE,

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

—was originally sung in one of TOM D'URFEE'S comedies of *Don Quixote* acted in 1694 and 1696; and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty Mad-woman as 1. suddenly mad: 2. mirthfully mad: 3. melancholy mad: 4. fantastically mad: and 5. stark mad. Both this, and Num. XXII. are printed from Dufey's "Pills to purge Melancholy," 1719, vol. I.

FROM roſie bowers, where ſleeps the god of love,  
 Hither ye little wanton cupids fly;  
 Teach me in ſoft melodious ſtrains to move  
 With tender paſſion my heart's darling joy:  
 Ah! let the ſoul of muſick tune my voice, §  
 To win dear Strephon, who my ſoul enjoys.

Or,



Or, if more influencing  
Is to be brisk and airy,  
With a step and a bound,  
With a frisk from the ground,  
I'll trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing  
 Were three celestial bodies :  
 With an air, and a face,  
 And a shape, and a grace, 15  
 I'll charm, like beauty's goddess.

Ah ! 'tis in vain ! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain !  
 Death and despair must end the fatal pain :  
 Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,  
 Falls on my breast ; bleak winds in tempests blow ; 20  
 My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow :  
 My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,  
 And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,  
Shall I thaw myself, and drown  
Among the foaming billows ?  
Increasing all with tears I shed,  
On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows,  
Lay down, lay down my lovesick head ?

No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad, 3  
That soon my heart will warm;

Whe

ANCIENT POEMS. 369

When once the sense is fled, is fled,  
 Love has no power to charm.  
 Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,  
 Robes, locks——shall thus——be tore! 35  
 A thousand, thousand times I'll dye  
 Ere thus, thus, in vain,——ere thus in vain adore,

XXI.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH,

—was written by HENRY CAREY, a celebrated composer of Music at the beginning of this century, and author of several little Theatrical Entertainments, which the reader may find enumerated in the "Companion to the Play-house," &c. The sprightliness of this Songster's fancy could not preserve him from a very melancholy catastrophe, which was effected by his own hand. In his POEMS, &c. Lond. 1712, may be seen another Mad-Song of this author, beginning thus:

"Gods! I can never this endure,  
 "Death alone must be my cure," &c.

I Go to the Elysian shade,  
 Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me;  
 Where nothing shall my rest invade,  
 But joy shall still surround me.

VOL. II.

B b

I fly



# ANCIENT POEMS. 371

And grumbling, and growling  
Strike the ear with horrid woe. 30

Hissing snakes,  
Fiery licks  
Would be a pleasure, and a cure:  
Not all the hells,  
Where Pluto dwells, 35  
Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,  
On a mossy carpet lay me,  
Fan me with ambrosial breeze,  
Let me die, and so have ease! 40

## XXII.

### THE FRANTIC LADY,

#### MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

*This, like Num. XX. was originally sung in one of D'URFEY's Comedies of Don Quixote, (first acted about the year 1694) and was probably composed by that popular Songster who died Feb. 26 1727.*

*This is printed in the "Harv, a Collection of Songs," 4 vols. 1721, 1720. where may be found two or three other MAD SONGS, not admitted into these Volumes.*

B b 2

I Burn,

372. ANCIENT POEM 3.

**I** Burn, my brain consumes to ashes!  
 Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes!  
 Within my breast there glows a solid fire,  
 Which in a thousand ages can't expire!

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler! 5  
 Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither,  
 'Tis sultry weather,  
 Pour them all on my soul,  
 It will hiss like a coal,  
 But be never the cooler. 10

'Twas pride hot as hell,  
 That first made me rebell,  
 From love's awful throne a curst anger I fell;  
 And mourn now my fate,  
 Which myself did create: 15  
 Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well!

Adieu! ye vain transporting joys!  
 Off ye vain fantastic toys!  
 That dress this face—this body—to allure!  
 Bring me daggers, poison, fire! 20  
 Since scorn is turn'd into desire.  
 All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I, endure.

XXIII.

LILLI BURLERO.

*The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes, or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer.*

*"A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the  
"Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner,  
"which had a burden said to be Irish words, "Lero, lero,  
"liliburlero," that made an impression on the [king's] army,  
"that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The  
"whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country,  
"were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so  
"small a thing so great an effect." Burnet.*

*It was written, or at least republished, on the earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland in October, 1688. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention, that General Richard Talbot, n. l. created earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by K. James II. to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his bigotted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violence of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in bishop King's "State of the Protestants in Ireland," 1691, 4to.*

*LILLI BURLERO and BULLEN-A-LAH are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.*

**H**O! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?  
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Dat we shall have a new deputie,

Lilli bu lero bullen a-la.

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la, 5

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:

Lilli, &c.

And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.

Lilli, &c. 10

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,

Lilli, &c.

De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what.

Lilli, &c.

But if dispence do come from de pope, 15

Lilli, &c.

We'll hang Migna Charta, and dem in a rope.

Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,

Lilli, &c. 20

And wih t rave lads is coming aboard:

Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a sware,

Lilli, &c.

*Ver. 7. Ho by my shoul. *al. ed.**

Dat

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 375

Dat dey will have no protestant heir. 35  
Lilli, &c.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?  
Lilli, &c.  
Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.  
Lilli, &c. 39

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,  
Lilli, &c.  
And we shall have commissions gillore.  
Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mafs, 35  
Lilli, &c.  
Shall be turn out, and look like an afs.  
Lilli, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,  
Lilli, &c. 40  
By Christ and shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.  
Lilli, &c.

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,  
Lilli, &c.  
"Ireland shall be rul'd by an afs, and a dog." 45  
Lilli, &c.

*Ver. 43. What follows is not in some copies.*

B b 4

And





ANCIENT POEMS. 377

*B.* Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride? 5

Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

*A.* I gat her where I dare na weel be seen,  
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,  
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow; 10  
Nor let thy heart lament to leive  
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

*B.* Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?  
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?  
And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen 15  
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

*A.* Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,  
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;  
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen  
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow. 20

For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear,  
Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow;  
And I hae slain the comliest swain  
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid? 25  
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?  
And why yon melancholious weids  
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

378      A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?  
 What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!    30  
 O 'tis he the comely swain I flew  
 Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,  
 His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;  
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,        35  
 And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,  
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;  
 And weep around in wae'ful wife  
 His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.    40

Curse ye, curse ye, his usefess, usefess shield,  
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,  
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,  
 His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luvè?    45  
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow  
 Too rashly bauld a stronger arm  
 Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows  
 the grafs,  
 Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,        50  
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flow,

# ANCIENT POEMS. 379

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,  
 As green its grafs, its gowan as yellow,  
 As sweet firells on its braes the birk, 55  
 The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luv, fair fair indeed thy luv,  
 In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;  
 Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again  
 Than me he never luv'd thee better. 60

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
 Busk ye, and luv me on the banks of Tweed,  
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride? 65  
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?  
 How luv him upon the banks of Tweed,  
 That slew my luv on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,  
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover, 70  
 For there was basely slain my luv,  
 My luv, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:  
 Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd 75  
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The

380.    A N C I E N T   P O E M S.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,  
     Unheedful of my dule and sorrow :  
 But ere the toofall of the night  
     He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.    80

Much I rejoyc'd that wae'ful wae'ful day ;  
     I sang, my voice the woods returning :  
 But lang ere night the spear was flown,  
     That slew my luvie, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,    85  
     But with his cruel rage pursue me ?  
 My luvie's blood is on thy spear,  
     How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me ?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud  
     With cruel, and ungentle scoldin',    90  
 May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes  
     My luvie nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,  
     And strive with threarning words to muve me :  
 My luvie's blood is on thy spear,    95  
     How canst thou ever bid me luvie thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvie,  
     With bridal sheets my body cover,  
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
     Let in the expected husband lover.    100  
     But

ANCIENT POEMS. 381

But who the expected husband husband is?  
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:  
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon  
 Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down, 10  
 O lay his cold head on my pillow;  
 Take off, take off these bridal weeds,  
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,  
 O could my warmth to life restore thee! 110  
 Yet lye all night between my breasts,  
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,  
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,  
 And lye all night between my breasts, 115  
 No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful Bride,  
 Return and dry thy useles sorrow:  
 Thy lover heeds none of thy sighs,  
 He lyes a corps in the Bracs of Yarrow. 120

XXV.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST,

—was a Party Song rewritten by the ingenious author of *LEONIDAS*\*, on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon Nov. 22, 1739.—The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April 727, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or should they presume to come out to seize and carry them into England; he accordingly arrived at the Bistimienos near Porto Bello, but being employed rather to overawe than to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interest to go to war, he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Cartagena, and remained cruising in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the disease of that unhealthy climate. This brave man seeing his best officers and men thus daily sweep away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. Such is the account of Smollett, compared with that of other less partial writers.

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

AS near Porto-Bello lying  
On the gently swelling flood,  
At midnight with streamers flying  
Our triumphant navy rode;

\* An ingenious Correspondent informs the Editor, that this *Callad* hath been also attributed to the late Lord Bath.

There

# ANCIENT POEMS. 383

There while Vernon fate all-glorious  
 From the Spaniards' late defeat :  
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,  
 Drank success to England's fleet :

On a sudden shrilly founding,  
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;  
 Then each heart with fear confounding,  
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,  
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,  
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,  
 And with looks by sorrow clouded  
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,  
 When the shade of Hoſier brave  
 His pale bands was seen to muster  
 Rising from their watry grave.  
 O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,  
 Where the Burford \* rear'd her sail,  
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,  
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed our fatal story,  
 I am Hoſier's injur'd ghost,  
 You, who now have purchas'd glory,  
 At this place where I was lost !

\* *Admiral Vernon's Ship.*

z

Tho'



384      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin  
     You now triumph free from fears,                      33  
 When you think on our undoing,  
     You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping  
     Ghastly o'er this hated wave,  
 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;              35  
     These were English captains brave.  
 Mark those numbers pale and horrid,  
     Those were once my sailors bold:  
 Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,  
     While his dismal tale is told.                      40

I, by twenty, sail attended,  
     Did this Spanish town affright;  
 Nothing then its wealth defended  
     But my orders not to fight.  
 Oh! that in this rolling ocean                      45  
     I had cast them with disdain,  
 And obey'd my heart's warm motion  
     To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,  
     But with twenty ships had done                      50  
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,  
     Hast achiev'd with six alone.

Then

ANCIENT POEMS. 385

Then the bastimentos never  
 Had our foul dishonour seen,  
 Nor the sea the sad receiver 55  
 Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,  
 And her galleons leading home,  
 Though condemn'd for disobeying,  
 I had met a traitor's doom, 60  
 To have fallen, my country crying  
 He has play'd an English part,  
 Had been better far than dying  
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory, 65  
 Thy successful arms we hail;  
 But remember our sad story,  
 And let Hoffer's wrongs prevail.  
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,  
 Think what thousands fell in vain, 70  
 Wasted with disease and anguish,  
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending  
 From their oozy tombs below,  
 Thro' the hoary foam ascending, 75  
 Here I feed my constant woe:

386      ANCIENT POEMS.

Here the bastimentos viewing,  
We recal our shameful doom,  
And our plaintive cries renewing,  
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.      80

O'er these waves for ever mourning  
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,  
If to Britain's shores returning  
You neglect my just request;  
After this proud foe subduing,      85  
When your patriot friends you see,  
Think on vengeance for my ruin,  
And for England sham'd in me.

XXVI.

JEMMY DAWSON.

JAMES DAWSON was one of the Manchester rebels, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in the county of Surrey, July 30, 1746.—This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by the late WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; soon after the event, and has been printed amongst his posthumous works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS. which contained some small variations from that printed copy.

COME

ANCIENT POEMS. 387

COME listen to my mournful tale,  
 Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;  
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,  
 Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid, 5  
 Do thou a pensive ear incline;  
 For thou canst weep at every woe,  
 And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,  
 A brighter never trod the plain; 10  
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,  
 And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,  
 Of gentle blood the damsel came,  
 And faultless was her beauteous form, 15  
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,  
 That led the faithful youth astray  
 The day the rebel clans appear'd:  
 O had he never seen that day! 20

Their colours and their sash he wore,  
 And in the fatal dress was found;  
 And now he must that death endure,  
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,      25  
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear !  
 For never yet did Alpine snows  
 So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,  
 Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,      30  
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,  
 For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,  
 And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,  
 O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee      35  
 My onions should never close.

The gracious prince that gives him life  
 Would crown a never-dying flame,  
 And every tender babe I bore  
 Should learn to lip the giver's name.      40

But though, dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd  
 To yonder ignominious tree,  
 Thou shalt not want a faithful friend  
 To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,      45  
 The sledge mov'd slowly on before ;  
 Tho' borne in a triumphal car,  
 She had not lov'd her favourite more.      She

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 389

She followed him, prepar'd to view  
The terrible befalls of law; 50  
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes  
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Disorted was that blooming face,  
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;  
And stifled was that tuneful breath, 55  
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,  
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;  
And mangled was that beauteous breast,  
On which her love-sick head repos'd: 60

And ravish'd was that constant heart,  
She did to every heart prefer;  
For tho' it could his king forget,  
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames 65  
She bore this constant heart to see;  
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,  
Now, now, she cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show  
The pure and lasting love I bore: 70  
Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,  
And let us, let us weep no more.

390      A N C I E N T   P O E M S .

The dismal scene was o'er and past,  
 The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;  
 The maid drew back her languid head,                      75  
 And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,  
 The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;  
 For seldom shall she hear a tale                      80  
 So sad, so tender, and so true.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

A . G L O S .

# A GLOSSARY

## OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN

### VOLUME THE SECOND.

*Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.*

## A

**A** Deid of nicht, *s. in dead of night.*  
 Abovenous, *above us.*  
 Advoutry, Advouterous, adulter, adulterous.  
 Aff, *s. off.*  
 Ahie, *ought.*  
 Aith, *s. oath.*  
 Al, *p. 5, albeit, although.*  
 Alemaigne, *f. Germany.*  
 Alyes, *p. 28, probably corrupted for algates, always.*  
 Ancient, *a flag, banner.*  
 Angel, *a gold coin worth 10s.*  
 Avit, *and.*  
 Aplixt, *p. 10, al aplylt, quite complet.*  
 Argabutte, barguthuffe, *an old-fashioned kind of musket.*

Afe, *as.*Attewre, *s. out over, over and above.*Azein, *agein, against.*Azont the ingle, *s. p. 61, beyond the fire. The fire was in the middle of the room\*.*

## B.

Bairded, *s. bearded.*Bairn, *s. child.*Bale, *evil, mischief, misery.*Balow, *s. a nursery term, bust! hushy! &c.*Ban, *curse, banning, cursing.*Batties, *heavy sickness, claustr.*Bayard, *a noted bold horse in the old romances. The barge or warren, the four sons of Aymon rode, is*

\* In the west of Scotland, at this present time, in many cottages, they pile their peats and turfs upon stones in the middle of the room. There is a hole above the fire in the ridge of the house to let the smoke out at. In some places are cottage-houses, from the front of which a very wide chimney projects like a bow-window: the fire is in a grate, like a malt-kiln grate, round which the people sit: sometimes they draw this grate into the middle of the room. (MR. LAMB.)



- called Bayard *Montalhon*, by Skelton in his "*Phillip Sparrow*."
- Be**, s. *by*, *Be that, by that time*.
- Bearn**, *hair*, s. *child*: also *human creature*.
- Bed**, p. 9, *bade*.
- Bede**, p. 17, *offer, engage*.
- Befall**, p. 72, *befallen*.
- Before**, s. *before*.
- Be-live**, *immediately, presently*.
- Ben**, s. *within, the inner-room*, p. 62 \*.
- Ben**, p. 11, *be, are*.
- Bene**, p. 12, *bean*, an expression of contempt.
- Benth**, p. 7, *be, are*.
- Be the wrys**, p. 7, *have the prize*.
- Berys**, *biarab*.
- Besprent**, *besprinkled*.
- Bested**, p. 275, *abode*.
- Bewraies**, *discovers, betrays*.
- Bet**, *better. Bett, did beat*.
- Bi mi leauté**, *by my loyalty, banish*.
- Birk**, s. *birch-tree*.
- Blan**, *blanne, d.d, blin, i. e. lingers, stop*.
- Blec**, *complexion*.
- Blent**, p. 144, *ceased*.
- Bliok**, s. *a glimpse of light: the sudden light of a candle seen in the night at a distance*.
- Boist**, *boisteris, s. boist, boasters*.
- Bollys**, p. 17, *bowls*.
- Bonny**, s. *handsome, comely*.
- Boote**, *gain, advantage*.
- Bot**, s. *but: sometimes it seems used for 'bott', or 'bodes', 'more-over'*.
- Bot**, s. *without. Bot dreid, without dread, i. e. certainly*.
- Bougils**, s. *bagle horns*.
- Bowne**, *ready*.
- Braes of Yarrow**, s. *the billies banks of the river Yarrow*.
- Brade**, *braid*, s. *broad*.
- Braiffy**, s. *bravely*.
- Braw**, s. *brave*.
- Brayd**, s. *arise, hasten*.
- Brayd attowre the bent**, s. *hasted over the field*.
- Brede**, *bradeb. Se Chauc.*
- Brenand drake**, p. 15, *may perhaps be the same as a fire-drake, or fiery serpent, a meteor or fire-work so called: Here it seems to signify "burning embers, or fire-brands."*
- Brimme**, *public, universally known*, A. S. *bryme, idem*.
- Brouk her with winne**, *enjoy her with pleasure*, p. 16, A. S. *brok*.
- Brouch**, *an ornamental trinket: a stone-buckle for a woman's breast, &c. Vid. Broochie, Gloss. Vol. III.*
- Brozt**, *brought*.
- Buen**, *bueth, been, be, are*.
- Buik**, s. *book*.
- Burgens**, *bud, young floats*.
- Burk ye**, s. *dress ye*.
- But**, *without, but let, without bind-ance*.
- Bute**, s. *boot, advantage, good*.
- Butt**, s. *cut, the outer room*.

\* "BUT O' house" means the outer part of the house, outer-room; viz that part of the house into which you first enter, suppose, from the street. "BEN O' house," is the inner-room, or more retired part of the house.—The daughter did not lie out of doors.—The cutagers often desire their landlords to build them a BUT, and a BEN. (Vid. Gloss. to Vol. III.) MR. LANGE.

C. Cadgilly,

## C.

Cadgily, *s. merrily, cheerfully.*  
 Caliver, *a kind of musket.*  
 Can cutesye, *know, understand good manners.*  
 Canines, *p. 21, wooden cups, bowls.*  
 Cantabanqui, *Irish ballad-singers, singers on benches.*  
 Cany, *s. cheerful, chatty.*  
 Cantles, *pieces, corners.*  
 Capnly, *a poor horse.*  
 Carle, *churl, clown. It is also used in the North for a strong baile of a man.*  
 Carline, *s. the feminine of Carle.*  
 Carpo, *to speak, recite; also, to converse.*  
 Carping, *reciting.*  
 Chayme, *p. 65, Cain.*  
 Che, (*Somerset dialect.*) *I.*  
 Cheis, *s. choose.*  
 Cheefe, *p. 21, the upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry.*  
 Chilli, (*Som. dial.*) *I will.*  
 Chould, (*ditto.*) *I would.*  
 Chylded, *brought forth, was delivered.*  
 Chylder, *children, children's.*  
 Clattered, *beat so as to rattle.*  
 Cleady, *s. clad, cloth.*  
 Clanking, *clinking, jingling.*  
 Clope, *call.*  
 Cohorted, *incited, exhorted.*  
 Cokeney, *p. 24, seems to be a diminutive for Cook; from the Latin Coquinator, or Coquinarius. The meaning seems to be, that "Every Five and Five" had a Cook or Scullion to attend "them." Chaucer's Cant. Tales, 8110 Vol. IV. p. 253.*  
 Cold rost, (*a phrse*) *nothing to the purpose.*  
 Com, *p. 8, came.*  
 Con, can, gan, *began. Germ.*

Con spruge (*a phrase*) *sprung,*  
 Con fare, *went, passed.*  
 Coote, *p. 251, (note) coat.*  
 Cop, *bead, the top of anything. Sax.*  
 Cost, *costs, fide.*  
 Cotydallye, *daily, every day.*  
 Coverise, *covetousness.*  
 Could hear, *a phrase for bare.*  
 Could creip, *s. crept.* Could say, *said.* Could weip, *s. wept.*  
 Could his good, *p. 257, Knew what was good for him; Or perhaps, Could live upon his own.*  
 Courthen, *p. 9, know.*  
 Croft, *an enclosure near a house.*  
 Croiz, *crisis.*  
 Crook my knoe, *p. 64, make lame my knee. They say in the north, "The horse is crookit," i. e. lame. "The horse croakis," i. e. goes lame.*  
 Croumeth, *p. 8, crown ye.*  
 Crumpling, *crooked; or perhaps with crooked knotty barn.*  
 Cule, *s. cool.*  
 Cummer, *s. gossip, friend, fir.*  
 Commere, *c. mperre.*  
 Cure, *cure, lead, regard.*

## D.

Dale, *s. deal, p. 75, bot give I dale, unless I deal.*  
 Dampied, *dammned.*  
 Dan, *p. 11, an ancient title of respect; from Lat. Dominus.*  
 Danke, *p. 24, Denmark, query.*  
 Darh, *p. 10, perhaps for Thar, there.*  
 Darr'd, *s. bir.*  
 Dert the tree, *s. hit the tree.*  
 Daukin, *diminutive of David.*  
 Daunger haile, *crystal hail-storm.*  
 Deare



- Fles, p. 20, *flesce*.  
 Fleyste, p. 112, a large kind of *burles*: Cows are frequently milked in bowls made of Fleyste.  
 Flowan, s. *flowing*.  
 Fund, contrive: also, *endeavour, try*.  
 Force, p. 140, no force, *no matter*.  
 Forced, regarded, *beeded*.  
 Forefend, *avert, hinder*.  
 For-fought, p. 22, *over-fought*.  
 Forwatcht, *over-watched, kept awake*.  
 Fors, p. 12. I do no fors, *I don't care*.  
 Forst, p. 69, *beeded, regarded*.  
 Fowkin, a cant word for a *far*.  
 Fox't, *drunk*.  
 Frae thay begin, p. 75, *from their beginning, from the time they begin*.  
 Freers, friars, *monks*.  
 Freake, freeke, freyke, *man, human creature*.  
 Freyke, p. 121, *bumaur, indulge freely, capriciously*.  
 Freyned, *asked*.  
 Frie, s. *fre, free*.
- G.
- Ga, gais, s. *go, goes*.  
 Gaberlunzie, gaberlunyle, s. a *waile*.  
 Gaberlunzie-man, s. a *waile-man, i. e. tinker, beggar*.  
 Gaddings, gadders, *idle fellows*.  
 Gadrung, *gathering*.  
 Galiard, a *sprightly kind of dance*.  
 Gar, s. *to make, cause, &c.*  
 Gayed, *made gay (their cloaths)*.  
 Gear, geire, geir, gair, s. *goods, effects, stuff*.  
 Geere will tway, p. 101, *this matter will turn out; affair terminate*.  
 Gelede yz host, *gathered his host*.  
 Gel, gave, give.  
 Gell, p. 279, *act, feat, story, history. (It is left in MS.)*  
 Gie, gien, s. *give, given*.  
 Gillore, (*hills*) *plenty*.  
 Gimp, jimp, s. *neat, slender*.  
 Girt, s. *pierced. Throughgirt, p. 71, pierced through*.  
 Give, s. *gift, gift, p. 75, if*.  
 Glaive, s. *sword*.  
 Glen, s. a *narrow valley*.  
 Glee, s. *glee, merriment, joy*.  
 Glist, s. *glistered*.  
 Gode, godness, *good, goodness*.  
 God before, p. 81, i. e. *God be thy guide: a form of blessing* \*.  
 Good, p. 85, *sc. a good deal*.  
 Good-ens, *goats: on rye*.  
 Gurget, *the dross of the neck*.  
 Gowan, s. *the common yellow crow-foot, or goldcup*.  
 Graithed (*gowden*), s. *was caparisoned with gold*.  
 Graythed, p. 17, s. *decked, put on*.  
 Gree, s. *prize, victory*.  
 Greened, *grew green*.  
 Greet, p. 9, *great; p. 8, grieve, faint, ready to burst*.  
 Grippel, s. *grasp, tenacious, miserly*.  
 Crownes, grounds, p. 144, (*ryebmi gratia. Vid. Sowne*)

\* So in Shakespeare's *K. Hen. V.* (A. 3, sc. 8.) the King says,

"My army's but a weak and sickly guard;

"Yet, God Bless them, tell him we will come on."

GROUSE

**Growth**, p. 244, *In Northamptonshire* is a kind of small-beer, extracted from the malt, after the strength has been drawn off. In Devon, it is a kind of sweet ale medicated with eggs, said to be a Danish liquor \*.

**Grype**, a griffin.

**Gyrd**, p. 18, girded, lastly, &c.

**Gylhe**, just, joke.

**Gyles**, s. gules.

**Gyn**, engine, contrivance.

**Gyfo**, s. gyfe, form, fashion.

## H.

**Ha**, have; ha, a. hall.

**Hahbe**, as he hiew, p. 4, have as he brews.

**Haggis**, s. a sheep's stomach, stuffed with a pudding made of mince-meat, &c.

**Hail**, hale, s. whole, altogether.

**Halt**, he'steth.

**Hame**, hamward, home, homeward.

**Han**, have, 3 pers. plur.

**Hare** . . swordes, p. 4, their . . swords.

**Harnisne**, harness, armour.

**Harrowed**, harrowed, disturbed.

**Harwos**, harrows.

**Hav**, have.

**Haves** (of), effects, substance, riches.

**Hawkin**, synonymous to *Halkin*, dimin. of *Harry*.

**Hle**, p. 21, hit, hysen.

**Hech**, p. 13, hatch, small door.

**Hede**, p. 17, hied; p. 8, he'd, he would; p. 36, heed.

**Hed**, head.

**Heare**, here; p. 60, hair.

**Heil**, s. hele, health.

**Hecht** to lay thee law, s. promised, engaged to lay thee law.

**Heicht**, s. height.

**Heiding-hill**, s. the 'brading [*i. e.* beheading] bill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.

**Helen**, heal.

**Helpeth**, help, ye.

**Hem**, them.

**Henne**, hence.

**Hent**, hente, held, laid hold of; also, received.

**Her**, pp. 17, 21, 29, their.

**Hure**, p. 5, their; p. 65, hear; p. 38, hair.

**Herkneth**, hearken ye.

**Hert**, hertis, heart, hearts.

**Hes**, s. has.

**Het**, hot.

**Hether**, s. heath, a low strub, that grows upon the moors, &c. so luxuriantly, as to cloak the grass; to prevent which the inhabitants set whole acres of it on fire, the rapidity of which gave the poet that apt and noble simile in p. 107. (*Mr. Hutchinson*.)

**Heuch**, s. a rack or steep bill.

**Hevede**, hevedest, had, hadst.

**Heveriche**, hevenriche, heavenly, p. 8.

**Heynd**, hend, gentle, obdging.

**Hevze**, high; Heyc, v. hied.

**Hicht**; a-hicht, s. on bright.

**Hie dames to wail**, s. p. 105,

high [or, great] ladies to wail; or, hysen ladies to wail, &c.

\* **Growth** is a kind of fare much used by Danish sailors, being hoiled groats (*i. e.* hulled oats) or else shelled barley, served up very thick, and butter added to it. (*MR. LAMBT.*)

- might, *promised, engaged: also,*  
*man.*  
 Milt, *taken off, flayed.* Sax. hyl  
 dan.  
 Minn-boys, hench- (*properly*  
 hau.ch) men, *pages of bo-*  
*neur: pages attending on persons*  
*of office.*  
 Mind, *blind.*  
 Minny, s. *coney.*  
 Milt, it, hit be write, p. 8, *it be*  
*written.*  
 Holden, *bold.*  
 Holtris hair, s. p. 78, *bear bills.*  
 Hely-roo e, *billy criss.*  
 Honden wrynge, *hands wringing.*  
 Hop-halt, *limping; hopping, and*  
*halting.*  
 Houale, *give the sacrament.*  
 Howers, *hours, hours.*  
 Huerte, *heart.*  
 Hye, *hyest, high, highest.*  
 Hynd attowre, s. *behind, over, or*  
*about.*  
 Hyp-halt, *lame in the hip.*  
 Hys, *his, also, is.*  
 Hyt, *hyt, it.*  
 Hyznes, *bigbony.*
- I.
- Jarglers, *talkative persons, ill-*  
*talks. Also, wrongdoers.*  
 I-ferre, *together.*  
 I-love, *hyle. I strike, stricken.*  
 I-trowe, [*I believe,*] *early.*  
 I-wisse, [*I know,*] *very.*  
 Ich, I. Ich biquath, *I bequeath.*  
 Jenkins, *diminutive of John.*  
 Ilk; this ilk, s. *this same.*  
 Ilke, p. 18, *every ilke, every one.*  
 Ilk one, *each one.*  
 Ilkfaully, s. *ill-favour'dly, uglyly.*  
 Inowe, *enough.*  
 Into, s. *in.*
- Jo, s. *sweet-heart, friend.* Jo is  
*properly the contraction of Joy,*  
*for rejoice is written rejoice in*  
*old Scottish MSS. particularly*  
*Banatyne's fifth n.*  
 Jo forth, p. 22, *corruptly printed for,*  
*should probably be loo, i. e. halloo.*  
 Is, p. 2, *his.*  
 Ise, s. *I shall.*  
 Its neir, s. p. 100, *it shall ne'er.*  
 Jupe, s. p. 106, *an upper garment;*  
*it. a petticoat.*
- K.
- Kauk, s. *chalk.*  
 Keppand, s. *keeping.*  
 Keel, p. 63, *small.*  
 Kempes, *soldiers, warriors.*  
 Kend, s. *knew.*  
 Ke ne, *keen.*  
 Kid, kyd, *kithed, made known,*  
*shown.*  
 Kind, *kinde, nature, p. 15. To*  
*carp is our kind, it is natural*  
*for us to talk of.*  
 Kirm, s. *churn.*  
 Kists, s. *chips.*  
 Kith and Kin, *acquaintance and*  
*kindred.*  
 Koue, p. 17, *cow.*  
 Kye, *line, cow.*  
 Kirtel, *kirtle, petticoat.*  
 Kythe, *appear; also, make appear,*  
*show, declare.*  
 Kythed, s. *appeared.*
- L.
- Lane, *lain, s. lone; her lane,*  
*alone, by herself.*  
 Laide unto her, p. 256, *imputed*  
*to her.*  
 Laise, *left.*
- Layne,

Layne, *lien*: *also*, *laid*.  
 Leek, p. 70, *phrase of contempt*.  
 Leal, leil, s. *loyal*, *honest*, *true*;  
     f. *loyal*.  
 Leiman, leman, *lover*, *mistress*.  
 Leir, s. *lere*, *learn*.  
 Lenger, *longer*.  
 Length in, p. 276, *resideth in*.  
 Lett, latte, *kinder*, p. 21, *flucken*,  
     *leave off*; *late*, *let*.  
 Lever, *rather*.  
 Loves and bowes, *leaves and*  
     *bowes*.  
 Leuch, leugh, s. *laughed*.  
 Lcyke, like, *play*, pp. 125, 278.  
 Lie, s. loc, p. 102, *field*, *plain*.  
 Liege-men, *vassals*, *subjects*.  
 Li-lilly, *easily*.  
 Lie, *flist*, *complexion*.  
 Loddy, p. 52, *loathsome*. *Vd.*  
     *Get vol. III. lothly*.  
 Loh, s. *love*.  
 Lohu, . . . (*Tallad I. v. 45*.)  
 Loc, *love*.  
 Lore, *lore*, *wisdom*, *learning*.  
 Lore, *lore*.  
 Lovet, *love*, *lovely person*.  
 Lode, *lore*.  
 Loud & d still, *phr.* *at all times*.  
 Lough, lowe, high, p. 3, *laughed*.  
 Lowie, s. p. 102, *blowen*. *Ra-*  
     *th. 100* is *windy*, *boisterous*.  
 Low, *low*, *low*, *sleep*.  
 Lude, *low*, *low*, *low*.  
 Luef, *low*.  
 Lucks, *low*.  
 Lyard, p. . . *Lyre*: a name given  
     *to a harp* from its grey colour, as  
     *Lyre* is from *grey*.

Lys, *lies*.  
 Lythe, p. 175, *easily*, *gentle*.  
 Lyven na more, *live no more*, *no*  
     *longer*.  
 Lyzt, *light*.

## M.

Maden, *made*.  
 Making, p. 46, *sc. verses*: *versifying*.  
 Marrow, s. *equal*.  
 Mart, s. *married*, *hurt*, *damaged*.  
 Maue, maining, s. *moan*, *moaning*.  
 Mangonel, *an engine used for dis-*  
     *charging great stones, arrows,*  
     *&c. before the invention of gun-*  
     *powder*.  
 Margaitte, *a pearl*, *lat*.  
 Maugre, p. 42, *spite of*, p. 75, *ill-*  
     *will* (*I incur*.)  
 Maze, *a labyrinth*, *any thing*  
     *intangled or intricate*.  
 Me, p. 9, *men*. *Me con*, *men's*.  
 Me-thuncketh, *methinks*.  
 Mean, *moderate*, *middle-sized*.  
 Meit, s. *meet*, *fit*, *proper*.  
 Meid, s. p. 105, *mood*.  
 Meise, s. *soften*, *reduce*, *mitigate*,  
     p. 104.  
 Mell, *lamey*: *also*, *middle*, *minge*.  
 Menfe the faught, s. p. 105,  
     *measure the battle*. *To give to*  
     *the menfe*, *is*, *to give above*  
     *the measure*. *Twelve and one*  
     *to the menfe*, *is common* *twice*  
     *children in their play*.

\* On the top of Catharine-hill, Winchester (the usual play-place of the school), was a very perplexed and winding path, running in a very small space over a great deal of ground, called a MIZ-MAZE. The senior boys obliged the juniors to tread it, to prevent the figure from being lost, as I am informed by an ingenious correspondent.

Mezzie,

Menzie, s. meaney, *retinue, company.*

Messenger, f. messenger.

Minny, s. mother.

Mike, s. dark, black.

Mirry, s. meri, mercy.

Miskaryed, *miseried.*

Mister, s. to need.

Mo, more, more.

Moiening, *by means of, fr.*

Mome, a dull, stupid person.

Monie, moon.

More, more, s. more, *beath, mark's ground; a's wild hill, f. 4, mores are the same, q. d. hill and dale.*

Morne, p. 75, to morn, *to mourn; in the morning.*

Mornyng, p. 45, *mourning.*

Moto I there, *aug't I there.*

Mowe, may; moan, s. mouth.

Muchle boit, *mickle boit, great boit.*

Made, s. maid.

Malne, mill.

Murre, murnt, mourning, s.

*murn, mured, mourning.*

Myzt, myzly, night, mighty.

## N.

Natheles, *nevertheless.*

Near, s. ner, here, *ne'er, never.*

Neat, oxen, cows, large cattle.

Neatherd, a keeper of cattle.

Neatresse, a female ditto.

Nere, p. 276, *ne were; were it not for.*

Noit, nyest, next, nearest.

Noble, a gold coin in value 20 groats, or 6s. 8d.

Noillys, p. 17, *noddles, head.*

Nom, p. 9, *noh.* Nome, name.

Non, none. None, noon.

Nonce, *purpose; for the nonce, for the occasion.*

Norse, s. Norway.

Nou, now.

Nout; nocht, s. *nought; also, not.*

Nout, p. 10, *seems for 'ne*

*monight.*

Nawght, *naught.*

Nowls, *nodules, heads.*

Noye, p. 22, v. 175, *annoy; query.*

Nozt, *nought, not, p. 22.*

Nyzt, *night.*

## O.

Ocht, s. ought.

Oschlyng, *superior, paramount; opposed to underling, p. 4.*

On, p. 45, *one, an.*

On-lot, p. 18, *aloft.*

Onys, *once.*

Or, ere, *before.*

Orison, s. *prayer; petition.*

On, owe, p. 7, *you, you, 'bid.*

*our.*

Out alse! *exclamation of grief.*

Out owre, s. *out over.*

Ouene; *awent, ain, s. own.*

Owie, s. *over.*

## P.

Pardè, *perdie, verily; f. par*

*diu.*

Pauky, s. *sbrowd, cunning, fly;*

*or, faucy, insolent.*

Peco, *piece, sc. of cannon.*

Pee, *poie, pear.*

Pe'e, a baker's *peel.*

Pentarche of tenes, *five tenes.*

Perchmice, f. *perchmice.*

Per say, s. *verily, f. p. w. say.*

Perkin, *diminutive of Peter.*

Perfit, s. *pearced, pierced.*

Petye,





- Salf, s. *save*, *Savely*, *safely*.  
 Saifede, *seized*.  
 Say, p. 28, *assay*, *attempts*.  
 Seant, *seance*.  
 Schal, *shell*.  
 Chattered, *flattered*.  
 Schaw, s. *flow*.  
 Schene, s. *sheen*, *shining*; also *brightness*.  
 Schijdet, s. *striple*.  
 Scho, s. *see*.  
 Schuke, s. *hook*.  
 Sclat, *slate*, p. 12, *little table-book of slates to write upon*.  
 Scomfit, *discomfit*.  
 Scot, *tax, revenue*, p. 5, *a year's tax of the kingdom*; also *shot, reckoning*.  
 Se, *sene*, *seying*; *see*, *sen*, *seing*.  
 See, *see*, s. *see*, *seat*.  
 Sek, *fact*, p. 13.  
 Sely, *seely*, *silly*, *simple*.  
 Selven, *self*.  
 Selver, *silver*, s. *silver*.  
 Sen, s. *since*.  
 Senvy, *mustard-seed*, f. *senvio*.  
 Seve, p. 281, *seven*.  
 Sey yow, p. 11, *say to*, *tell you*.  
 Seyd, s. *saw*.  
 Shave, p. 69, *be shave*, *been shaved*.  
 Sheeve, *shive*, *a great slice or luncheon of bread*, p. 245.  
 Shirt of male, or mail, *was a garment for defence made all of rings of iron, worn under the coat. According to some, the Hawbuck was so formed*.  
 Sho, s. *see*.  
 Shoppe, p. 273, *betwixt me*, *shaped my course*.  
 Shorte, s. *shorten*.  
 Sreward, *a male shrew*.  
 Shrew, *a bad, an ill-temper'd person*.  
 Shrive, *confess*; *item*, *bear confession*.  
 Shynand, s. *shining*.  
 Shurting, *recreation, diversion, pastime*, p. 15. *Vid. Garw. Dougl. Gloss.*  
 Shunted, *stunned*.  
 Sich, *see*, s. *such*, *Sich*, s. *sigb*.  
 Side, s. *long*.  
 Sindler, s. *seldom*.  
 Sitteth, p. 3, *sit ye*.  
 Skaitth, *scatth*, *harm mischief*.  
 Skalk, p. 124, *perhaps from the Germ. Schalck, malicious, perverse*, (sic Dan. Skalk, *Nequitia, malicia*, sic. Sheringham de Angl. Orig. p. 318.)—Or perhaps from the Germ. Schalchen, *to squint*. Hence our Northern word, *skelly*, *to squint*.  
 Skirker, *one that serves drink*.  
 Skomfit, *discomfit*.  
 Skott, *shot, reckoning*.  
 Slattered, *split*, *broke into splinters*.  
 Sle, *slea*, *sley*, *slo*, *slay*.  
 Slee, s. *slay*, also *fly*.  
 Sond, *a present, a sending*.  
 Soue, *soon*, p. 9, *soon*.  
 Sonn, p. 278, *ton*, *sun*.  
 Soth, *soo'h*, *truth*; also, *true*.  
 Soothly, *truly*.  
 Sould, s. *suld*, *should*, (p. 17.)  
 Sooling, p. 246, *viſtualling*.  
 Sowle is still used in the north for any thing eaten with bread. A. S. *Saple*, *Suple*. *Job. 21. 5.* (for *sowle*, may be from the French word *saouler* "to stuff and cram, to glut." *vid. Cotgrave*.)  
 Sowne, *sound*, p. 47, (rhythmic) *gr*.  
 Spec, *spak*, *spack*, s. *spake*.  
 Speere, p. 135, *vide locum*.

- Speered, sparred, *i. e.* fastened,  
*But* \* *vid* p. 135.  
 Speir, *s.* speer, spear.  
 Speir, *s.* (p. 62.) speer, speare,  
*ask, inquire, Vid. Gloss. vol. 3.*  
 Spence, spens: expence.  
 Spindles and whorles, the in-  
 struments used for spinning in  
 Scotland, instead of spinning-  
 wheels †.  
 Spilt, *s.* spoilt.  
 Spole, shoulder, *f.* espaulo.  
*p. 193, it seems to mean*  
*"arm pit."*  
 Sporeles, spurless, without spurs.  
 Stalwart, stalworth, stout.  
 Startopes, buskin, or half-boots,  
 worn by rustics, laced down  
 before.  
 Stead, stede, place.  
 Steir, *s.* stir.  
 Steel, steel, steilly, *s.* steely.  
 Stound, time, a stound, a while.  
 Stown, *s.* stolen.  
 Stoup of weir, p. 104, a pillar of  
 war.  
 Strike, p. 12, stricken.  
 Strā, strae, *s.* straw.  
 Svrt, svrt.  
 Suth, svth, soon, quickly.  
 Suore hi ys chin, sworn by his  
 chin.  
 Swar, swearing, oath.  
 Swa, fa, so.  
 Swarv, swarvel, clothed or, as  
 it is now expressed in the mid-  
 land counties, Swarned: To  
 swarn, is to draw oneself up a  
 tree, or any other thing, clinging  
 to it with the legs, and arms;  
 as hath been suggested by an  
 ingenious Correspondent.  
 Swārd, the grassy surface of the  
 ground.  
 Swearde, fwerd, sword.  
 Swevens, dreams.  
 Swyppyn, p. 12, striking fist;  
 [Cimb. swipan, cito agere,  
 or rather "scourging," from  
 vulvere, raptare.] Scot.  
 Sweep, to scourge, *Vid. Gloss.*  
 to Goss. Douglas.  
 Swepyls, p. 21, A Swepyl is  
 that staff of the flail, with  
 which the corn is beaten out,  
 vulg. a Supple: (called in  
 the midland counties a Swind-  
 gell; where the other part is  
 termed the Hand-staff.)  
 Swinkers, labourers.  
 Swyving, whoring.  
 Swyke, figb.  
 Syns, since, Syne, *s.* then  
 Sythemell, p. 66. *Uthmael.*  
 Sych, such.  
 Syth, since.  
 Syzt, sizbt.

T.

- Take, p. 25, taken.  
 Taiken, *s.* p. 108, token, sign.  
 Targe, target, shield.  
 Te, to; te make, p. 3, to make.  
 Te he! interjection of laughing.  
 Tent, *s.* bed.

\* So in an old "Treatise against Pestilence, &c. 4to Emprynted  
 " by Wynkyn de Worde: we are exhorted to "SPARE [i. e. shut  
 " or bar] the wyndowes agens the south." fol. 5.

† THE ROCK, SPINDLES, and WHORLES, are very much used in  
 Scotland and the northern parts of Northumberland at this time.  
 The thread for shos-making, and even for linen-webs, and all the  
 twine of which the Tweed Salmon-nets are made, are spun upon  
 SPINDLES. They are said to make a more even and smooth thread  
 than Spinning-wheels.

MR. LAMBE.

Terry,

Terry, diminutive of Thierry.

Theodorici, Diderici. Lat.  
also of Terence.

Tha, p. 22, them, Thah, though.

Thare, there, ther, there, there.

Thie, thee.

The God, p. 25, seems contrast-

ed for The he, i. e. high God.

The, thee, thrive. So more I

thee, p. 88, So may I thrive\*.

Thii, p. 281, they.

Thi sone, p. 9, thy son.

Thilke, this.

Thir, s. this, these.

Thir towmondis, s. these twelve

months.

Tho, then, p. 33, those, the.

Thole; tholed, suffer; suffered.

Thout, thou shalt or shouldst.

Thurang, s. through, close.

Thrawis, s. threes.

Thirti thousand, thirty thousand.

Thrie, s. three, thre.

Thrif, thrive.

Thrucli, through, s. through.

Thud, p. 108, noise of a fall.

Tibbe. In Scotland Tibbe is

the diminutive of Isabel.

Tild down, p. 279, pitched. q.

Till, s. to p. 16, when, query.

Timkin, diminutive of Timothy.

Tint, s. left.

To, too.

Too-fall, † s. p. 380, twilight.

Traiterye, treason.

Trie, s. tre, tree.

Trichard, treacherous, f. tri-

cheor. *Vid.* p. 3.

Tricthen, trick, deceive. *Ibid.*

Trough, truth, troth.

Trow, think, believe; trust.

Tramped, p. 15, boasted, told

bragging lies, lying stories.

So in the North they say,

"that's a Trump," i. e. a

lie. "She goes about trump-

"ing, i. e. telling lies.

Trumps made of a tree. p. 21,

perhaps "wooden trumpets;"

musical instruments fit enough

for a mock tournament.

Take zude keip, s. kept a close

eye upon her.

Turnes a crab, *sc.* at the sea:

raais a crab.

Twirl-twist, s. p. 101, tho-

roughly twisted: "twisted,"

"twirled twist," f. tortille.

## V.

Vair, Somersetsh. Dickeft, fair.

Valzient, s. valiant.

Vch, each.

Vive, p. 281, Somerset. live.

Unseeled, p. opened; a term

in Falconry.

Unmufit, s. undisturbed, uncon-

founded, perb unmoved.

Unfonlie, s. unlucky unfortunate.

Vriers, Som. friers, p. 295, (*ie.*

is Vicars, in PGC.)

Uthers, s. others.

Vazen, Som. probably for saithen,

i. e. saith; as boufen, clofen, &c.

## W.

Wa, s. p. 97, way, p. 216, wall.

Wad, s. would.

Waine, waggon.

Wallowit, s. faded, withered.

Wame, s. womb.

Wan neir, s. drew near.

Wanruse, s. uneasy.

\* So in Chaucer, *parl.* Canterbury Tales. Vol. I. p. 308.

"God let him never tuf."

† "Toofall of the Night," seems to be an image drawn from a sup-  
pended canopy, so let-fall as to cover what is below. [Mr. LAMBER.]

- War ant wya, *p. 8, wary and wise*  
 Ward, *s. watch, sentinel.*  
 Warke, *s. work.*  
 Ward, *s. world.*  
 Waryd, *s. accused.*  
 Ware, *s. ware, wete, wille,*  
     *wet, wote, walle. know.*  
 Weale, *weal, weil, wele, s. well*  
 Weorifu', *wearisome, tirefome,*  
     *dylubing.*  
 Wee, *s. little.*  
 Weet, *s. wet.*  
 Weid, *s. weede, weed, cleath,*  
     *cleathurg.*  
 Webynge, *ruling.*  
 Weinde, *s. wende, went, weende*  
     *wenzel, thought.*  
 Wene; weenest, *wen; weenest.*  
 Wend, *wanden, go.*  
 Wende, *went, p. 9, wendeth, gaeth*  
 Wer, *wee.*  
 Wereth, *p. 276, defendeth.*  
 Werre: weir, *s. war, Warris,*  
     *s. war's.*  
 Wes, *was.*  
 Westlio, *s. western.*  
 Whang, *s. a large slice.*  
 Wheeler, *gubither.*  
 Wheeling, *wheeling.*  
 Whiz, *four whey, or butter-milk.*  
 Whories, *See Spindles.*  
 Wildings, *wild apples.*  
 Winsome, *s. agreeable, engaging.*  
 Win, *s. get, gain.*  
 Wince williet, *work more wisely.*  
 Wify, *wift, know, know.*  
 Withoufen, *without.*  
 Wobster, *s. webster, weaver.*  
 Wode-ward, *p. 38, towards*  
     *the wood.*  
 Woe wurth, *note be to [rbee.]*  
 Wort, *wont, usage.*  
 Wonders, *wonderous.*  
 Wood, *mad, furious.*  
 Wote, *wot, know, I wote wisely.*  
 Worshipfully friended, *p. 257,*  
     *of worshipful friends.*  
 Wow, *An exclamation of won-*  
     *der; also wow, Lond. Dialect.*
- Wreake, *pursue revengefully.*  
 Wretch, *s. wretchedness.*  
 Wrouzt, *wrought.*  
 Wynnen, *win, gain.*  
 Wisse, *p. 8, direct, govern, take*  
     *care of. A. S. pyrrian:*  
     *Y.*  
 Y. I. Y syng, *I sing.*  
 Yae, *s. each.*  
 Y beare; Y-boren. *beare;*  
     *borne. so Y-founde, found.*  
 Y-mad, *made. Y-wonne,*  
     *won.*  
 Y-core, *clofen.*  
 Y-wis, *[I know] verily.*  
 Y-zote, *molton, melted.*  
 Yalping, *s. yelping.*  
 Ycha, *ilka, each, every.*  
 Ychelde, *yef, I should, if.*  
 Ychon, *each one.*  
 Yearded, *p. 280, buried.*  
 Yede, *yode, went.*  
 Yfere, *together.*  
 Yf, *if.*  
 Yll, *ill.*  
 Yn, *house, home.*  
 Ys, *p. 10, is, p. 4, bis, p. 8, in his.*
- Z.  
 Zacring bell, *Som. Sacring bell,*  
     *a little bell rung to give*  
     *notice of the elevation of the host.*  
     *(It is Zacring in PCC. p. 298.)*  
 Zede, *p. yede, went.*  
 Zee, *zetne, Som, see, seen.*  
 Zef, *yef, if.*  
 Zeirs, *s. years.*  
 Zeme, *take care of. A. S.*  
     *zeman*  
 Zent, *through, A. S. Zeonb.*  
 Zestrene, *s. yester-even.*  
 Zit, *s. zet yet.*  
 Zoud, *s. you'd, you would.*  
 Zule, *s. yule, christmas.*  
 Zung, *s. young.*

No. VII. p. 147. *The Ballad of FAIR ROSAMOND appears to have been first published in "Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonnets, of Kinges, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen: &c. By Thomas Delone, Lond. 1612." 4to.*

No. XXVI. p. 260. *The history of JANE SHORE receives new illustration from the following letter of K. RICHARD III. which is preserved in the Harl. MSS. Num. 433, Art. 2378, but of which the copy transmitted to the Editor has been reduced to modern orthography, &c. It is said to have been addressed to RUSSEL bp. of Lincoln, lord chancellor, Anno 1484.*

By the KING.

"Right Reverend Father in God, &c. signifying unto you, that it is shewed unto us, that our Servant and Solicitor Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded, and abused with the late Wife of William Shore, now living in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made Contract of Matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth, to our full great marvel, to effect the same. WE, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may, exhort, and stir him to the contrary: And if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertised, then, if it may stand with the laws of the church, we be content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London; that upon sufficient Surety found of her good abearing, ye do send for her Keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by Warrant of these, committing her to the rule, and guiding of her Father, or any other, by your direction, in the mean season." Given, &c.

"RIC. Rex."

*It appears from two articles in the same MS. that K. Richard had granted to the said THOMAS LYNOM the office of King's Solicitor (Art. 134.), and also the Manor of Colmerworth, com. Belf. to him and his Heirs Male (Art. 596.)*

Book

Book III. pp. 272; 284.

THE ESSAY ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE

will receive illustration from another specimen in WARTON's "History of English Poetry," Vol. I. p. 309, being the fragment of a MS. poem on the subject of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, in the Bodleian Library, which he supposes to be the same with Nun. 44, in the Astmole MSS. containing 27 passus, and beginning thus:

Whener folk fastid [feasted, *qu.*] and fed,  
fayne wolde thei her [*i. e.* hear]  
Some farand thing, &c.

It is well observed by Mr. TYRWHITT, on CHAUCER's sneer at this old alliterative metre: (Vol. III. p. 305) viz.

——— I am a Sotherne [*i. e.* Southern] man,  
I cannot getle, rom, ram, raf, by my letter.

that the fondness for this species of versification, &c. was retained longest in the Northern provinces: And that the Author of "Pierce Ploughman's Vision" is in the best MSS. called WILLIAM, without any surname. See Vol. IV. p. 74.

THE END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.



*The Notes referred to Vol. 2.<sup>d</sup> pag. 25.*

gratias Agatha mille pro victoria

Our Kings went forth to Normandy with grace and

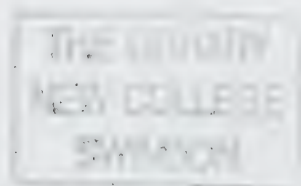
ment of Chivalry, the God for him wrought marvelously

Wherefore Englands may call and cry, Deo Gratias.

Deo gratias, Agatha mille pro Victoria.

CHOIR

*To come in at the End of Vol. 2.<sup>d</sup>*

















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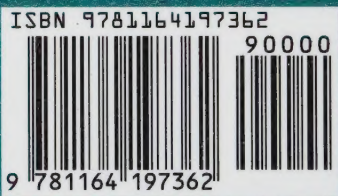
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